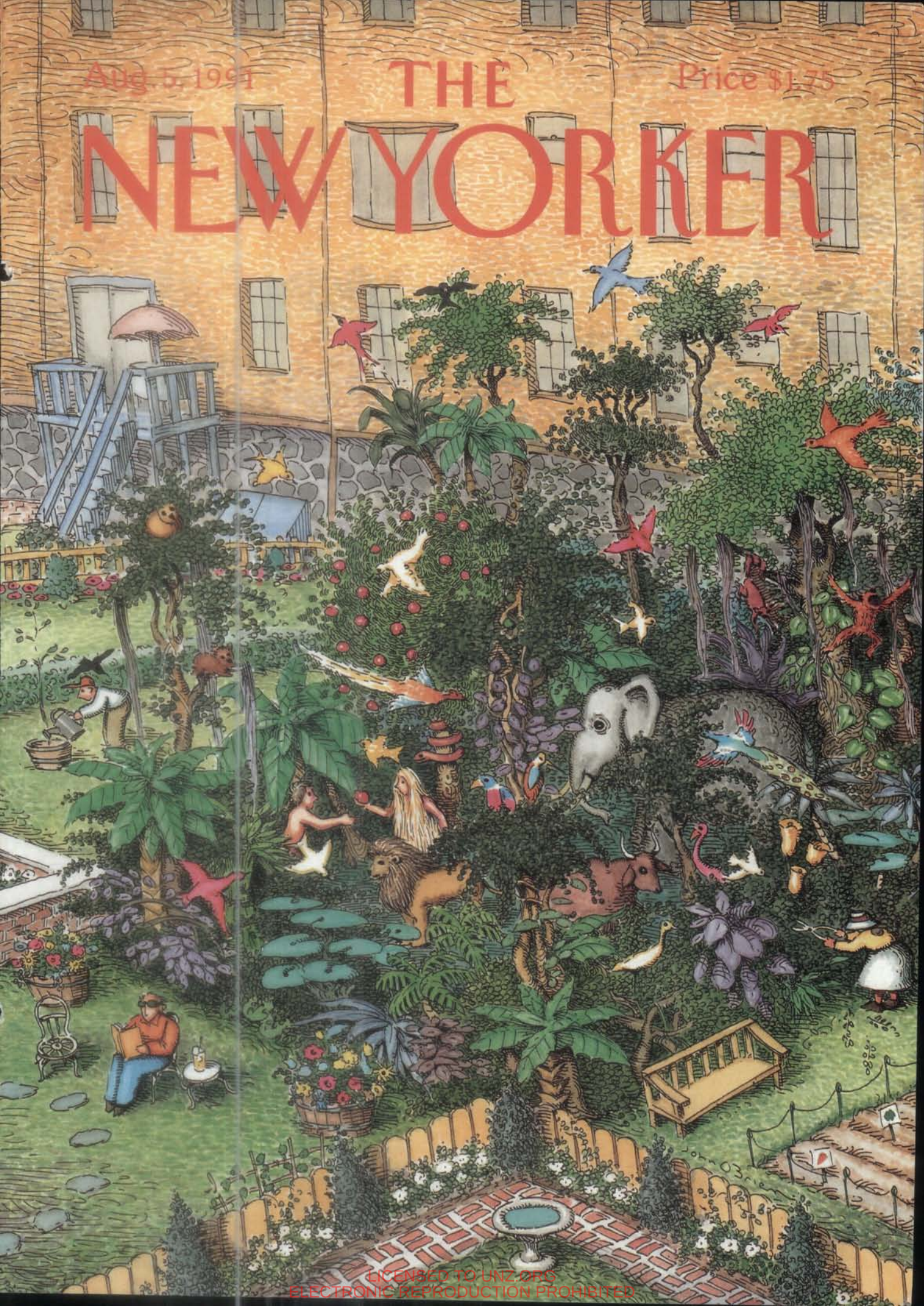

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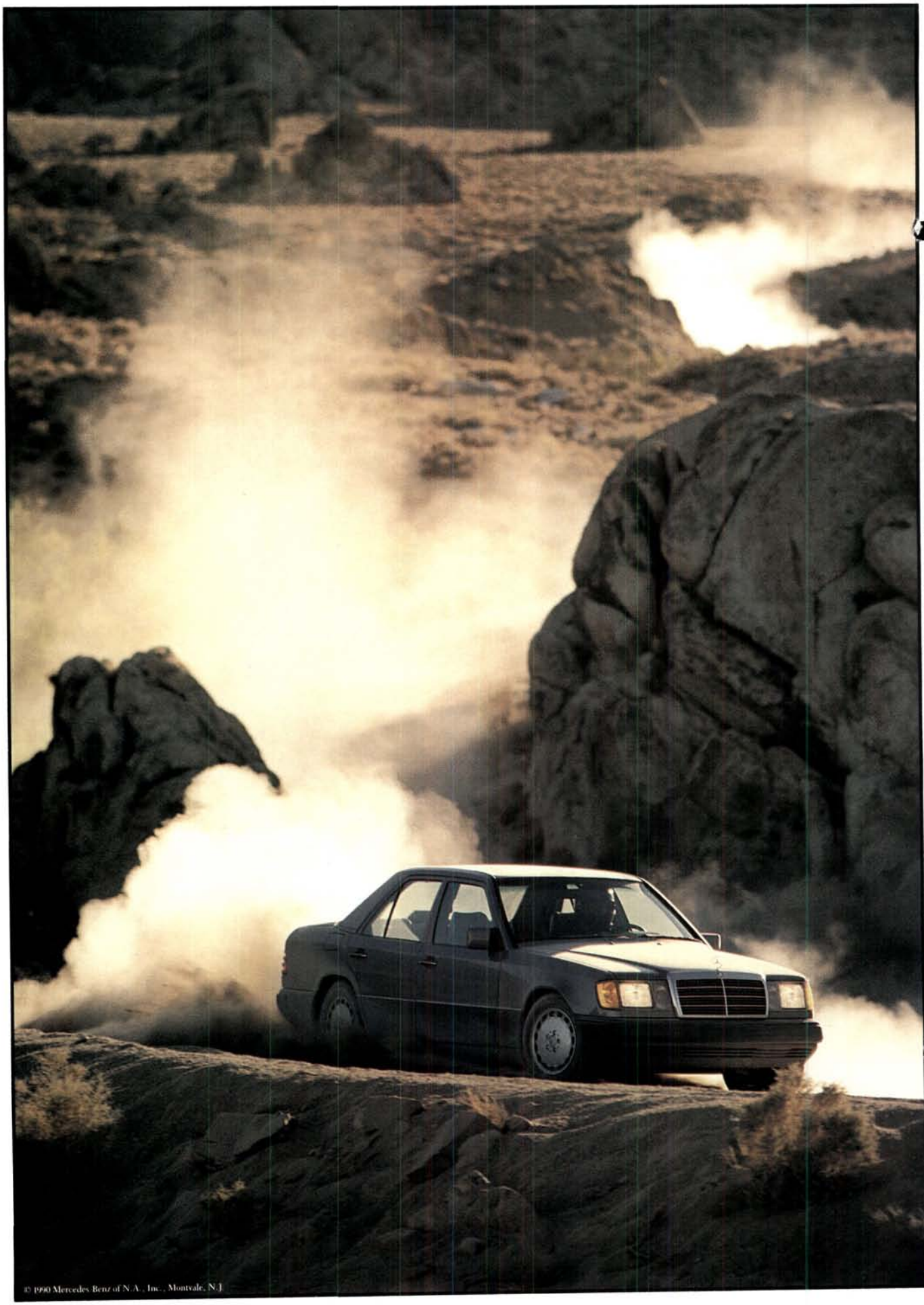

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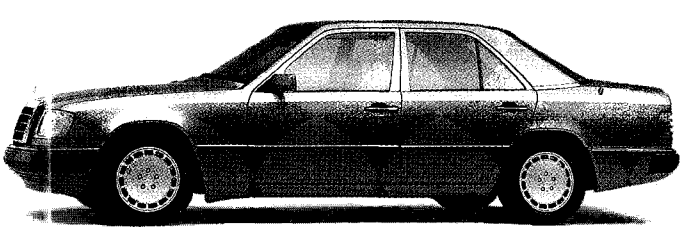

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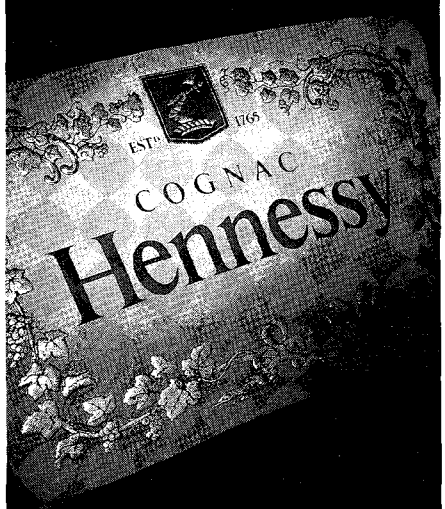

AUGUST

6th *through* 11th

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

THROUGHOUT most of the nineteen-eighties, the empty Federal Archives Building, on Washington Street between Christopher and Barrow, lay in a kind of developers' limbo. It was difficult to stroll past its block-filling, Romanesque façade—imposing brick arches below, arched corbel tables along the cornice—without wondering what would become of it. Would a new Bloomingdale's occupy its base? Would its upper floors house co-ops with gentle river views and living quarters of royal proportions? The structure finally reopened, in 1988, as a mixed-use facility, but at street level it still felt forlorn, especially at night. Luckily, over the past few months there has been a stirring within: the Wings Theatre. Wings occupies a snug, basement-level auditorium whose rebarbative concrete walls and upsloping rows of seats make for undeniable viewer discomfort. What Wings lacks in amenities, however, it is trying to make up for in programming. It hosts one play series for children and another for gays, and it may be some kind of happy cultural phenomenon that the titles in the two programs are practically indistinguishable. (Well, almost: there can be no confusion about which category "Suave Succubus" falls into.) The theatre's primary function, however, is to showcase Wings' mainstage program, which concentrates on new American plays.

Under the mainstage rubric, Wings is currently producing the first revival of the 1970 Broadway musical "Georgy." The production strives valiantly but in vain to make a case for the show. The second act has been reworked; cut songs have been restored; and, for no apparent reason, the action has been moved from swinging-sixties London, the setting of the source material (the film "Georgy Girl"), to bell-bottomed Greenwich Village. The actors' timing is frequently off, anachronisms abound, and the show has none of the ugly-duckling-to-swan charm that Lynn Redgrave and Co. brought to the movie. These things said, the show does have a sort of straw-hat-circuit appeal. When called upon to deliver such howlers as "Butts are like fingerprints: no two are alike," the cast members have a way of indicating that they know this isn't Strindberg. "Georgy" has been co-produced by Citystock, a group that dusts off "forgotten" musicals. Archivists at the Archives, in other words.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

The Matchmaker—Dorothy Loudon stars in this production of the Thornton Wilder play.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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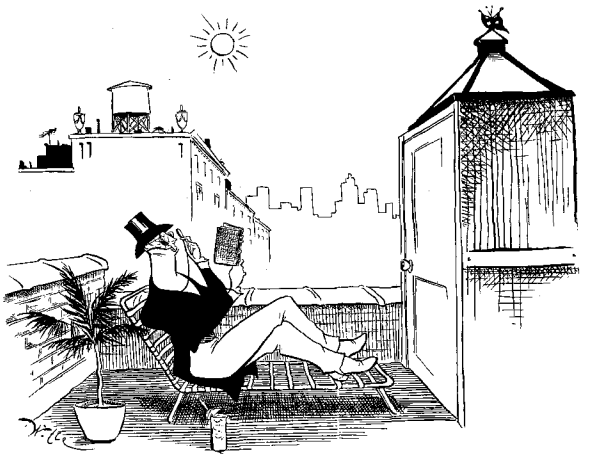
4	5	6	7			

Lonny Price directed. In previews. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—The second of three plays in the New York Shakespeare Festival's free summer series in Central Park. Performed by Brazil's Teatro do Ornitorrinco; in Portuguese. Previews July 30-31. Opens Aug. 1 at 8, and runs through Aug. 11. (Delacorte, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)



Much Ado About Nothing—The Kings County Shakespeare Company presents free performances of the Bard's comedy in Prospect Park on Aug. 2-3 at 8. (Band Shell, Prospect Park West at 9th St., Brooklyn. No tickets necessary.)

My Son the Doctor—A play by Marc J. Bielski, presented by the Quaigh Theatre. Previews July 30-Aug. 3. Opens Aug. 6 at 8. (Irish Arts Theatre, 553 W. 51st St. For reservations, call 247-6078.)

OPENED RECENTLY

And the World Goes 'Round: The Songs of Kander & Ebb—A musical revue, with Joel Blum, Bob Cuccioli, Karen Mason, Terry Burrell, and Karen Ziemba. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Body and Soul—David Boldt and Randall Denman have the leads in John Glines' gay romantic comedy. Mr. Glines also directed. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 869-3530.)

Breaking Legs—The Mafia meets Off Broadway. Philip Bosco and Vincent Gardenia can seldom have been funnier than as a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tillinger directed it. With Larry Storch, Nicolas Surovy, and, above all, Sue Giosa as the daughter who spins the plot. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/3/91.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Damon Runyon's Tales of Broadway—A show conceived and performed by John Martello. (Double Image, 15 Vandam St. 924-1120.)

Georgy—Meghan Duffy stars in a revival of the 1970 musical by George Fischoff (score), Carole Bayer-Sager (lyrics), and Tom Mankiewicz (book). (Wings, 154 Christopher St. 627-2961. Closes Aug. 9.)

Getting Married—Simon Jones, Scott Wentworth, J. D. Cullum, and Walter Bobbie are the standouts in this spirited production of Shaw's farce about the legal and societal pitfalls of marriage. The play proves surprisingly apt and delightful (though the director, Stephen Porter, seems to have left a first-rate cast entirely to its own devices). New York Shaw doesn't get any better than this. (7/8/91) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

The Good Times Are Killing Me—The cartoonist Lynda Barry devised this memory play of words and pop tunes about a racially mixed neighborhood. At the heart of it is the friendship of two little girls, one white, the other black, who are delightfully portrayed by Angela Goethals and Chandra Wilson. The undercurrent of serious comment on race doesn't add much, but every humorous scene scores a bull's-eye. Also with Wendell Pierce and Holly Felton. Mark Brokaw directed. Seen this spring at Second Stage, the show starts performances here on July 30. (5/6/91) (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Gypsy—The Tyne Daly-led revival of the great Laurents-Styne-Sondheim musical has returned to Broadway for a limited engagement. It is so delightful—and the cast so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). (12/4/89) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100. Closes Aug. 11.)

Home and Away—A one-man show written and performed by Kevin Kling. Directed by David Esbjornson. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Closes Aug. 3.)

Lips Together, Teeth Apart—Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. With Roxanne Hart, Anthony Heald, Nathan Lane, and Deborah Rush; directed by John Tillinger. (7/8/91) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Lost in Yonkers—There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (3/11/91) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

Love Lemmings—A satirical comedy revue by Joe DiPietro. With Steve Ahern, John Daggett, Helen Greenberg, and Kathryn Rossetter. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Closes Aug. 4.)

Lusting After Pipino's Wife—A comedy by Sam Henry Kass. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 564-8038. Closes Aug. 10.)

Mambo Mouth—John Leguizamo portrays seven Hispanic characters in a one-man show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477- 2477.)

Miss Saigon—Oh, the horror! The horror! (4/29/91) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)

Pageant—A musical spoof of beauty contests. Book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly and music by Albert Evans. Conceived and directed by Robert Longbottom. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.)

Penn & Teller Rot in Hell—Seen recently on the Great White Way, the dynamic duo are now performing their repertoire of tricks Off Broadway. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Prom Queens Unchained—A new musical by Larry Goodsight, Keith Herrmann, and Stephen Witkin. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

Red Scare on Sunset—If you're in the market for a lot of laughs (and a strange catharsis) you couldn't do better than this latest comedy of manners by the actor/writer/farceur Charles Busch—about a Hollywood personality whose paranoid anti-Stalinist fantasies turn out to be true. With this satire on politics, theatre, and sexuality, Busch creates a showcase for his own subtle talents and those of the actress Julie Halston. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

A Rendezvous with God—Avi Hoffman stars in Miriam Hoffman's play, with music, about the Yiddish poet Itsik Manger. (John Houseman 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Closes here on Aug 4; starting Aug. 6, the show moves to the Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St., 564-8038.)

The Secret Garden—This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

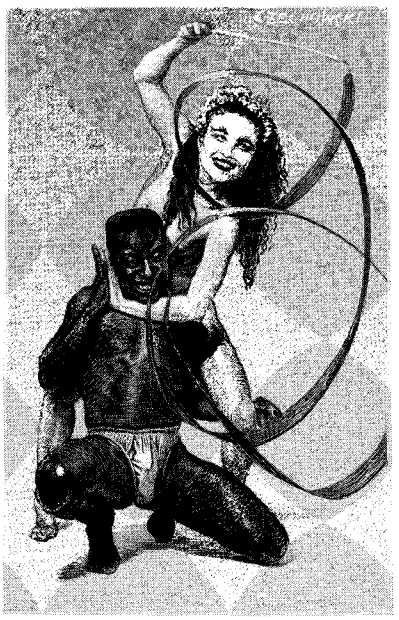
Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (5/13/91) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

SONG OF SINGAPORE—A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent (led by the winsome and versatile Donna Murphy) cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. Another problem: on a busy night the seating arrangements here can be extremely cramped. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.)

THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES—The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging, amusing Rogers, but that is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (5/13/91) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.)... **CITY OF ANGELS:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned thirty-one in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.)... **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1991½:** This newly revised revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)... **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)... **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)... **ONCE ON THIS ISLAND:** A musical by Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty, which is based on Rosa Guy's 1985 novel, "My Love, My Love." (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION:** You're best off knowing nothing about the John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. Ms. Channing leaves the cast after the Aug. 4 performance; Kelly Bishop takes over for her starting Aug. 6. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)... **THE SUM OF US:** David Stevens' poignant comedy about how hard it is for parents and children to break free of each other (particularly if they get on too well) is set in present-day Australia. Depending on how you look at it, the play is either very dear and rather flawed or rather dear and very flawed. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Closes Aug. 4.)



Regina Oliveira and Augusto Pompeu in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

DANCE

SOME people make dances, and some people make dance happen. Alyce Dissette—the former producer of the David Gordon/Pick Up Company and the new executive producer of public television's "Alive from Off Center"—is a member of the second group. And a dynamo she is. Within less than a year of taking the job at "Alive," she has given the series an aesthetic integrity and a visual coherence that it had never enjoyed before, and her plans for the future irrepressibly shoot up through her conversation.

We recently called Ms. Dissette in Minnesota, where "Alive" originates, and we learned that she put the season together with her colleagues John Ligon and Neil V. Sieling, and that they concentrated on choosing "highly visual" shows. They are especially proud of their filmmaker-choreographer match-ups for the two programs that "Alive" produced entirely on its own this year: Julie Dash's vivid film "Praise House," based on a dance-theatre work for the Urban Bush Women, conceived by Jawole Willa Jo Zollar; and Mark Obenhaus's heartstopping "Contenders," named for its subject, Susan Marshall's dance of athletics and intimacy. (Mr. Obenhaus's film is paired with Skip Blumberg's sharp portrait of the exuberant Dinizulu company. The troupe was founded in New York, in 1947, by the drummer Nana Yao Opare Dinizulu, who, unfortunately, died shortly after the "Alive" show was completed.)

"I think it's important that *dancers* start watching television," Ms. Dissette said. "I get a lot of letters from choreographers, and what I always tell them is to go to the video store and rent 'West Side Story' and 'All That Jazz,' then come back and we can talk from a common starting point. The way the dance numbers are presented in those films has set a standard for how video dance is made. And let's face it: whether you like television or not, the truth is that it's another way of communicating, another genre, and if you're going to use it, you can't argue with its premises. I learned that from David Gordon. Also, I want to get away from this image that experimental work is rough around the edges." In Ms. Dissette's view, art that ventures into new territory doesn't need to *look* as if the artist were taking a shot in the dark.

"Alive from Off Center" will begin broadcasting its new season in New York with six dance shows. "Praise House" will lead off, on August 1.

IN TOWN

ELEO POMARE DANCE COMPANY—In "Esa Mujer" (première), "Epitasis" (New York première), and other works. Presented by the Fiorello Summer Dance Festival. (LaGuardia High School Concert Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 64th St. Aug. 1-2 at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.)

DIANNE MCINTYRE—In a collaboration with the jazz pianist Don Pullen. Yoshiko Chuma and her troupe round out the evening. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playground, mid-Park at 72nd St. Aug. 2 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

FELD BALLETS/NY—Opening performances of a two-week "preview" engagement that will run through Aug. 17. Aug. 5-6 at 8: "A Footstep of Air," "Clave," "Evoe," and "Skara Brae."... ¶ Aug. 7 at 8: "Common Ground," "Endsong," and "The Jig Is Up." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

OUT OF TOWN

JACOB'S PILLOW—Parsons Dance Company, July 30-Aug. 3.... ¶ Steps Ahead and Jazzdance/The Danny Buraczeski Dance Company, Aug. 6-10. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

SOMEONE gave us a Beggar Weeds tape a few months back, and since then it's gone everywhere we've gone. The band, which is based in Jacksonville, Florida, plays a fun, slightly scrappy guitar pop that's part country, part garage rock, and part early-sixties abandon in the spirit of, say, the Beatles' "I Wanna Be Your Man." Beggar Weeds sings about hearing screen doors slam, about mowing the lawn on Easter Sunday, about graduating from college, about sunlight, about a souvenir stand at the side of the road, and about visions of the Virgin Mary. The group doesn't yet have a recording contract, but will shortly—a prediction we make on the basis of, if nothing else, the power of our own positive thinking.

We've seen Beggar Weeds play live twice now—once in Athens, Georgia, where they opened their set with a jingle about orange juice, and a few weeks back, at Tramps, in New York. Their performance at Tramps was part of a showcase hosted by R.E.M. singer Michael Stipe and dedicated to several unsigned bands that he has recently taken under his wing. (Beggar Weeds' six-song demo tape was produced by Stipe and Jim McKay, who has directed many an R.E.M. video as well as the band's recent "Tourfilm.") There were minor sound problems over the course of the night,

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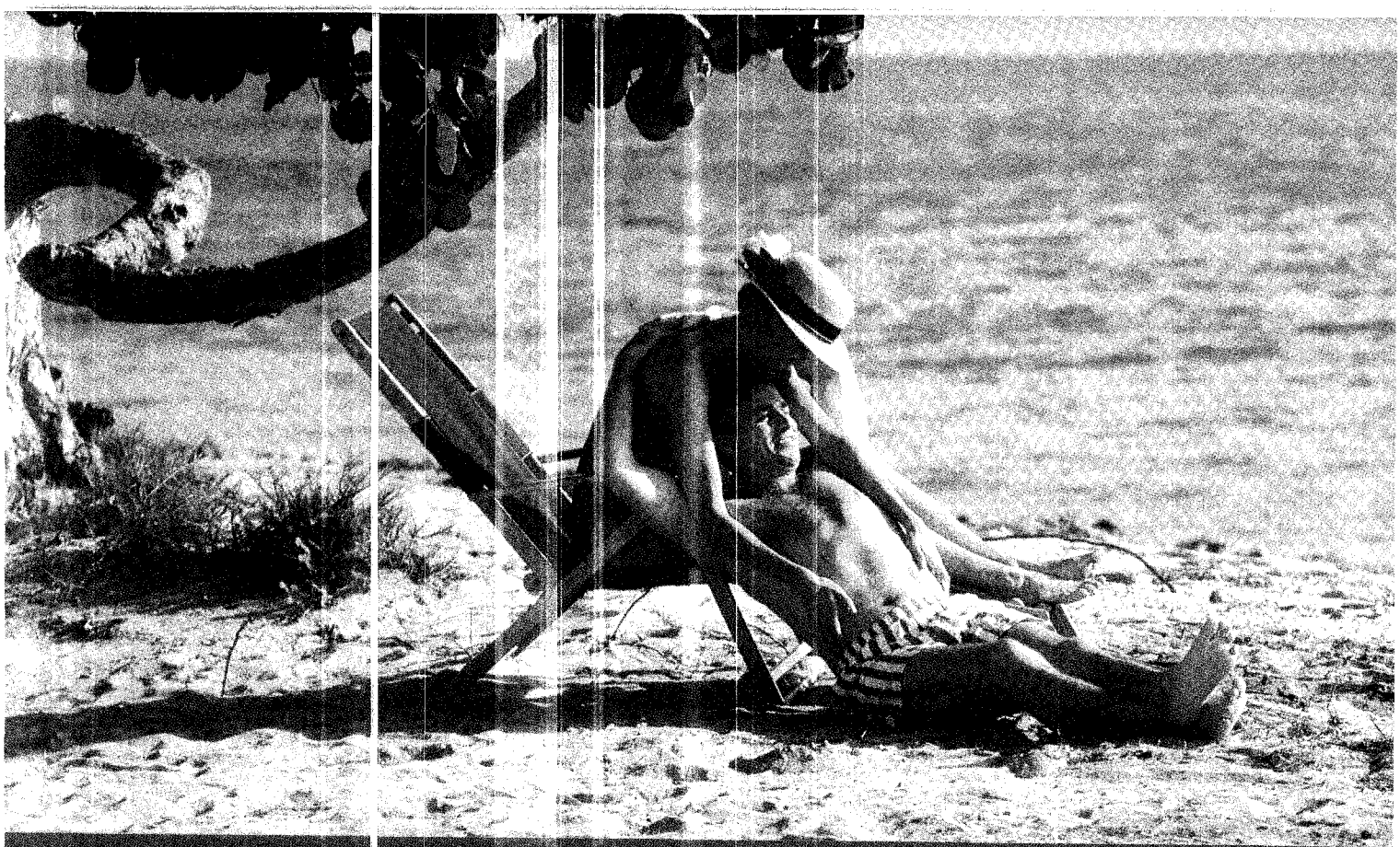

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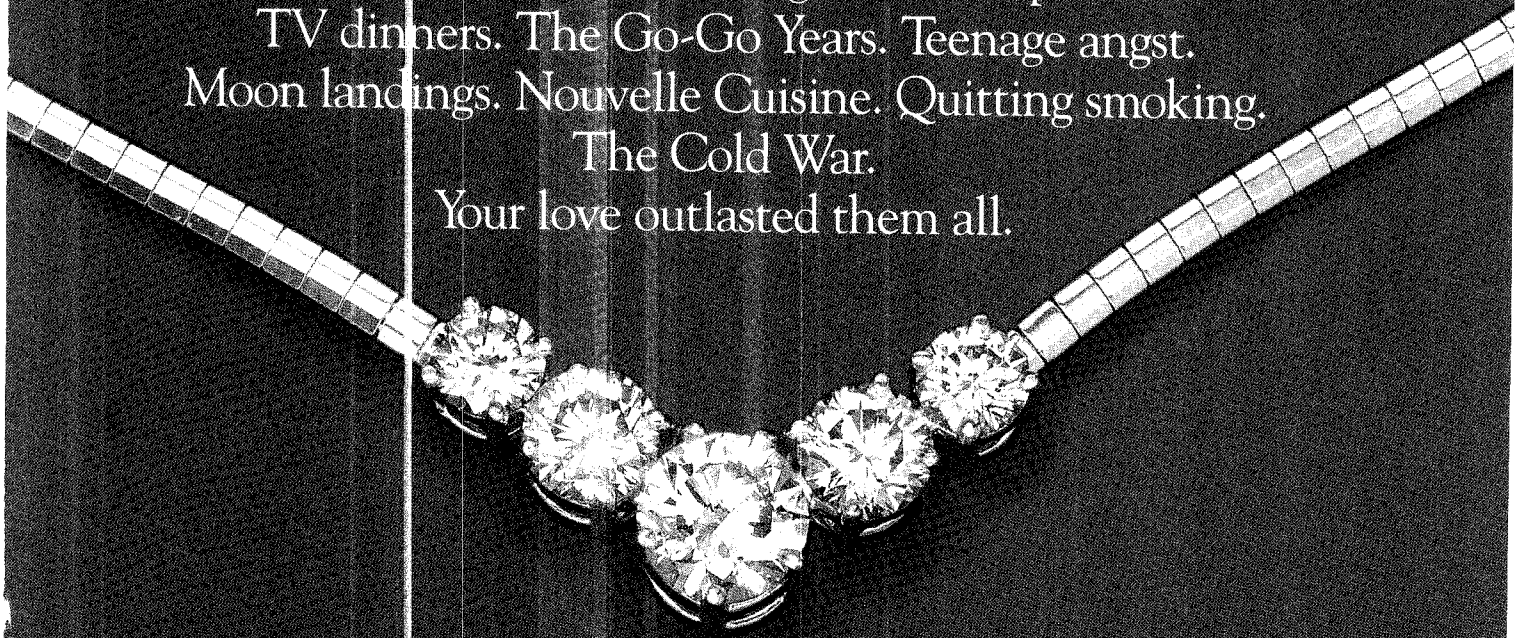

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NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

but even when Beggar Weeds' guitars dropped out briefly, the singing carried the songs. Scott Leuthold and Adam Watson have edgy voices—as distinctive in their way as John Fogerty's or Neil Young's—and they sing in close harmony. (The third member of Beggar Weeds is drummer Alan Cowart.) During the show, Leuthold said "Hi" a lot, jittered around the stage, and at one point put his guitar down to lead a clunky, wheeling dance maneuver we believe is called the "Jacksonville Stomp." The audience had already heard four and a half hours of music, but they cheered the band through four encores. Beggar Weeds will be at Wetlands, on August 1, and at Maxwell's, in Hoboken, on August 4.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (255-7373)—A reincarnated blues bar: the first Abilene led a low-profile life in the East Twenties until 1987; this one opened last year. The club, which is spacious, cheerful, and as plain as a brown paper bag, won't win any prizes for atmosphere, but it has all the ingredients of a good blues bar: cheap grub, a modest cover charge, and a non-trendy crowd.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—It's everything a cabaret should be: sleek, elegant, intimate, and slighty decadent. It also offers something that other cabarets do not: tapas, which come from the Spanish restaurant adjoining the club. The **wiseguys**, a trio of clever Texans, currently hold forth nightly. Rhythm-and-blues singer **pam tate**, whose set includes original songs as well as Bessie Smith and Billie Holiday covers, will perform here on Aug. 4. Show time is seven.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Many musicians who visit this jazz house are honored—if that's the word—by having their portraits done, "in concert," by the house artist. These impressionistic renderings round out a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. Pianist **john hicks**, who'll be leading a trio here July 31-Aug. 1, has been remarkably productive in the last year or so. Aside from having released his own first solo album, Hicks can be heard on new albums by Gary Bartz, David Murray, Roy Hargrove, and Peter Leitch. The **byron stripling** quintet appears Aug. 2-3, and the **richie vitale** quintet comes in on Aug. 4. Music from nine. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is the place to find big-league jazz artists; it's an institution and it knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? The original **ramsey lewis** trio—with Eldee Young and Redd Holt—is here for a reunion gig July 30-Aug. 4. Outfits led by **michel petrucciani** and **eddie gomez** share a bill starting on Aug. 6. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. **kenny rankin** and **dan siegel** perform Aug. 1-2; **marty balin** comes in on Aug. 3; **pentangle** appears on Aug. 4; and Jimmie Dale Gilmore performs on Aug. 6. In a performance at this club in the mid-seventies, **donovan** was heard murmuring, "The sixties are gone, thank goodness. It was difficult to shake them." Whether or not the Scottish-born singer, who will be appearing here on Aug. 7, has ever actually sloughed off that fabled decade is debatable. Donovan began as a Dylan imitator, then turned flower child to end all flower children. He did the mystic thing; he did the recluse thing; he wrote "Mellow Yellow," "Sunshine Superman," "Season of the Witch," and an operetta titled "7-Tease" (read: "seventies"). He also pitched in on "Yellow Submarine," if we're not mistaken. Lately, Donovan's name has remained in print, if for no other reason than that he is the father of actress Ione Skye (read: "I own the sky"). Shows at eight and eleven.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. A trio consisting of saxophonist **gary bartz**, pianist **larry willis**, and bassist **buster williams** holds forth July 30-Aug. 3. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In Bemelmans' Bar, across the way from the now dormant Café Carlyle, **kurt wieting** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by heavy-metal fans, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glides across the floor, lost in a nostalgic reverie; an eager young man, his tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws his date around like a crazed cossack. The **roy gerson** orchestra plays on Aug. 4. Music from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club, a dark cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti, is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to pass through nightly. Music from nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it good for jazz. July 30-Aug. 4 belongs to the **lou donaldson** quartet; **lew tabackin's** group gets under way on Aug. 6. Music after nine.

Donovan, at the Bottom Line

Cornelia Street Café, 29 Cornelia St. (989-9319)—In the basement of this tucked-away Village restaurant-bar is a narrow, white-brick-walled room, decorated with a few tables and steampipes, where you'll find music, poetry readings, and theatre-of-the-cramped. The restaurant itself is a wine-and-candlelight neighborhood café; downstairs, there's a do-it-yourself, sixties-coffeehouse aesthetic at work.

Diva, 306 E. 81st St. (650-1928)—A newly hatched restaurant and piano bar. It's a modest-sized, brick-walled room that offers Italian fare and, Tuesdays through Saturdays, the musings of pianist **charles de forest**. As a composer, De Forest works in the hallowed tradition of Cole Porter, and over the past couple of years his work has been championed pretty emphatically by Tony Bennett. Music from eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—A two-floor entertainment center. The bright, clean, pie-shaped downstairs bar has French windows giving on to the bustle of Seventh Avenue, but the clamor indoors is far greater. Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, and the waitresses sing/shout pop standards with risqué lyrics and fire off wisecracks across the room; patrons are encouraged to take the mike, too. Upstairs, there's a quieter bar and a cabaret, where you'll find a variety of performers nightly.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. Singer **chris connor** and a trio entertain through Aug. 4; the regal **buck clayton** leads his swing band as of Aug. 6. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **les paul**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Flannery's, 932 W. 14th St. (929-9589)—Formerly a dive called McCarthy's, this two-floor establishment looks as if it had been dynamited and then rebuilt from the ashes up. On the ground floor is a well-scrubbed, amiable Irish pub with many of the classic features—pints of Guinness, non-stop TV sports—and a few of the near-classics: a CD jukebox, a portrait of Elvis. Downstairs is a low-ceilinged space that looks like a rec room; on weekends (from eleven) and Tuesdays (from nine) it's home to an enlightened mixture of garage-rock, rockabilly, surf-punk, and psychedelic-rock bands.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—With jazz you get eggroll. At this posh-looking two-floor Chinese restaurant, tucked into a midtown skyscraper, you'll find a lot of businesspeople and a lot of hanging plants. In the middle of the main dining room, you'll also find a Steinway grand, which belongs to **bill mays** July 30-Aug. 4. A trio led by the rambunctious Art Tatum protégée **dorothy donegan** gets started on Aug. 6. Music from six-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—In some ways, the Knitting Factory doesn't really belong in New York: the cover charge is too reasonable, the management is too laid-back, the audiences are too polite. It's a slice of post-collegiate counter-culture that somehow landed on Houston Street. The music is another story—much of the time, it exemplifies urban angst. Lori Carson performs on Aug. 1, as do David Tronzo, Jeff Hershfield, and Stomu Takashi. A Led Zeppelin tribute called "The Song Remains Inane" takes place on Aug. 4, featuring, among others, the **reverb mofos**. Music after nine.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—Spiffed-up theatre patrons walk by this club's façade—a Silver Eagle bus, with tires you can kick—and scratch their heads. Inside, big bearded guys with cowboy hats rub elbows at the bar while newcomers study the Texas memorabilia and the display of vintage Gibson guitars. The dining room, where bands hold sway, features a Wright Brothers-era airplane suspended from the ceiling, a dance floor where you can kick up some dust, and a balcony for quiet types. **the band**—minus Robbie Robertson, predictably, but with a legendary sideman, the keyboardist **billy preston**—appears here July 30-31. The **blue chieftains** come in on July 31, and **jonathan richman** holds sway Aug. 1-2. With the Modern Lovers in the late seventies, Richman produced some of pop's most defiantly whimsical songs—not to mention the oft-covered deadpan rocker "Roadrunner." Since then, his output has had its ups and downs. If he sometimes verges on preciousness, he's also one of the genre's masters of throwaway irony, and he can hang a song on the most unlikely pegs (fraying bluejeans, Picasso's pickup techniques). He's not for everyone, but his believers tend to be near-fanatics. Music after nine. Dining.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the little-heralded Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. The veteran bluesman **clarence (gatemouth) brown**, a singer and lacerating guitarist whose specialty is rocking blues, is in charge on July 31. Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-thirty.

Marquee, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A rock club, just off the West Side Highway, that is one of the city's main venues for college-radio fare. **primus** and Tad perform on Aug. 1.

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MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the Hoboken Sound and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the aroma coming from the nearby Maxwell House factory might give them a boost. **BOOZOO CHAVIS** is here on Aug. 2, and Smashing Pumpkins, Codeine, and God's Eye share the bill on Aug. 3. A very hip triple bill can be seen here on Aug. 4: **FLAT DUO JETS** (a North Carolina garage-rock outfit), **CHICKASAW MUDD PUPPIES** (a Georgia band, produced by Michael Stipe), and **BEGGAR WEEDS** (a Jacksonville, Florida, band, also produced by Stipe).

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—There's more to Michael's Pub than Woody Allen, whose occasional Monday-night Dixieland binges have given the place a little star cachet. Non-filmmakers can usually be found onstage here the rest of the week, in a main dining room that strives for the appearance of a British pub but looks more like a good old American family restaurant. Still, there's a real nice red telephone booth by the door. **TERRY WALDO** and his outfit are currently in residence, offering a show of old-time "boordello music." Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a *lot*. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and restroom attendants who hover near the sink asking, "Is the water too warm?" A Cole Porter revue called "What a Swell Party!" continues through Aug. 31. The vocalists—individually distinctive, and together adding up to a fine ensemble—are **MARY CLEERE HARAN, TERRI KLAUSNER,** and **HELEN SCHNEIDER;** the pianists are **BRUCE COYLE** and **RONNY WHYTE** (both contributing to the vocal forces as well). Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steakhouse, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's leftovers, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. Tuesdays are reserved for **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS,** who bring to life the sounds of the thirties. Michael Bergman's orchestra holds forth on July 31. Show times vary.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—A small, red-gold-and-green cabaret. Singer **ANNE FRANCINE** leads an evening of French music and song on July 30. Dinner is served at seven, and the music at nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. July 30-Aug. 4 belongs to **LESTER BOWIE'S BRASS FANTASY,** and **RICHARD DAVIS AND FRIENDS** occupy the club for a week beginning on Aug. 6. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Music from ten. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia. **HORACE TAPSCOTT,** a West Coast pianist and composer with traces of Monk and Ellington, leads a trio July 30-Aug. 4. For a week beginning on Aug. 6 the music is in the capable hands of the **ED BLACKWELL PROJECT.** Mondays are reserved for the seventeen-piece **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Music after nine-thirty.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—The New Music Seminar brought a spate of Southern bands—particularly groups from Georgia—to these parts, and many have stayed on for a spell. **BEGGAR WEEDS, CHICKASAW MUDD PUPPIES,** and **FLAT DUO JETS** share a bill here on Aug. 1. (All three bands are also at Maxwell's this week.) The breezy, danceable Athens band **LOVE TRACTOR,** which will be here on Aug. 5, has half a dozen records to its credit—the most recent release was 1989's "Themes from Venus," and the band is currently at work on a new album—and they opened up for the B-52's on the Cosmic Thing tour. Music at ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** join forces July 29-Aug. 3. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

JOHN CLEESE's American Express ad says it all—drag is now a mere boa toss from Bill Cosby mainstream. (Two seasons ago, even Mr. Cosby donned maternity clothes, albeit in a dream sequence.) Males in concert (the "Truth or Dare" tour), on film (Stallone, Russell, Schwarzenegger), in fashion (the runway shows of Todd Oldham and Thierry Mugler), and, especially, on television ("Quantum Leap," "Jake and the Fatman," "Full House") are straightening up their seams and flying right. Unfortunately, New York, which had recently begun to keep pace with most of the rest of the country's slipshod activities (though almost any place in the Magnolia, Peach, and Sunshine states leaves the Big Apple falling all over its panty hose), abruptly lost its cross-dressing Source Perrier last summer.

But as a supreme example of I-may-not-be-there-when-you-want-me-but-I'm-right-on-time, Princess Diandra, Sister Codie Ravioli, Miss Guy, the Connie Girl, Miss Glamamore (the Hog Queen of lip-synch)—lovelies all, who helped make Love Ball 2 a triumphant reprise and adorned Pedro Almodóvar's arms the last time he was in town—were all onstage at the reopening of Boy Bar, the windowless and nondescript duplex space at 15 St. Marks Place. Since the club's closing, New York has searched, waited, and prayed for a spot as culturally, ethnically, economically, politically, and generationally diverse as this place used to be on Thursday nights. Drag stars had lost their chance to "play the Palace." But on July 18 it was shoulder to sweaty shoulder as Diva Soul, Miss Nicki Nicole, and Mona Foot showed how good it was to feel like an Unnatural Woman. The highlight of the evening was Connie, Guy, and Codie taking on models Naomi Campbell, Christy Turlington, and Linda Evangelista in a live adaptation of George Michael's video "Freedom." Imitation became the most daunting form of flattery. Unfortunately, these performers now have their dance cards pretty full, and Boy Bar is going to have to supply some new faces. Considering the demand, that shouldn't be hard. Especially if Cleese and Cosby find themselves with at least one Thursday free.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

SERIOUS FUN!—Final performances. July 30-31: "Dance," a revival of a 1979 multimedia work with choreography by Lucinda Childs, music by Philip Glass, and filmed settings by Sol LeWitt. . . . ¶ Aug. 2-3: "Megadance," new dance works choreographed by Ann Carlson, Doug Elkins, Charles Moulton, and Elizabeth Streb. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Evenings at 8.)

At MOMA, Roberto Burle Marx

ART

OVER the past decade it became a near-cliché to invoke John Baldessari's influence as a teacher. So many former students at the Disney-outfitted California Institute for the Arts had by then sprung from this artist's high, craggy forehead to become stars in their own right that the school came to be regarded as a post-conceptual Olympus. Baldessari's current retrospective, at the Whitney through October 20, goes out of its way to demonstrate that those who teach—those, at least, who are really into it—never stop teaching.

In 1970, Baldessari, a lifelong Southern Californian, ritually destroyed all his early abstract paintings. They lacked "content," in his eyes. But this fervent anti-obscurantist has constructed some rather cryptic images over the years. As if to assault paradox—and, perhaps, ironically to embrace Baldessari's pedagogical reputation—the exhibition has been organized into eight loosely chronological, didactically labelled rooms, each of which is further equipped with its own printed, loose-leaf, lesson-cum-exam-question page. In Room 1, for example, we pluck a page with the heading "Lessons on Art and Art Making" and, looking at the wall, find "Wrong," a 1967 word-and-image painting that consists of a silk-screened picture of a man standing in front of a tree on a suburban street. "'Wrong,'" we read, "breaks the rule that one should never take a picture of someone in front of a tree because it will look as if the tree were growing out of the person's head." This lesson is echoed in Room 3, which is devoted to "Different Kinds of Order." In a label next to "Simone Palm Trees," a picture from the 1975 "Kissing Series," Baldessari informs us that a teacher once told him that two elements

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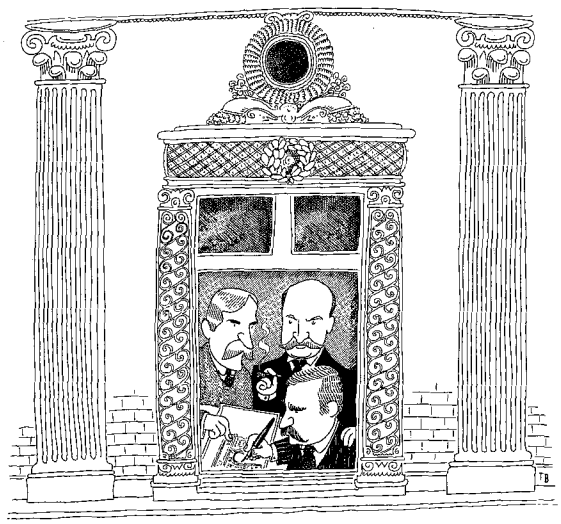
in a design could be either near each other or overlapping, but that it was disturbing visually for them to appear to "kiss." Simone and a tall palm frond are, of course, very clearly "kissing." After this, the lessons get more demanding, but we have been well prepared. More surprising is how much Baldessari eventually picked up from his ex-students and others. If the lessons of the first two rooms provide virtual blueprints for the likes of David Salle, Richard Prince, and Jenny Holzer, the last rooms declare that important teachers never stop learning. Tips from Salle, in particular, are quite obvious by the close of this show, but—more unexpectedly—so are the effects, it seems, of shaped canvases by the abstract painter Elizabeth Murray.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Walter Annenberg, who made a name for himself as the publisher of *TV Guide*, turned down a billion-dollar offer for his modern-art collection and chose instead the nobler path of philanthropy by bequeathing it to this museum several months ago. The gift of the collection, which had been perhaps the finest grouping of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings still in private hands, sets a standard of excellence for future patrons of the arts. The show begins with some exquisite small works by Fantin-Latour, followed by two rooms, devoted to Monet, van Gogh, Gauguin, and Cézanne, that would be the pride of any museum. These rooms include some of the collection's finest works, such as Monet's "Poppy Field, Argenteuil" (1875), Gauguin's "The Siesta" (1892-94), and Cézanne's "The House with the Cracked Walls" (1892-94), all of which were purchased by Annenberg in 1983 from his sister Enid Haupt. Farther on are some very good early-twentieth-century works, including Picasso's haunting "At the Lapin Agile" (1905), an important but somewhat overwrought Vuillard, a beautiful Matisse, and a very pretty Bonnard; these works, however, are not up to the same level as the great Impressionist ones. Through Oct. 13.... ¶ "The Sculpture of Indonesia," which includes much material on display outside its native land for the first time, exposes us to the fascinating, if only partially knowable, world of Hindu and Buddhist sculpture. The show begins with a few magnificent Bronze Age works—such as a massive ceremonial tablet and axe with fanciful shapes and crisp geometric details in shallow relief—that are included just to indicate that ceremonial object-making did not begin with the arrival of the Indian deities. Many of these prehistoric pieces bear a strong resemblance to contemporaneous ones from China and what is now Vietnam; it is virtually impossible to distinguish a number of the Hindu and Buddhist works here from their Indian antecedents. But when an Indonesian sculptural identity emerges, it is hard to surpass. A stone sculpture of Prajnaparamita, the goddess of transcendental wisdom, is considered perhaps Indonesia's most important sculpture, and it is indeed the embodiment of grace. It was carved around 1300, in East Java, at the same time and in the same place as a very different statue of Bhairava, a fierce and demonic four-armed deity who wears a necklace of small severed heads, sits on a jackal, and rests his feet on a mound of human skulls. There are many other contrasts in the exhibition, and numerous sculptural wonders, including one of the five hundred and four seated Buddhas from Borobudur, the largest Buddhist temple in the world. Through Aug. 18.... ¶ If you need a break from the blockbusters, or the line for the restaurant is too long, you might wander through the Islamic galleries to "The Perfect Page," a small, glorious display of a few dozen illuminated manuscripts from the museum's extensive collection of Persian, Ottoman, and Indian works from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. As one might expect, there are remarkably detailed volumes of the Koran, with their fanciful Arabic script, and there is also an amazing Ottoman calendar in the form of a scroll, which indicates not simply the date but also the aspects of the sun, the phases of the moon, and the times of prayer in the various seasons. Also included is an exquisite sultan's cipher, similar to the one included in the museum's recent Süleyman the Magnificent extravaganza; this piece must be history's first decorative whiplash shape, anticipating the very modern Art Nouveau lines that followed much later. Through Aug. 18.... ¶ A hundred and fifty sculptures, drawings, and decorative objects by Paul Manship (1885-1966). Through Sept. 1.... **NOTE:** The museum's roof garden, planted with nine sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)



A McKim, Meade, and White show at the New-York Historical Society

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Nudes," a show of fifty photographs by Lee Friedlander taken over the past twelve years. Through Oct. 8.... ¶ Ad Reinhardt's single-color abstractions from the late fifties and sixties are often considered to be the Nordic lodestars of minimalism. With this retrospective, MOMA, for one, has certainly built a powerful case for such a judgment, and, in its inimitable way, has tried to bring the gavel down on that view as well. It is a very intense and occasionally eerie exhibition. Its concluding sequence, for instance, is a bright room filled with twenty of the artist's black-on-black paintings, arranged in a rhythmically stentorian fashion in which luminous nuances—Reinhardt's infinitesimal gradations of tone and his latent imagery, most notably the nearly ubiquitous cruciforms—have been all but obliterated. The impact is terrifically jolting, like a door slammed shut or a gunshot fired in the concluding scene of a play. But in a strange way it is also anticlimactic. Before getting to this last, black room, viewers have slid through a sort of Wonderland rabbit chute of rooms in which colors first appear in natural abundance, then are gradually distilled, and finally are apotheosized into firmaments of blue, then red. In terms of pure, retinal drama, the high point of the show occurs during the transition from earth to Heaven, as it were, in a room given to half-tones and seemingly disembodied clarion notes against taupe, mauve, and puce-colored grounds, and in the segue from this room into one that is very suddenly, very astrally blue. It is a breathtaking moment, both disorienting and exhilarating. Visually, if not polemically, the hot spot of the show is right there. Through Sept. 2.... ¶ A small but pleasurably edifying show of drawings and models by the landscape architect Roberto Burle Marx. A Brazilian who works mainly in his own country, Burle Marx is an uncompromisingly modern gardener who sculpts and paints with nature in broad, mid-century rhythms and bold strokes. If his emphasis on rubber plants sometimes harks back to all those progressive corporate lobbies of the fifties, his most panoramic vistas still have the big, beautiful look of Tomorrow. Through Aug. 13.... ¶ "Seven Master Printmakers: Innovations in the Eighties." A respectable yet somewhat anachronistic exhibition, loaded with nostalgia for the days when an artistic canon was firmly in place. It is the curator's contention that all the artists in the show, who rose to prominence in the sixties, continued to be innovators in the eighties. Of all the artists shown, Jasper Johns has remained the most engaged in the process of printmaking. Be they etchings, lithographs, or monotypes, Johns' works are exquisite records of gesture The selection of his prints here forms a thoughtful counterpoint to the retrospective of his drawings mounted recently at the Whitney. As for David Hockney and Jim Dine, they have produced little of historical interest in the eighties, and nowhere is this more evident than in their prints. There is a lot of experimentation in Frank Stella's prints from the decade, but of a sort that perhaps only a technician could love. James Rosenquist entered some risky territory with his eighties prints, and the payoff was great, at times perhaps even greater than in his paintings. Roy Lichtenstein is an undeniable master of the medium, but the selection here is unsatisfying. Robert Rauschenberg is a master, too, and shown here are the kinds of collaged images he does best, but their technique is virtually indistinguishable from what he was doing twenty-five years ago. All this leads us to the question, What *were* the innovations of the eighties? Through Aug. 13.... ¶ A video installation by Thierry Kuntzel is the latest work in the "Projects" series. Through Sept. 2.... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with musicians from the Juilliard School performing at 7:30. This summer's program is dedicated to the music of Erik Satie. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until early 1992.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"John Baldessari," a retrospective consisting of more than eighty paintings, books, films, videotapes, and photographs made since the mid-sixties by the conceptual artist. Through Oct. 20.... ¶ "American Life in American Art" presents nearly a hundred and seventy twentieth-century paintings and sculptures from the museum's permanent collection.... ¶ The long-neglected decorative artist Hunt Diederich (1884-1953)—a contemporary of Elie Nadelman, whose work Diederich's faintly suggests—was born in Hungary, the son of a Prussian cavalry officer and a proper-Bostonian artist. After some schooling in Switzerland, he came to the States to live with his maternal grandfather, the painter William Morris Hunt; then he went out West to become a cowboy. His *animalier* sculptures, cowboyish and not, were a hit in Paris at the 1913 Salon d'Automne, where "Greyhounds" was bought by a Baron Rothschild. This high-pitched curriculum vitae—amplified by sojourns in Fascist Germany, and a crippling injury caused by a fall from scaffolding—seems to have affected his thinking. In 1947, he sent out anti-Semitic material by mail in envelopes marked "with compliments from Members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters." He was expelled from the institute, and died not long after, while working on a bas-relief for the A.S.P.C.A. headquarters in Manhattan. It's too good a story not to relate: we want a biopic! Diederich's art is fanciful and filigreed: wrought-iron fire screens, trivets, and candlesticks, for instance, with fox and ibex motifs. Bravo to the Whitney for this rediscovery. Through Sept. 29. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Although the museum now, at certain times of the day, has to close whole floors because of a

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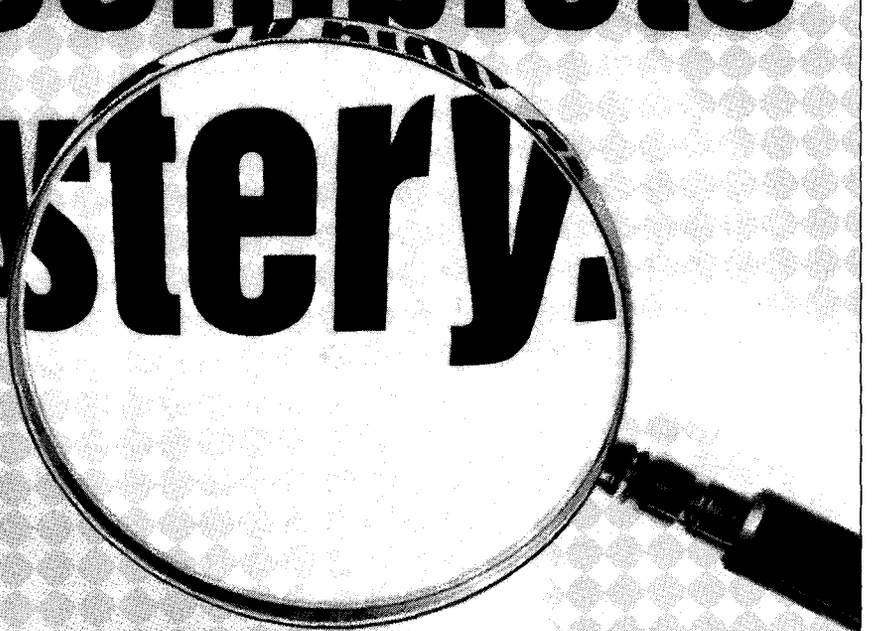
What we'll be showing on Monday night is a complete mystery.



AGATHA CHRISTIE MYSTERIES.

Mondays 9pm ET/10pm PT

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

two-million-dollar cut in city support, you can always see Chris Burden's "Medusa's Head," which is the most recent in an excellent series of lobby installations by contemporary artists. Burden's fourteen-foot suspended Medusa, which has yet to turn a single mortal to stone, is overrun with creepy, crawling railroad tracks instead of snakes. There are hundreds of them working their way in and out of a purgatorial rutted-rock landscape meant to resemble an asteroid, transporting rock to who knows where. Trains, which usually are symbols of industrialization, Western expansion, and progress, are depicted here as mechanical, postindustrial chain gangs. This is a very strong work. Through Sept. 2.... ¶ "Quattrocento," a small exhibition of a few dozen early-Renaissance panel paintings from Italy, shows off another of the many fine corners of the Brooklyn Museum's vast collection. The works are all small and most of them are minor, but they cogently present the history of the quattrocento, giving a sense of its rich spread throughout northern Italy. The show begins with a charming trecento "Last Supper," attributed to Vitale de Bologne, that exhibits archaic perspective, and a marvellous triptych by Maso di Banco, one of Giotto's most gifted pupils, that in one panel depicts an elongated Christ on a blood-spattered Cross. Flemish influence is evident in a tender portrait of St. Jerome by Donato dei Bardi, and the voluminous lit-velvet drapery of Venice is represented by a depiction of St. James Major by Carlo Crivelli. A curiously stormy world view is presented by the Marchigian Lorenzo d'Alessandro da San Severino, and a mysterious sense of time standing still haunts a little "Venus and Mars" attributed to Palma Vecchio. That work, dated circa 1515, is the latest in the show. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"The Nearest Edge of the World." Post-revolutionary art in Cuba is the subject of this show. According to the catalogue, Cuban artists are up on the newest developments in Western capitalist art—we are told, for example, of an artist who appropriated Sherrie Levine's photographs of reproductions of Rodchenko photographs by photocopying them from an American art magazine—but not all of the works here are derivative. The requisite Magic Realist, body artist, and parodist of "official" art are all here. But there are also two artists with an amazing command of drawing—Lázaro A. Saavedra González and Ciro Quintana Gutiérrez, who are satirists of life and art—and one bad boy, Tomás Esson Reid, whose sex-obsessed, scatological paintings are the show's most forceful. Through Aug. 4. (Open Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 12; from 12 to 3 by appointment only; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Painting a Place in America: Jewish Artists in New York, 1900-45." Jewish painters and sculptors have certainly made contributions to the history of twentieth-century American art, but this is a weak idea for an exhibition, and no great historical insight is gained by the segregation. What the viewer is left with is primarily an impression of second-rate, labored art—the essentially boring heaviness of urban social realism, as typified by the Soyer brothers and provincial abstraction. But there are some delightful discoveries in the show, including a witty, Cubistic 1915 portrait of Marsden Hartley by Ben Benn, and a mythical, Old World circus scene by Benjamin Kopman, with shades of Chagall, Ensor, and Marc. Through Sept. 29. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Mozart: Prodigy of Nature." A comprehensive exhibition of all things Mozart. The show includes more than fifty manuscripts, from four pieces composed at age five to a first draft of the Requiem; early letters home from Italy (December, 1769) and his last letter to his father (April, 1787); and his "Verzeichnüss aller meiner Werke" ("Catalogue of All My Works"), which he kept for the last seven years of his life. Through Aug. 4....

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	29	30	31	1	2	3
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¶ Eighteenth-century drawings, from the library's collection, by the Venetian masters Tiepolo, Guardi, and Canaletto. Through Aug. 4. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.—The "Nuyorican" experience is alive in the work of Pepón Osorio, who moved to New York from Puerto Rico in 1975. At the entrance to this retrospective of his work is a fancy, fake-Venetian chandelier further ornamented by a trove of tacky tchotchkes, ranging from dominoes and water pistols to plastic ferns and tiny, brittle street-stand dolls. Other lightly nostalgic and comic charmers—some the results of performance collaborations with Merián Soto, the artist's choreographer wife—include "La Cama," a room-size work, with bed and coverlet, dedicated to the artist's nanny, and "Broken Hearts," a set piece, featuring luggage, about the dashed dreams of immigrants from the south. "The Wake," a life-size replica of a funeral parlor full of coffins and body bags, is a harrowing depiction of AIDS, both solemn and almost grotesquely disorienting in a museum setting. Through Aug. 4. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"Paint, Powder, and Leaf" showcases nearly a hundred decorated objects, from tin coffeepots and cannisters to wood chests and iron fire screens. Through Sept. 15.... ¶ A show of twenty-four quilts with floral themes, all prize-winners from this spring's Great American Quilt Festival. Through Sept. 15.... ¶ Forty-five narrative paintings by Harry Lieberman (1880-1983). Through Sept. 22. (Open daily, 9 to 9.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—In the exhibition "Illustrating Nature: The Art of Botany," the New York Botanical Garden's collection is represented by ninety-five watercolors, pen-and-ink drawings, books, and dried plant specimens. Through Sept. 29. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Africa Explores: Twentieth-Century African Art" presents more than a hundred art works in various mediums. Through Aug. 18. (The exhibition has been organized by the Center for African Art. See Galleries—Uptown.)... ¶ In a show called "Embodying Faith," five contemporary artists tackle the theme of the relationship between the physical and the spiritual in Christianity. Through Aug. 18.... ¶ The Catalan artist Perejaume has filled the window on Broadway with some old red velvet theatre seats, which visitors are invited to occupy, in a tired examination of viewer and viewed. Inside the museum, beside the window's entrance, is a large photograph of a grid of such seats in the desert. It is beautiful and odd, in ways the current installation isn't. Through Aug. 18.... ¶ "Eclipse of the Earth," an installation by Kazuo Katase. Through Aug. 18. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Taste of Andrew Carnegie." This small exhibition includes some of the Scottish-born steel industrialist's mediocre personal collection as well as selections from a fine print collection, including examples by Dürer and Goltzius, from the Carnegie Institute. The most enjoyable part of the show is the memorabilia, such as a menu from a dinner in Carnegie's honor that describes the "Bieffe" course as "Wut's Good's all Scotch, all that isn't ain't." Through Aug. 4.... ¶ A show of sixty drawings, photographs, and prints of New York structures built at the turn of the century by the architectural firm of McKim, Mead, and White. Through Sept. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Kingdoms of Land, Sea, and Sky" includes a hundred and eighty zoological woodcuts, engravings, and watercolors by artists and naturalists such as Albrecht Dürer, John James Audubon, Edward Lear, and Maria Sibylla Merian. Through Aug. 24. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)... ¶ A display of recently acquired rare books and manuscripts, including Joseph Conrad's manuscript for "The Secret Sharer" and Washington Irving's for "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Through Oct. 12. (Berg Collection. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Road, Long Island City—Noguchi (1904-88), one of the twentieth century's singular talents, designed this oasis for more than two hundred and fifty of his sculptures. It contains a wide range of his work—from the early surrealistic biomorphic sculptures to several types of stone carvings—and documentation of his prodigious public art. The centerpiece of the museum is a peaceful, ivy-walled garden dotted with the artist's works. (Open Wednesdays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A retrospective of works by Romare Bearden (1912-88), which includes a hundred and forty-one oils, collages, and watercolors. Through Aug. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

"Africa Explores: Twentieth-Century African Art"—At the Center for African Art, which organized the exhibition (the show is also on view at the New Museum), the great African sculpture that modernist artists and European collectors valued and that shaped our idea of African art is relegated to the final room, where it serves as a startling epitaph for traditions that no longer exist. The exhibition is an attempt to reverse the commonly held belief that contemporary African art is in the doldrums. Although only some of the work is successful, the show is always provocative and often entertaining. The material is organized into five categories—"traditional," "new functional," "urban," "international," and "extinct"—which are used to distinguish, for example, paintings made as "signs" from those made as "art." Perhaps the most inventive works are the Pop coffins of Ghana's Kane Kwei. One, made to transport a taxi-fleet owner to his final resting place, is in the form of a Mercedes-Benz; another resembles an onion. There are lively comparisons here, such as that between Magdalene Odundo's elegant, very modernistic long-necked ceramic vessels and traditional ritualistic statues whose quirky figuration seems somehow related. Painting, a relatively new form for the continent, seems to have reached its most inventive level in Zaire, with the naïve pictographs of Albert Lubaki and the charming political narratives of the self-taught Chéri Samba (including his hilarious "Battle with the Mosquitos"). The catalogue is dense and rich, with everything from photographs of trucks, grave markers, and chiefs' houses to an essay on "Afro-kitsch." (Center for African Art, 54 E. 68th St. Open daily, except Mondays; opens Sundays at noon. Through Dec. 29.... ¶ The New Museum, 583 Broadway. Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8. Through Aug. 18.)

"Seeing Through 'Paradise'"—A show of drawings and prints that movingly depicts life in the Terezin concentration camp, in Czechoslovakia, which was established by the Nazis as a model ghetto for propagandistic purposes. Half the exhibition consists of propaganda that artists at the camp were ordered to create—images of happy workers laying pipes and furthering industrial productivity, and of a rich cultural life, from music in the park to children's opera. The show's other half contains drawings made on the sly by these artists, who were not avant-garde in-

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novators but graphic artists, cartoonists, and architectural draftsmen. The most heated part of the exhibition is a series of covert drawings by Fritta, a cartoonist from Bohemia. These include depictions of empty baby carriages that were set in a park as props of the "good life," stage-set storefronts, corpselike elderly people in stacked bunk beds, and a chaotic work titled "Moving of Sudeten Barracks." There are also charming caricatures of some of the camp's doctors and musicians by Petr Kien, and a series of watercolors by the twelve-year-old Helga Weissova Hoskova (who is the only artist in the show still living). Sometimes the hidden drawings were discovered and the artists punished; most of Terezin's prisoners later died at Auschwitz. Through Aug. 2. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays, and Wednesdays until 8.)

"TRUE TO LIFE"—There's a sense of suspended reality to the works in this oddly interesting show, such as Thomas Ruff's photograph of a markedly unpeopled residential street, Vito Acconci's model for a park bench in the form of a giant bra, and even Jurgen Meyer's simulated abstract painting. Introduced here are the earnest, kitschy "Happy Worker" dolls of Daniel Oates, which fall somewhere between Jeff Koons and Robert Gober. Through Aug. 9. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St. Closed Mondays, open Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ONE of the nice things about seeing art in the city during the summer is that exhibitions are more relaxed and more reflective; many galleries use the time for eclectic group shows rather than for spotlight exhibitions. In keeping with this practice, a terrific collection of works has been gathered together by John Cheim at the Robert Miller gallery (41 East 57th Street; through August 16). All the pieces are either portraits or self-portraits, their dates ranging from 1908 (Marsden Hartley) to 1990 (several artists). They are all works on paper; some are drawings, some are gouaches, and some are photographs. It's a spicy show for many reasons: the variety of styles, the mixture of artists represented, and the intimacy that often seems to characterize works on paper. We were particularly taken with the ways in which the exhibition manifests the strengths of different media. Francesco Clemente's watercolor portrait of Jean-Michel Basquiat, for instance, exquisitely uses the seeping and blotting of color to bring out the beauty of that painter's face. The photographs don't possess that wonderful quality of blotted color, but they offer other kinds of intimacy. Two photos in the exhibition depict the English collaborative artist team Gilbert and George. When we first saw the shots of these famously old-fashioned blokes, they seemed so true to the types of images the artists have previously made of themselves that we took the pictures to be self-portraits. They're not, though; appropriately, they're the work of David McDermott and Peter McGough. In the spirit of *this* duo's project of living in the past, they have dated these photographs 1957, instead of last year—which is when they were really taken.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE MET—A personal and engaging summer exhibition from the permanent collection. All five of the photographer represented work in very different ways: Andrew Bush captures someone driving in a car, isolated and deep in a private world, while René Sultra uses the metaphor of a brick wall to create a visualization of his father's death. Larry Sultan also delves into his family (and its dynamics), with his stills of old home movies and recent portraits of his parents. Philip-Lorca diCorcia's photos are strong in their suggestions of loneliness and alienation. And from Sally Mann there are gracefully complex photographs of kids hanging around. These five visions make for a show rich in both narrative implications and textures of feeling. Through Sept. 8. (Metropolitan Museum.)

SHORT LIST—LEE FRIEDLANDER, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9, through Oct. 8); NIC NICOSIA and BETTINA RHEIMS, Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through Aug. 30); NINA HOWELL STARR and MICHAEL VON GRAFFENRIED, Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through Aug. 23).

MUSIC

EACH year for a week at Tanglewood, new music is young and happy: young composers, established composers, and performers both eminent and aspiring who have been working with them present, morning and evening, the fruits of their summer's labors. Contemporary-music week runs from August 1 to August 7 this year. The composer-in-residence is Andrew Imbrie, a mostly "traditional" (that is, complex and dissonant) American artist, who will be represented by four works, including a piano trio completed last year. As usual, the handful of star performers who are seriously concerned about new music will participate: Simon Rattle conducts "Pierrot Lunaire" (his recording of it has just been reissued on compact disk—Chandos CHAN 6534), with Emanuel Ax taking the piano part, and Peter Serkin joins student performers for chamber music on August 6.

Among the other fare promised, we are unenthusiastic about hearing yet another Alice in Wonderland piece from David del Tredici (it's "An Alice Symphony," and it isn't new, though it's billed as the first complete performance). The two other premières are Carolyn Yarnell's "Enemy Moon/Exit" and Judith Weir's "Music, Untangled"—both orchestral works, the latter commissioned by the Boston Symphony to mark the fiftieth anniversary of summer music at Tanglewood. Even during contemporary-music week, you can't escape Mozart this year. On August 4, the morning concert includes "Cherubino," by Hans Werner Henze; a Mauricio Kagel piece called "Pan," based on a theme from "Die Zauberflöte"; and (what sounds best to us in prospect) "To compose without the least knowledge of music. . .," a score Colin Matthews concocted by using a musical dice game devised by Mozart for the purpose described.

IN TOWN

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Final performances of its annual series of free outdoor concerts. Raymond Leppard conducts Brahms' Third Symphony, Respighi's "Fountains of Rome," Copland's "Three Dances from 'Rodeo,'" and a Vivaldi concerto (featuring two of the orchestra's trumpeters). CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN, July 29. . . . CLOVE LAKES PARK, Staten Island, July 30, followed by fireworks. . . . DYKER BEACH PARK, Brooklyn, July 31. (Evenings at 8. For rain-date information, call 875-5709.)

At Caramoor, Misha and Cipa Dichter

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—July 29: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio plays trios by Mozart and Beethoven; augmented by violist Steven Tenenbom and double bassist Julius Levine, they perform Schubert's "Trout" Quintet. . . . NOTE: The trio offers chamber music by Handel and Haydn in a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticket-holders. . . . ¶ July 30-31: Gerard Schwarz conducts the Festival Orchestra in symphonies by Prokofiev (his First, the "Classical") and Mozart (his Thirty-sixth, the "Linz"), as well as two Mozart concert arias (with soprano Lauren Flanigan) and the C-Major Piano Concerto, K. 467 (featuring Alicia de Larrocha). . . . NOTE: In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticket-holders, pianist Bruce Brubaker performs works by Scarlatti, Haydn, and Beethoven. . . . ¶ Aug. 1: The Cleveland String Quartet, performing on its matched set of Stradivarius instruments, is joined by clarinettist Richard Stoltzman and pianist Horacio Gutiérrez for chamber music by Mozart and Beethoven. . . . ¶ Aug. 2-3: Pinchas Zukerman conducts the Festival Orchestra in Mozart's "Haffner" Serenade and Piano Concerto in E-Flat, K. 482 (featuring Yefim Bronfman), and in Haydn's Symphony No. 85 ("La Reine") and G-Major Violin Concerto (in which he doubles as soloist). . . . ¶ Aug 5: Chamber works by Mozart, Jan Ladislav Dussek, Rossini, and others, performed by flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal, harpist Marielle Nordmann, hornists Paul Ingraham and Richard Hagen, and the Mendelssohn String Quartet. . . . NOTE: In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticket-holders,

Kay Starr

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MUSIC–Cont'd

the Mendelssohn String Quartet plays—appropriately—a Mendelssohn string quartet. . . . ¶ Aug 6-7: Hans Graf conducts the Festival Orchestra in music by Mozart: two symphonies, the Piano Concerto in B-Flat, K. 450 (featuring Anne-Marie McDermott), and the Concerto for Flute and Harp (with Mr. Rampal and Ms. Nordmann). (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Evenings at 8.)

Frederick Swann—The organist, who reigned over the instrument at Riverside Church for twenty-five years before relocating to California's Crystal Cathedral in 1982, celebrates his sixtieth birthday by returning to his former habitat for a program that includes music by Bach, Mozart, and Reubke. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. July 30 at 7. Admission by contribution.)

New York Grand Opera—Vincent La Selva directs a concert performance of "Carmen." (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playground, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 31 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

New York City Opera—A Little Night Music, with Sally Ann Howes, Elaine Bonazzi, Beverly Lambert, Maureen Moore, Joanna Glushak, George Lee Andrews, Kevin Anderson, and Michael Maguire; conducted by Paul Gemignani. (July 31 at 8 and Aug. 3 at 2.). . . **Turandot,** with Rebecca Copley, Michèle Boucher, Antonio Barasorda, and Harry Dworchak; Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (Aug. 1 at 8 and Aug. 4 at 2.). . . **La Traviata,** in a new production, in which the heroine is cast as a consumptive, cosmopolitan call girl commuting between New York and Paris; with Sheryl Woods, Martin Thompson, and Gaetan Laperriere; Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (Aug. 2 and Aug. 6 at 8.). . . **Cavalleria Rusticana** and **Pagliacci,** opening performances of a new production of the double bill that transposes the action of both operas to New York's Little Italy. With Sharon Graham, Melanie Sonnenberg, Susan Shafer, Stephen O'Mara, and Donnie Ray Albert (in the former); and Gwynne Geyer, John Absalom, Sigmund Cowan, and Robin Buck (in the latter). Both are conducted by Richard Bradshaw. (Aug. 3 and Aug. 7 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Bargemusic—Anne-Marie McDermott performs Barber's "Excursion" for solo piano; violinist Ik-Hwan Bae joins her for Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 30, No. 3; and cellist Christopher Costanza rounds out the ensemble for Shostakovich's E-Minor Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Aug. 1-2 at 7:30 and Aug. 4 at 4.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble—*Pablo Zinger conducts a* program of songs and dances from Puerto Rico and Latin America, including excerpts from "Marta Gruni," an opera written in 1965 by the Uruguayan composer Juarés Lamarque-Pons. (Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx. Aug. 4 at 2. . . . ¶ McGinley Student Center, Fordham University, Bronx Rose Hill Campus at Southern Blvd. Aug. 4 at 4. *No tickets necessary* for either performance. For directions or rain-date information, call 549-1899.)

OUT OF TOWN

Tanglewood—Currently presenting the 1991 Festival of Contemporary Music, interspersed among other concerts and performed principally by participants in the Tanglewood Music Center. Aug. 1 at 8:30: The Boston Composers Quartet performs string quartets by Leon Kirchner (from 1958) and Randall Woolf (from 1987); and Simon Rattle directs members of the Boston Symphony (and pianist Emanuel Ax) in Schoenberg's song-cycle (or *Sprechgesang*-cycle) "Pierrot Lunaire," featuring soprano Elise Ross. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 9: Mariss Jansons conducts the Boston Symphony in Weber's "Oberon" Overture, Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony, and Mozart's D-Minor Piano Concerto (with Ivan Moravec). . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticket-holders, soprano Lisa Saffer, cellist Yo-Yo Ma, and pianist Peter Serkin perform music by Mozart and Reger, in memory of Mr. Serkin's late father, the pianist and educator Rudolf Serkin. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 2: Works by Andrew Imbrie, Poul Ruders, Judith Weir, and Yehudi Wyner. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 8:30: Grant Llewellyn conducts the Boston Symphony in the première of "Music Untangled" by Ms. Weir, Elgar's "Enigma Variations," and Haydn's Cello Concerto No. 2, in D Major (with Yo-Yo Ma). . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 10 A.M.: Works by Henze, Imbrie, Martin Bresnick, Mauricio Kagel, and Colin Matthews (several of which are derived from *Mozartean themes*). . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 2:30: Mariss Jansons conducts the Boston Symphony in a Rossini overture, Sibelius' Second Symphony, and Mozart's C-Major Piano Concerto, K. 503 (with Emanuel Ax). . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 8:30: Music by Harrison Birtwistle, John Gibson, and Shulamit Ran. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 8:30: Works by Imbrie, Peter Child, Oliver Knussen, and Henri Lazarof, performed by the Collage New Music ensemble, conducted by David Hoose. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 8:30: Peter Serkin joins a chamber group in music by Henze, Matthews, Ronald Ford, György Ligeti, and Ron Zuidam. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 8:30: The Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra, conducted by Oliver Knussen and Mark Stringer, performs Imbrie's First Symphony (from 1965); *David Del Tredici*'s "An Alice Symphony" (from 1968-1969, featuring soprano Phyllis Bryn-Julson); and a new work by Carolyn Yarnell. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1940.)

Caramoor Music Festival—Aug. 2 at 9: Flutist Carol Wincenc and harpist Nancy Allen perform music by Bach, Mozart, Fauré, and others. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 8:30: The Empire Brass Quintet performs arrangements and original compositions. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 5:30: Duo-pianists Misha and Cipa Dichter perform works for piano four-hands—Mozart's F-Major Sonata, K. 497, and Schubert's C-Major Sonata (the "Grand Duo")—and for two pianos (Shostakovich's A-Minor Concertino and Rachmaninoff's Suite No. 1). (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-1252.)

Norfolk Chamber Music Festival—Aug. 2: Chamber music by Mozart, Brahms, and Dvořák. . . . ¶ Aug. 3: Brahms' B-Major Piano Trio and Dvořák's E-Flat-Major Piano Quartet. (Evenings at 8:30. Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 542-5537.)

Waterloo Festival Orchestra—Gerard Schwarz conducts William Walton's oratorio "Belshazzar's Feast," featuring baritone Jake Gardner. Schumann's Fourth Symphony and Piston's "The Incredible Flutist" complete the program. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. Aug. 3 at 8:30. For ticket and travel information, call 1-201 347-4700.)

Hampton SummerFest—Violinist Jaime Laredo, cellist Sharon Robinson, and pianist Ilana Vered perform chamber music by Mozart, Kodály, and Shostakovich. (Jewish Center of the Hamptons, 44 Woods Lane, East Hampton. 1-516 324-9858. Aug. 3 at 8:30.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Kay Starr and the Woody Herman Orchestra—World Financial Center Plaza, Battery Park City. July 31 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.

Steel Pulse—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. July 31 at 7:30.

Jones Beach Theatre—July 30: The Steve Miller Band, with Eric Johnson. . . . ¶ Aug. 1-2: The Beach Boys. . . . ¶ Aug. 3: The Moody Blues. . . . ¶ Aug. 4: Pat Benatar. (1-516 221-1000. Evenings at 8.)

Central Park SummerStage—Final performances of the season. Aug. 3 at 3: Boozoo Chavis and his zydeco band, and Johnnie Johnson. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 3: Zairean guitarist Diblo Dibala (Rumsey Playground, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary.)

"Classical Jazz"—The first two concerts in a series of six. Aug. 6 at 8: A tribute to King Oliver, with Michael White, Wynton Marsalis, Greg Stafford, and others. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 8: Abbey Lincoln and Shirley Horn. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Through Aug. 11.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Mets—Vs. the Chicago Cubs, Aug. 2 at 7:40, Aug. 3 at 7:10, Aug. 4 at 3:10, and Aug. 5 at 7:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Pirates, Aug. 6-7 at 7:40 and Aug. 8 at 1:40.

Yankees—Vs. the Oakland A's, July 29-30 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Minnesota Twins, July 31 at 7:30 and Aug. 1 at 1.

(The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499, and the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

Horses—At Saratoga Springs: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Whitney Handicap is Aug. 3, and the Ballerina is Aug. 4. Through Aug. 26. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Mondays and Thursdays, at 1:05. . . . At Atlantic City Race Course: Wednesdays through Saturdays at7:15. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8, Tuesdays at 1, and Sundays at 6. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. Through Aug. 19. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:45.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—A month of free performances that will run through Aug. 26. Aug. 1 at 8:15: Pilobolus. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 6:30: Classical music by a group of bassoonists from Baltimore. . . . At 8:15: Pilobolus. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 5:30: Big Nazo oversized puppets. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 3: The Henry Yu Dance Company. . . . At 7: A Mardi Gras parade. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 5:30: Dance by Ellen Cornfield. . . . At 8:15: World-beat music by Sam Mangwana. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 5:30: "Nobles of the Mystic Shrine," a concert, with music from Sousa to Cage. . . . At 6:30: The Buster Williams quintet. (Lincoln Center. For rain-date information, call 875-5400.)

A Walk—Around Greenwich Village, sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring. (Aug. 2 at 6:30. For reservations, call 265-2663.)

A Reading—By Lynne Sharon Schwartz. (Central Park SummerStage, mid-Park at 72nd St. Aug. 1 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

ACTING OUT

The Children's Museum of Manhattan, on 83rd Street between Amsterdam and Broadway, has reopened four months after a fire, with new exhibits on its ground floor and mezzanine. Downstairs are dinosaurs, including seven scaled-down robotic behemoths whose bodies twitch and move and make odd clicking sounds; upstairs is an exhibit of art work by Armenian children. Both displays are intended to get children to participate rather than just press buttons and watch. They can put together dinosaur puzzles, make fossil rubbings with crayons and molds, and study displays of real fossils on loan from temporarily closed exhibits at the American Museum of Natural History. They can walk through a re-created middle-class Armenian living room, study a globe which expresses the time it takes to reach various points between New York City and Armenia in terms of a child's school day, and experience the sights and smells one might find in an Armenian church.

The museum now offers fewer complicated electrical exhibits, but nobody seems to be complaining. In fact, visitors were particularly gleeful about an apparatus that projects them into a movie that simulates the Mesozoic. To one three-year-old, this was reality. "The dinosaurs try to eat me!" he yelled, waving a Mutant Ninja Turtle sword at a pursuing Tyrannosaurus rex. *"They're trying to eat me!" The Armenian exhibit and the dinosaurs will be on view until January.*

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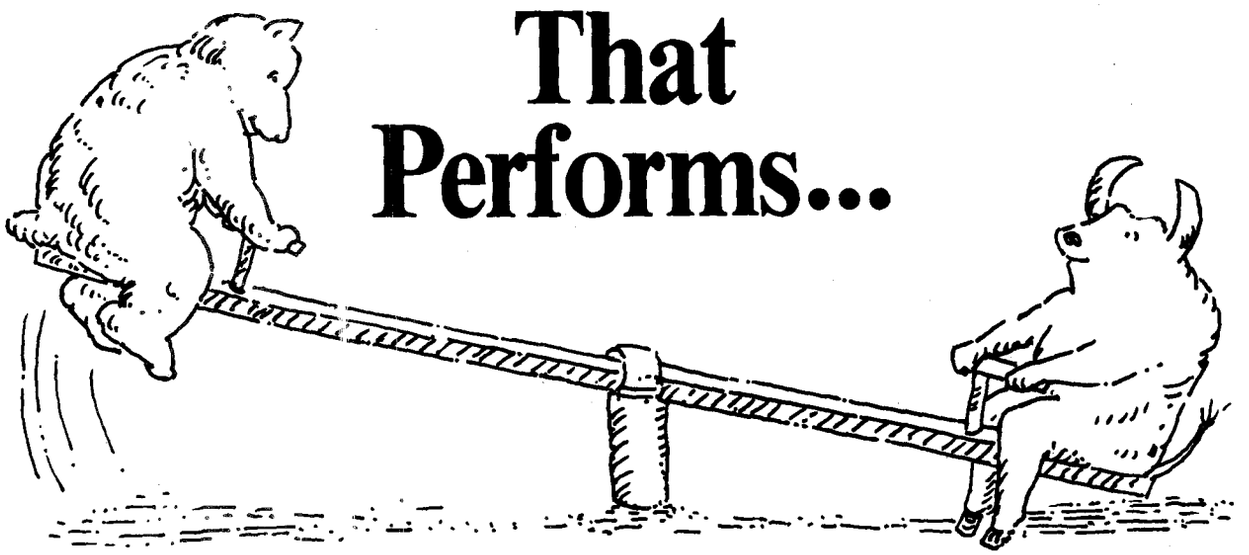

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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	29	30	31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Slacker" (directed by Richard Linklater).
Theatre 2: "Regarding Henry" (†).
Theatre 3: "La Femme Nikita" (Luc Besson; in French).
Theatre 4: "The Dark Backward" (Adam Rifkin).
Theatre 5: "An Angel at My Table" (Jane Campion), with Kerry Fox.
Theatre 6: "Trust" (Hal Hartley), with Adrienne Shelley and Martin Donovan.

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
July 29: Theatre closed.
July 30-31: "Babes in Arms" (1939, Busby Berkeley), with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney; and "Babes on Broadway" (1941, Busby Berkeley), with Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Richard Quine, and Ray McDonald.
Aug. 1: "Night and Day" (†); and "Rhapsody in Blue" (1945, Irving Rapper), with Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith.
Aug. 2-4: "It's Always Fair Weather" (1955, Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Dan Dailey, Cyd Charisse, Dolores Gray, and Michael Kidd; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (†).
Aug. 5: Theatre closed.
Aug. 6-7: "Flying Down to Rio" (†); and "Follow the Fleet" (1936, Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Randolph Scott, and Harriet Hilliard.

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (†).
Theatre 2: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 1: (Separate admissions) "City Slickers" (†); and "Dutch" (Peter Faiman), with Ed O'Neill, Ethan Randall, and JoBeth Williams. From Aug. 2: "Return to the Blue Lagoon" (William A. Graham), with Milla Jovovich and Brian Krause.

LOEWS VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Thelma & Louise" (†).
Theatre 2: "Life Stinks" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks and Lesley Ann Warren.
Theatre 3: "Boyz N the Hood" (John Singleton).
Theatre 4: "Life Stinks."
Theatre 5: "Another You" (Maurice Phillips), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 6: "Boyz N the Hood."
Theatre 7: "Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey" (Peter Hewitt), with Keanu Reeves, Alex Winter, and William Sadler.

CINEMA VILLAGE 12TH STREET, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Eating" (Henry Jaglom).

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "The Miracle" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "101 Dalmatians" (†). From Aug. 2: "The Doctor" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt, Christine Lahti, Mandy Patinkin, and Elizabeth Perkins.
Theatre 3: (Separate admissions) "Dark Obsession" (Nicholas Broomfield), with Gabriel Byrne and Amanda Donohoe; and "Ju Dou" (Zhang Yimou, in Mandarin).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 1: "Don Juan, My Love" (Antonio Mercero, in Spanish). From Aug. 2: "Body Parts" (Eric Red), with Jeff Fahey.
Theatre 5: "V. I. Warshawski" (Jeff Kanew), with Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 6: "Straight Out of Brooklyn" (Matty Rich).
Theatre 7: "Impromptu" (James Lapine), with Judy Davis and Hugh Grant.

CINEMA VILLAGE 3RD AVENUE, between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Tatie Danielle" (Etienne Chatiliez; in French), with Tsilla Chelton.

LOEWS 19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Regarding Henry" (†).
Theatre 2: "Regarding Henry" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).
Theatre 4: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 5: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Aug. 1: "101 Dalmatians" (†).
From Aug. 2: "The Doctor" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt, Christine Lahti, Mandy Patinkin, and Elizabeth Perkins.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Mobsters" (Michael Karbelnikoff), with Christian Slater, Patrick Dempsey, Richard Grieco, and Costas Mandylor.

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Thelma & Louise" (†).
Theatre 2: "V. I. Warshawski" (Jeff Kanew), with Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 3: "Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey" (Peter Hewitt), with Keanu Reeves, Alex Winter, and William Sadler.
Theatre 4: "Boyz N the Hood" (John Singleton).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).
Theatre 2: "Life Stinks" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks and Lesley Ann Warren.
Theatre 3: "Regarding Henry" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 30: "Point Break" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Patrick Swayze and Keanu Reeves.
From July 31: "Hot Shots!" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen, Gary Elwes, Valeria Golino, and Jon Cryer.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Soapdish" (Michael Hoffman), with Sally Field.

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "V. I. Warshawski" (Jeff Kanew), with Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "101 Dalmatians" (†). From Aug. 2: "Doc Hollywood" (Michael Caton-Jones), with Michael J. Fox.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through July 30: "Dutch" (Peter Faiman), with Ed O'Neill.
From July 31: "Hot Shots!" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen, Gary Elwes, Valeria Golino, and Jon Cryer.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Backdraft" (Ron Howard), with Kurt Russell and William Baldwin.

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Jungle Fever" (†).
Theatre 2: "Point Break" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Patrick Swayze and Keanu Reeves.

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Aug. 1: "Problem Child II" (Brian Levant), with John Ritter.
From Aug. 2: "Body Parts" (Eric Red), with Jeff Fahey.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (†).
Theatre 2: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (†).

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "The Doctor" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt, Christine Lahti, Mandy Patinkin, and Elizabeth Perkins.
Theatre 2: "Boyz N the Hood."
Theatre 3: "Thelma & Louise" (†).

FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 440 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Mobsters" (Michael Karbelnikoff), with Christian Slater, Patrick Dempsey, Richard Grieco, and Costas Mandylor.
Theatre 2: "Mobsters."
Theatre 3: "Another You" (Maurice Phillips), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 4: "Another You."
Theatre 5: "The Rocketeers" (†).
Theatre 6: "La Femme Nikita" (Luc Besson; in French).

Keanu Reeves in "Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey"

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 2: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey" (Peter Hewitt), with Keanu Reeves, Alex Winter, William Sadler, Joss Ackland, and George Carlin.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Life Stinks" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks and Lesley Ann Warren.
Theatre 2: "City Slickers" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Miracle" (†).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Regarding Henry" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 1: "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).
From Aug. 2: "Body Parts" (Eric Red), with Jeff Fahey.

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Mobsters" (Michael Karbelnikoff), with Christian Slater, Patrick Dempsey, Richard Grieco, and Costas Mandylor.
Theatre 2: Through July 30: "Point Break" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Patrick Swayze, Keanu Reeves, Gary Busey, Lori Petty, John McGinley, and James Le Gros. From July 31: "Hot Shots!" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen.

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 1: "101 Dalmatians" (†). From Aug. 2: "Doc Hollywood" (Michael Caton-Jones), with Michael J. Fox.
Theatre 2: "V. I. Warshawski" (Jeff Kanew), with Kathleen Turner.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through July 30: "The Famine Within" (directed by Katherine Gilday), a documentary. From July 31: "Weininger's Last Night" (1989, Paulus Manker; in German).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: Through July 30: "White Dog" (1982, Samuel Fuller), with Paul Winfield, Kristy McNichol, Burl Ives, Fuller, and Paul Bartel. From July 31: "The Famine Within."

BLEECKER MOVIE HOUSE, 144 Bleecker St. (807-9205)
Theatre 1: "Archangel" (Guy Maddin).
Theatre 2: "Poison" (Todd Haynes).

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Mobsters" (Michael Karbelnikoff), with Christian Slater, Patrick Dempsey, Richard Grieco, and Costas Mandylor.
Theatre 2: "Jungle Fever" (†).

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8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"The Rocketeer" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through July. 30: "Point Break" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Patrick Swayze and Keanu Reeves. From July 31: "Hot Shots!" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen, Gary Elwes, Valeria Golino, and Jon Cryer.
Theatre 2: "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Truly, Madly, Deeply" (Anthony Minghella), with Juliet Stevenson, Alan Rickman, Bill Paterson, and Michael Maloney.
Theatre 2: "The Comfort of Strangers" (Paul Schrader), with Natasha Richardson, Rupert Everett, Christopher Walken, and Helen Mirren.
Theatre 3: "My Father's Glory" (Yves Robert, in French), with Julien Ciamaca.
Theatre 4: "Soapdish" (Michael Hoffman), with Sally Field.

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "City Slickers" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jungle Fever" (†).
Theatre 3: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (†).
Theatre 4: "Mobsters" (Michael Karbelnikoff), with Christian Slater, Patrick Dempsey, Richard Grieco, and Costas Mandylor.
Theatre 5: "Boyz N the Hood" (John Singleton).
Theatre 6: Through July 30: "Dutch" (Peter Faiman), with Ed O'Neill, Ethan Randall, and JoBeth Williams. From July 31: "Hot Shots!" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen, Gary Elwes, Valeria Golino, and Jon Cryer.
Theatre 7: "Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey" (Peter Hewitt), with Keanu Reeves, Alex Winter, and William Sadler.
Theatre 8: "Mobsters."
Theatre 9: "Point Break" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Patrick Swayze, Keanu Reeves, and Gary Busey.

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "V. I. Warshawski" (Jeff Kanew), with Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 2: "Another You" (Maurice Phillips), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 1: "The Rocketeer" (†). From Aug. 2: "Body Parts" (Eric Red), with Jeff Fahey.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Regarding Henry" (†).

WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Truth or Dare" (Alek Keshishian), with Madonna.
Theatre 2: "Mobsters" (Michael Karbelnikoff), with Christian Slater, Patrick Dempsey, Richard Grieco, and Costas Mandylor.
Theatre 3: "Jungle Fever" (†).
Theatre 4: "Regarding Henry" (†).
Theatre 5: "Dutch" (Peter Faiman), with Ed O'Neill.
Theatre 6: "Dying Young" (Joel Schumacher), with Julia Roberts and Campbell Scott.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"City Slickers" (†).

LOEWS FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Thelma & Louise" (†).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Trust" (Hal Hartley), with Adrienne Shelley and Martin Donovan.
Theatre 2: "Tatie Danielle" (Etienne Chatiliez; in French), with Tsilla Chelton.

LOEWS FINE ARTS, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"My Mother's Castle" (Yves Robert in French), with Julien Ciamaca.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Truth or Dare" (Alek Keshishian), with Madonna.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Aug. 1: "Soapdish" (Michael Hoffman), with Sally Field.
From Aug. 2: "The Doctor" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt, Christine Lahti, Mandy Patinkin, and Elizabeth Perkins.

62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey" (Peter Hewitt), with Keanu Reeves, Alex Winter, William Sadler, Joss Ackland, and George Carlin.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Everybody's Fine" (Giuseppe Tornatore, in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "Europa Europa" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Paper Wedding" (Michel Brault, in French), with Geneviève Bujold.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 30: "Point Break" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Patrick Swayze and Keanu Reeves.
From July 31: "Hot Shots!" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen, Gary Elwes, Valeria Golino, and Jon Cryer.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Life Stinks" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks and Lesley Ann Warren.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "City Slickers" (†). From Aug. 2: "Body Parts" (Eric Red), with Jeff Fahey.
Theatre 3: "Regarding Henry" (†).
Theatre 4: "Another You" (Maurice Phillips), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 5: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).

METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "101 Dalmatians" (†); and (evenings only) "Dutch" (Peter Faiman), with Ed O'Neill.
Theatre 2: "Mobsters" (Michael Karbelnikoff), with Christian Slater, Patrick Dempsey, Richard Grieco, and Costas Mandylor.

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Boyz N the Hood" (John Singleton).
Theatre 2: "V. I. Warshawski" (Jeff Kanew), with Kathleen Turner.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (†).
Theatre 2: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 3: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 4: "Point Break" (directed by Kathryn Bigelow), with Patrick Swayze, Keanu Reeves, Gary Busey, Lori Petty, John McGinley, and James Le Gros.
Theatre 5: Through July 30: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†). From July 31: "Hot Shots!" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen, Gary Elwes, Valeria Golino, and Jon Cryer.
Theatre 6: "Another You" (Maurice Phillips), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"V. I. Warshawski" (Jeff Kanew), with Kathleen Turner.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Life Stinks" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks and Lesley Ann Warren.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†). From Aug. 2: "Body Parts" (Eric Red), with Jeff Fahey.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 1: (Matinées only) "101 Dalmatians" (†); and (evenings only) "Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey" (Peter Hewitt), with Keanu Reeves, Alex Winter, William Sadler, Joss Ackland, and George Carlin. From Aug. 2: "Return to the Blue Lagoon" (William A. Graham), with Milla Jovovich and Brian Krause.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Boyz N the Hood" (John Singleton).

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Mobsters" (Michael Karbelnikoff), with Christian Slater, Patrick Dempsey, Richard Grieco, and Costas Mandylor.
Theatre 2: "Jungle Fever" (†).

WEST SIDE CINEMA 1 AND 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Thelma & Louise" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "Straight Out of Brooklyn" (Matty Rich). From Aug. 2: "Doc Hollywood" (Michael Caton-Jones), with Michael J. Fox.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BIOGRAPH CINEMA, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
July 29: "Three Smart Girls" (1937, directed by Henry Koster), with Deanna Durbin; and "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" (1939, Henry Koster), with Durbin, Nan Grey, Charles Winninger, and Robert Cummings.
July 30-31: "Rocky" (1976, John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone, Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith; and "Rocky III" (1982, Stallone), with Stallone, Shire, Young, Weathers, Meredith, and Mr. T.
Aug. 1-3: "Psycho" (1960, Alfred Hitchcock), with Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, John Gavin, and Janet Leigh; and "Psycho III" (1986, Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.
Aug. 4-5: "The Jolson Story" (1946, Alfred E. Green), with Larry Parks and Evelyn Keyes; and "Jolson Sings Again" (1949, Henry Levin), with Parks and Barbara Hale.
Aug. 6-7: "Lethal Weapon" (†); and "Lethal Weapon 2" (1989, Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
July 29: "China Gate" (1957, Samuel Fuller), with Nat King Cole, Gene Barry, Angie Dickinson, Lee Van Cleef, and Marcel Dalio; and "Verboten" (1960, Fuller), with James Best, Susan Cummings, and Tom Pittman.
July 30: "The Big Red One" (1980, Samuel Fuller), with Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill; "Merrill's Marauders" (1962, Fuller), with Jeff Chandler and Ty Hardin; and "Falkeneau, Vision of the Impossible" (1988, Emil Weiss), a documentary.
July 31-Aug. 1: "The American Friend" (1977, Wim Wenders; in English, German, and French), with Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz; and "Dead Pigeon on Beethoven Street" (1972, Samuel Fuller), with Glenn Corbett and Christa Lang.
Aug. 2-5: "Street of No Return" (1989, Samuel Fuller), with Keith Carradine and Bill Duke.
Aug. 6: "The Steel Helmet" (1951, Samuel Fuller), with Robert Hutton and James Edwards; and "Fixed Bayonets" (1951, Fuller), with Richard Basehart, Gene Evans, and Michael O'Shea.
Aug. 7: "Gangs of New York" (1938, James Cruze), with Charles Bickford and Ann Dvorak; and two television shows directed by Samuel Fuller.

NEWMAN THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
July 29: Theatre closed.
July 30-31: "Sunrise" (1927, F. W. Murnau; silent), with Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, and Margaret Livingston; "Un Chien Andalou" (1928, Luis Buñuel; a short silent film), with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dali, and Buñuel; and "Pandora's Box" (1928, G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Fritz Kortner, Francis Lederer, and Alice Roberts.
Aug. 1: "Odd Man Out" (1946, Carol Reed), with James Mason, Robert Newton, and Kathleen Ryan; and "The Third Man" (1950, Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.
Aug. 2-3: "The Seventh Seal" (1956, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "L'Avventura" (1959, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriel Ferzetti, and Léa Massari.
Aug. 4: "Teorema" (1969, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano; and "The Silence" (1964, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom.
Aug. 5: Theatre closed.
Aug. 6-7: "Wedding in Galilee" (1987, Michel Khleifi; in Arabic and Hebrew); and "Rodrigo D: No Future" (1988, Victor Manuel Gaviria; in Spanish).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
July 29: "Band of Outsiders" (1964, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Charles-Brasseur; and "Breathless" (1959, Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
July 30: "And Then There Were None" (1945, René Clair), with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, and Louis Hayward; and "The Old Dark House" (1932, James Whale), with Boris Karloff, Raymond Massey, Melvyn Douglas, and Charles Laughton.
July 31: "The Fortune" (1975, Mike Nichols), with Warren Beatty, Jack Nicholson, and Stockard Channing; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971, Nichols), with Nicholson, Candice Bergen, Arthur Garfunkel, Ann-Margret, Rita Moreno, Cynthia O'Neal, and Carol Kane.
Aug. 1: "To Catch a Thief" (1955, Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber; and "Wait Until Dark" (1967, Terence Young), with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, and Richard Crenna.
Aug. 2-3: "Charade" (1963, Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, Walter Matthau, James Coburn, George Kennedy, and Ned Glass; and "Arabesque" (1966, Donen), with Gregory Peck and Sophia Loren.
Aug. 4: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962,

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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977, Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.

Aug. 5: "Colonel Redl" (1985, István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer; and "Veronika Voss" (1982, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; *in German*), with Rosel Zech.

Aug. 6: "Charlie Chan in the Meeting at Midnight" (1944, Phil Rosen), with Sidney Toler as Chan; "Mr. Moto's Last Warning" (1939, Norman Foster), with Peter Lorre, Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Field, and John Carradine; and "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938, William Nigh), with Boris Karloff as Wong.

Aug. 7: "White Heat" (1949, Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly; and "The Roaring Twenties" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—July 29 at 2:30 and July 30 at 6: "Zero Hour" (1977, directed by Edgar Reitz; in German), with Kai Taschner and Anette Jünger. . . . ¶ July 29 at 6 and July 30 at 2:30: "The American Friend" (1977, Wim Wenders; in English, German, and French), with Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 2:30 and Aug. 3 at 5: "Bhowani Junction" (1956, George Cukor), with Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger, and Bill Travers. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 6 and Aug. 3 at 2: "Bad Day at Black Rock" (1955, John Sturges), with Spencer Tracy, Robert Ryan, Anne Francis, Dean Jagger, Walter Brennan, Ernest Borgnine, John Ericson, and Lee Marvin. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 2:30 and Aug. 4 at 5: "Flame Over India" (1959, J. Lee Thompson), with Lauren Bacall, Kenneth More, and Herbert Lom. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 6 and Aug. 4 at 2: "The Hero" (1966, Satyajit Ray; in Bengali), with Uttam Kumar and Sharmila Tagore. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 2:30 and Aug. 6 at 6: "Where Spring Comes Late" (1970, Yoji Yamada; in Japanese), with Hirashi Igawa and Chishu Ryu. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 6 and Aug. 6 at 2:30: "Explosion on the Bullet Train" (1975, Junya Sato), with Ken Takakura and Kei Yamamoto.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"Leo McCarey: The King of Comedy," a program of films written or directed by McCarey. July 30 at 2: "Make Way for Tomorrow" (1937), with Beulah Bondi and Victor Moore. . . . ¶ July 31 at 2: "The Awful Truth" (1937), with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 2: "Love Affair" (1939), with Charles Boyer and Dunne. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 2: "My Favorite Wife" (1940, Garson Kanin), with Grant and Dunne. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 and Aug. 6 at 2: "Once Upon a Honeymoon" (1942), with Ginger Rogers and Grant. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 4:30 and Aug. 7 at 2: "Going My Way" (1944), with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 2: "The Bells of St. Mary's" (1945), with Crosby and Ingrid Bergman. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 4:30: "Good Sam" (1948), with Gary Cooper and Ann Sheridan.

At MOMA, Ava Gardner and Bill Travers in "Bhowani Junction"

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—July 31 at 8: "The Cat and the Canary" (1927, Paul Leni; silent), with Laura La Plante. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 8: "Stage Struck" (1925, Allan Dwan; silent), with Gloria Swanson. Organ accompaniment written and played by Lee Erwin.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—July 30 at 6: "Les Misérables" (1933, Raymond Bernard; in French), with Florelle, Harry Baur, Charles Vanel, and Marguerite Moreno. . . . ¶ July 31 at 12:30 and 6: "Boys' School" (1938, Christian-Jaque; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Michel Simon, Robert Le Vigan, and Marcel Mouloudji. . . . ¶ July 31 at 3:15 and 8:45: "It Happened at the Inn" (1943, Jacques Becker; *in French*), with Blanchette Brunoy, Fernand Ledoux, Line Noro, and Robert Le Vigan. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 12:30 and 6: "L'Étrange Monsieur Victor" (1938, Jean Grémillon; in French), with Raimu, Madeleine Renaud, Viviane Romance, and Pierre Blanchar. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Ces Messieurs de la Santé" (1933, Pierre Colombier; in French, with no English subtitles), with Raimu, Edwige Feuillère, Pauline Carton, and Lucien Baroux.

Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—July 31 at 6:30: "Throne of Blood" (1957, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune. . . . ¶ July 31 at 8:30: "Kagemusha" (1980, Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 7:30: "Tilai" (1990, Idrissa Ouedraogo; in Mooré). . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 9: "Yaaba" (1989, Ouedraogo; in Mooré). . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 7: "Pixote" (1981, Hector Babenco; in Portuguese). . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 9:15: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (1985, Babenco), with William Hurt, Raul Julia, and Sonia Braga. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 6: "1900" (1975, Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Donald Sutherland, Burt Lancaster, and Sterling Hayden. . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 4: "I Vitelloni" (†). . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 6: "8½" (1963, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Sandra Milo, and Anouk Aimée.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—July 31 at 4 and 6:30: "Shiro and Marilyn" (1988, Junichi Suzuki; in Japanese), with Narumi Yasuda and Masaya Kato. Mr. Suzuki will be present. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 4 and 6:30: "Seven Days' War" (1988, Hiroshi Sugawara; in Japanese), with Rie Miyazawa and Ken Osawa. Mr. Sugawara will be present.

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Aug. 1 at 1: "The Learning Tree" (1969, Gordon Parks), with Kyle Johnson; and "Almos' a Man" (1977), with LeVar Burton and Madge Sinclair. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 4: "Buck and the Preacher" (1972, Sidney Poitier), with Poitier, Harry Belafonte, and Ruby Dee; and "The Bronze Buckaroo" (1939, Sam Newfield), with Herb Jeffries. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 7 and Aug. 6 at 4:30: "She's Gotta Have It" (1986, Spike Lee) and "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" (1983, Lee). . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 1: "Black Orpheus" (1959, Marcel Camus; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "Sugar Cane Alley" (1984, Euzhan Palcy). . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 5: "Fields of Endless Day" (Terence McCarthey-Filgate); and "Glory" (1989, Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 8:30: A three-hour program of black comedians on film. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 6:30: "To Sleep With Anger" (1990, Charles Burnett), with Danny Glover; and "Carmen Jones" (1954, Otto Preminger), with Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey, and Dorothy Dandridge. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 1: "Making 'Do the Right Thing'" (1989, St. Clair Bourne), a documentary; and "Do the Right Thing" (1989, Spike Lee), with Danny Aiello and Lee. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 4:30: "Malcolm X: By Any Means Necessary" (1990) and "The FBI's War on Black America" (1990, Denis Mueller). . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 7:15: "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1973, Ivan Dixon), with Lawrence Cook; and "Black and Blue" (1987, Lamar Williams). . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 1: "The River Niger" (1976, Krishna Shah), with James Earl Jones, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Cicely Tyson; and "The Final Comedown" (1972, Oscar Williams), with Billy Dee Williams. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 4:30: "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads"; and "House Party" (1990, Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Robin Harris. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 7: "Glory"; and "The Making of 'Glory'" (1989). . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 1: "Mo' Better Blues" (1990, Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington, Lee, Wesley Snipes, and Giancarlo Esposito; and "John Coltrane: The Legacy" (1985, Burrill Crohn). . . . ¶ Aug 6 at 7:10: "Brightness" (1987, Souleymane Cisse); and "Divine Horsemen: The Living Gods of Haiti" (1974, Maya Deren). . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 7: "Mo' Better Blues" and "She's Gotta Have It."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

City Slickers—This feel-good comedy, directed by Ron Underwood from a script by Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, is a depressingly efficient piece of Hollywood product. The hero, Mitch Robbins (Billy Crystal), is a thirty-nine-year-old New York family man who's going through a killer midlife crisis. His wife (Patricia Wettig) gets so fed up with his moping that she virtually orders him to take a vacation with his buddies Ed (Bruno Kirby) and Phil (Daniel Stern); Ed, a daredevil, macho type, has arranged for them to spend two weeks on a real cattle drive out West. Mitch's wife looks him in the eye, and says earnestly, "Go and find your smile"—and, ninety minutes later, there it is, a grin as big as all outdoors. His pals pick up the odd nugget of wisdom along the trail, too. The movie alternates predictable tenderfoot gags (sore behinds, stampedes, and the like) with long, ludicrous passages of group-therapy-on-the-range. Jack Palance, as Curly, the trail boss, manages some dry, macabre comic effects, and the animals are good—they're interesting to look at, and they don't make bad jokes. You can't help sympathizing with the cattle; by the time the movie is over, you know what it feels like to be part of the herd. Also with Helen Slater.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/17/91.) (Loews New York Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Ziegfeld. . . . ¶ *Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and* Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Aug. 1.)

Europa Europa—This superb film by the Polish director Agnieszka Holland is based on the memoirs of Salomon Perel, a German Jew who spent much of the Second World War passing for Aryan in an élite Hitler Youth academy. The movie dramatizes this almost inconceivable survival story with a surprisingly light touch. It bounds from one jaw-dropping episode to the next with the speed and the unnerving neutrality of a picaresque adventure, and never pauses to judge its ambiguous hero; it's content to let the ironies of his situation collect around him like reflections in dressing-room mirrors. His family's flight from the Nazis begins in 1938, on the eve of his bar mitzvah. Solly (played by a remarkable young actor, Marco Hofschneider) lands first in Lodz, Poland, and then in the Soviet Union, where he becomes a star pupil in a Communist school. After the Wehrmacht invades Russia and takes him prisoner, he reincarnates himself as an orphaned "pure" German, an Aryan child wandering in the barbaric eastern wilderness; as translator and mascot, he accom-

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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

panies the German soldiers on their march through Russia. He's an awfully adaptable kid: attractive, personable, good at languages, and deft at lying. By the time he is initiated into the Hitler Youth, he has already run through several identities, and has proved himself capable of playing his roles with conviction and enthusiasm. We remain, however, constantly aware (as he is) of what his Nazi disguise conceals—his circumcised penis, the irreversible and unambiguous sign of his identity as a Jew. Holland uses this physical evidence of Solly's Jewishness as the fulcrum of the movie's delicately balanced narrative and moral tensions. She shows us the thoroughness of Nazi terror in the pained expression of a teen-age boy who doesn't dare allow himself to be seduced. Also with Julie Delpy, Andre Wilms, Halina Labonarska, and Rene Hofschneider. The real Salomon Perel appears, as himself, in the movie's final scene. In German and Russian.—T.R. (7/1/91) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Flying Down to Rio (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were the dark-eyed, incomparably beautiful Dolores Del Rio as a Brazilian aristocrat, the ultra-blond Gene Raymond as an American who's smitten by her, and soulful Raul Roulien as her Brazilian fiancé. But it's famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred; they were intended for comic relief. Dazzlingly slender, sexy Ginger was the brash, good-natured vocalist for Raymond's band, and Fred was the accordionist. But when they cut loose on the dance floor and did the carioca, the glamorous triangle became an obstruction. (You begin to notice how many times Del Rio flashes her eyes haughtily.) The picture—which is almost surreally entertaining—is also famous for its madcap choreography: chorus girls dancing on the wings of planes, to the title song. In another gigantic number, people tango in mass formations to "When Orchids Bloom in the Moonlight." The black singer Etta Moten does a twinkly, flirtatious version of the "Carioca," and a troupe of black dancers are featured. The film has a bright, stylized *art moderne* look, though the pacing is ragged. With Eric Blore, Franklin Pangborn, Paul Porcasi, Luis Alberni, Clarence Muse, Roy D'Arcy, and, in a bit, Betty Furness. Directed by Thornton Freeland, from a screenplay, by Louis Brock, that's based on a play by Anne Caldwell; the dances were staged by Dave Gould. The exhilarating score, by Vincent Youmans, Edward Eliscu, and Gus Kahn, includes "Music Makes Me." The flying scenes were filmed over Malibu Beach, with backgrounds shot in Rio de Janeiro.—P.K. (Public Theatre; Aug. 6-7.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—One of the few Disney animated features that please adults as much as children, this action comedy has loads of waggish charm. The plot is out of a horror film. As Cruella De Vil prepares ninety-nine young Dalmatians for the kill so she can make dogskin coats, you can't help thinking, "The Silence of the Pups." By telling the story from the perspective of Pongo and Perdita, parents of fifteen dognap victims, the Disney team turns it into a light-fantastic parody: a dog's-eye (or child's-eye) view of storybook Britain. Humans are "pets," and a country-wide canine corps takes over when agencies like Scotland Yard fail. Cruella has been justly celebrated for her Tallulah-from-Hell flair (Betty Lou Gerson contributes an arsenal of Bankhead-like snarls). But Pongo is every bit her match. He's a gallant, resourceful animal with surprising pockets of slyness and gaiety, and the crisp, virile voice of Rod Taylor. Headed by a blustery sheepdog colonel, a Kipling-esque trio of barnyard soldiers aid Pongo and Perdita. The small army of pups form a lovable composite character and a constantly changing sight gag. Trekking through a blizzard-blasted landscape, they're a cross between a canine caterpillar chain and a coal-flecked snowdrift. Bill Peet wrote the smart script, from Dodie Smith's book; Wolfgang Reitherman, Clyde Geronimi, and Hamilton S. Luske directed.—M.S. (Metro Cinema. Matinées only. . . . ¶ Village East Cinemas, Gramercy, Sutton, and 86th Street East Twin; through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Aug. 1, matinées only.)

Jungle Fever—The central event in Spike Lee's new movie is the love affair of Flipper (Wesley Snipes), a married African-American architect from Harlem, and Angie (Annabella Sciorra), an Italian-American office temp from Bensonhurst. Once Lee has set up the interracial relationship, he seems to lose interest in it; Flipper and Angie hold the stage only long enough to ignite the fears and hatreds of their communities, and when the fuse is lit their job is done. The movie's approach to its characters is stubbornly, and perversely, external; we never have the sense that we're getting inside anyone's skin (white or black). Everything in this picture is pitched at the level of public utterance. Lee's dialogue has the rhetorical tone of daytime-television talk shows; even in the most intense, emotionally charged domestic scenes, there's an alienating self-consciousness in the way the characters express themselves—they always look as if they had an ear cocked for audience response. This rhetorical barrage gives the picture a peculiar, halting rhythm: individual scenes have force and momentum, but the movie as a whole seems stalled, inert, uncertain where it's headed. And Lee's attitude toward interracial sex is shockingly puritanical; it's as if he were afraid that any hint of eroticism would constitute an endorsement of Flipper and Angie's affair. The scenes that deal with Flipper's crackhead brother, Gator (Samuel L. Jackson), have more energy than anything else in the picture; this subplot is tangential to the central theme, but it has some shape and dramatic coherence, and it actually builds to a climax. The interracial affair just dawdles to an underdramatized parting, and we feel nothing; emotionally, the movie has separated the lovers from each other, and from us, long before. Also with Lonette McKee, John Turturro, Anthony Quinn, Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, and Frank Vincent. The inventive cinematography is by Ernest Dickerson. Some fine new songs by Stevie Wonder grace the soundtrack.—T.R. (6/17/91) (Manhattan Twin, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and National Twin.)

Lethal Weapon (1987)—In this high-concept urban thriller, Mel Gibson and Danny Glover run through their buddy-buddy routines with the skill of veteran infielders: Gibson, as a suicidal L.A. cop, is as lithe and quick-witted as a shortstop, while his partner Glover, a paunchily contented family man, remains (thanklessly) rock-steady at first base. The movie's central joke is that the depressive Gibson, a crack shot *and* a martial-arts wizard, is so unconcerned with his own safety that he pushes sticky situations to perilous extremes—he can't seem to get through a whole day without killing someone. It's not exactly "Yojimbo"—neither the screenwriter, Shane Black, nor the director, Richard Donner, has the style for black comedy. Windshields shatter; copters swoop; bare-chested Vietnam vets are tortured; a teen-age girl, stripped to her underwear, screams; sleek cars smash picture windows, uproot hydrants, burst into great balls of fire on the freeway—and it's all as depressing as only top-of-the-line Hollywood entertainment can by. With Gary Busey, Mitchell Ryan, Darlene Love, and Traci Wolfe.—T.R. (Biograph Cinema; Aug. 6-7.)

The Miracle—A beautiful new film by the Irish writer and director Neil Jordan ("Mona Lisa," "The Company of Wolves"). The setting is the coastal town of Bray, which is a short train ride from Dublin. Two teen-agers, Jimmy (Niall Byrne) and Rose (Lorraine Pilkington), spend most of their days wandering along the seaside promenade and making up stories about the people they run into: taking off from the human material that presents itself to them, the kids trade verbal riffs with the gleeful competitiveness of jamming musicians. One day, they spot a mysterious-looking blond woman (Beverly D'Angelo), and Jimmy becomes obsessed with her. He pursues her, in Bray and in Dublin, with an ardor that's partly sexual and partly something else—a feeling so muddled and inchoate that he can't put a name to it. Jordan turns this simple story into a clear, complete vision of experience: everything we see (and hear) flows into everything else, with an unpredictable rightness. His camera moves with a kind of meditative grace, framing and reframing the characters as if to capture the most delicate momentary changes in their relationships. The imagery draws on some pretty outré sources, and the climax—the miracle of the title—is a daring, flamboyant gesture. But Jordan manages to unite everything—the florid imagery, the dark emotional undertones, the flaky comedy, the astonishing physical beauty of the Irish seacoast—into a single, unbroken mood, a smooth arc connecting the past and the present, the familiar and the unforeseen. Also with Donal McCann. The cinematography, by Philippe Rousselot, is extraordinary.—T.R. (7/15/91) (Village East Cinemas, and 68th St. Playhouse.)

The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear—Leslie Nielsen plays Frank Drebin, a middle-aged police lieutenant whose lethal weapon is utter obliviousness. This movie—like its predecessors, the 1982 TV series "Police Squad!" and the 1988 film "The Naked Gun"—has the look of cheap, hasty television action drama. It's oblivious of production values, narrative sense, and all the higher, finer aspects of the human spirit—of everything, that is, except the impulse to spray us with jokes and knock us out of our chairs. The director, David Zucker, has a defiantly cheesy style. For him, nothing's ever too trashy or worn out to be used again; what he practices

Twenty years ago, when an interviewer pressed Federico Fellini to explain the mysterious complexities in his 1953 masterpiece, "I Vitelloni" (playing August 4 at Symphony Space), the Maestro said, simply, "It's the story of men who haven't grown up, and the infantile state is ambiguous. There can be no heroic posturings, no virile poses." Fellini's most potent, humane, and significant work is a study of small-town loafers who dream of Rome or Milan while pursuing aimless flirtations and frivolities. The autobiographical hero is the clear-eyed Moraldo (Franco Interlenghi), the only one to break away. But the ringleader is Fausto (Franco Fabrizi), the showoff lady-killer. At the beginning, Fausto is forced to marry Moraldo's sweet, pretty sister (Eleanora Ruffo), who, right after being named Miss Siren, faints from what turns out to be pregnancy. Moraldo's perception of Fausto's destructive, hypocritical behavior provides the major impetus for the director's surrogate to leave town. Moraldo also sees the pathos of the self-styled playwright, Leopoldo (Leopoldo Trieste), who waits in vain for inspiration; and he sees through the charged, androgynous jesting of Alberto (the daringly original young Alberto Sordi), who gets an awful jolt of recognition from a huge fake clown's head at carnival time.

"Vitelloni" defines the gray area between adolescence and adulthood, when the Fates might appear in the form of pickups. The casual yet complicated narrative is a model of anecdotal storytelling. Nino Rota's music tumbles down the streets like the Adriatic winds, helping Fellini establish his distinctive atmosphere of seedy emotionality. Even when his characters indulge in deception and downright thievery, Fellini imbues them with comical energy and poignancy. Shot in supple black-and-white, the movie is a triumph of observation and remembrance; it gives literal meaning to the concept of viewing people in a "sympathetic light."

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is, in the truest sense, pulp comedy. There's a hint of an enviromental theme in the plot of "NG 2½," but Zucker and his co-writer, Pat Proft, never allow it to slow down the picture's relentless barrage of slapstick, movie parodies, outrageous double-entendres, and cracked musical production numbers. And Leslie Nielsen is inspired. He plays Drebin as a straight arrow who's finally letting go, giving in to his repressed impulses: he sings, he dances, he loves, he shoots to kill. Nielsen combines B-movie earnestness, exuberant mugging, and a trouper's slightly desperate cheerfulness: he turns this rather alarming character into a sweet, ebullient lunatic—albeit one who's hell on innocent bystanders. Also with Priscilla Presley, Robert Goulet, George Kennedy, Richard Griffiths, and O. J. Simpson.—T.R. (7/29/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Art Greenwich Twin, Loews Festival, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ U. A. East and Embassy; through Aug. 1.)

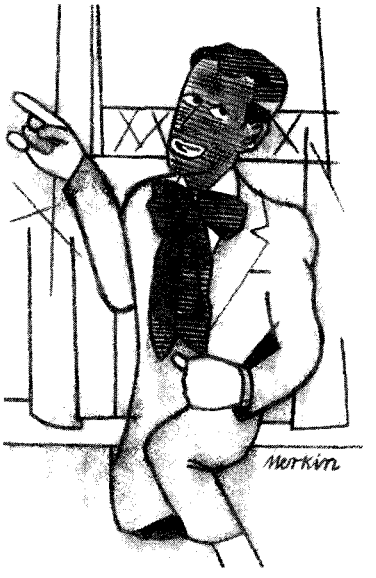
Night and Day (1946)—William Bowers, one of the three scenarists, said later that he was so ashamed of this picture that about a year after it came out he called Cole Porter, whose biography it purported to be, and told him how sorry he was, and Porter said, "Loved it. Just loved it. Oh, I thought it was marvellous." Bowers says that he told Oscar Hammerstein how puzzled he was by this, and Hammerstein said, "How many of his songs did you have in it?" Bowers answered "Twenty-seven," and Hammerstein said, "Well, of course he loved it. They only turned out to be twenty-seven of the greatest songs of all time. You don't think he heard that stuff that went on between his songs, do you?" This utterly wretched movie is possibly endurable to others who can blank out on that stuff in between, which involves Cary Grant, as the composer, starting as an excruciatingly unconvincing bouncy Yale undergraduate. Later on, Grant embraces Alexis Smith from time to time, but nervously, unwillingly—as if she were a carrier of Rocky Mountain spotted fever. No doubt the movie was trying to tell us something. Grant looks constrained and distracted—as if he would give anything to get out of this mess; he relaxes briefly when he sings "You're the Top" with Ginny Simms. With Monty Woolley and many other unfortunates—Mary Martin, Jane Wyman, Victor Francen, Dorothy Malone, Selena Royle, Eve Arden, Donald Woods, Alan Hale, Paul Cavanagh, Henry Stephenson, Clarence Muse, Sig Rumann, and Herman Bing. Michael Curtiz directed.—P.K. (Public Theatre; Aug. 1.)

Regarding Henry—Harrison Ford, hot-shot lawyer, takes bullets in the head and shoulder from a corner-market thief. He loses his memory and physical control, regains the ability to talk and walk, and discovers that his long-spurned wife (Annette Bening) and thirteen-year-old daughter (Mikki Allen) are all that's important to him. The writer, Jeffrey Abrams, combines feeble finger-pointing satire of the success-obsessed upper class with life lessons that are hard to swallow. They won't go down past the artificially induced lumps in the throat. The director, Mike Nichols, in his second attempt to wring tears and laughs from *haute bourgeois* marital dramedy, falls flatter than ever—he goes from "Heartburn" to filmmaking arrhythmia. With the exception of an eager beagle named Buddy, this is the worst-performed, limpest, least credible Nichols movie yet. While it purports to attack yuppie values, the hero fulfills the latest yuppie fantasy: chucking everything and starting from square one. A nice trick for those who can afford it.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Guild, Worldwide Cinemas, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Roaring Twenties (1939)—The title and the names of the stars—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart—make it sound like a lot more fun than it is. They play underprivileged kids who grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. The movie has a very mechanical and moralistic view of character; nobody ever says or does anything that surprises you. If you fed the earlier gangster movies into a machine and made a prototype, you'd come up with this picture. With Gladys George, Priscilla Lane, Paul Kelly, Jeffrey Lynn, Frank McHugh, and Elisabeth Risdon. Directed by Raoul Walsh, from a script by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, and Robert Rossen, based on a Mark Hellinger story.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 7.)

Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves—A dull, dutiful trek through the legend of the bandit of Sherwood Forest, who stole from the rich and gave to the poor. Watching this picture is about as much fun as paying taxes, and far less stirring emotionally. We never feel that anyone involved in making this multimillion-dollar, two-hour-and-twenty-one-minute spectacle had any real affection for the story. The screenplay, by Pen Densham and John Watson, is a mishmash of halfhearted dramatizations of episodes from the legend and equally halfhearted nods to contemporary attitudes. If the movie had an exuberant spirit—as the 1938 "Adventures of Robin Hood," with Errol Flynn, had, in near-manic overabundance—we'd be more inclined to overlook the script's incoherence. But there's not much joy in evidence here. The direction, by Kevin Reynolds, is stolid and impersonal, and Kevin Costner seems miscast as Robin: he's not a forceful enough actor for this role. The merry men are an unmemorable lot; even Little John (Nick Brimble) and Friar Tuck (Michael McShane) don't make strong impressions, because they haven't been given anything interesting to do. (In this version, Little John *loses* his famous battle with Robin in the stream.) The audience seems to perk up only when Alan Rickman, as the villainous Sheriff of Nottingham, is on the screen. He gives a florid, theatrical performance—there's real glee in his malice. Also with Morgan Freeman, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Christian Slater, Michael Wincott, and Brian Blessed (who's so vivid in his brief scenes as Robin's father that we wish the movie were about him instead).—T.R. (7/1/91) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Baronet, Coronet, Chelsea Cinemas, and Criterion Center.)

The Rocketeer—Visually, this period adventure—about a daredevil pilot who finds a rocket pack that enables him to fly like Superman—is a creamy piece of kitsch. Its affectionate depiction of 1938 L.A. includes a gooty canine-shaped diner called the Bulldog Café and a glamorous Deco night spot. Jim Bissell's production design and Hiro Narita's cinematography bathe the sets and scenery in poster-art colors. But the lead characters and the story are too blandly, wholesomely retro. Bill Campbell is the all-American rocket man who ends up taking on the Nazis; Jennifer Connelly is his girlfriend, a Hollywood extra—a far cry from the nude model who was the female lead in Dave Stevens' original comic-book feature. It's not hard for a droll group of character actors to steal the Rocketeer's thunder. The standouts are Alan Arkin as the hero's wise, not-so-old engineer, Timothy Dalton as a Flynn-like swashbuckler (where was he when "Robin Hood" was cast?), and Terry O'Quinn as a sane Howard Hughes. Under Joe Johnston's clean, uninspired direction, the only set pieces that really take off are the Rocketeer's wild flights. They're more like the edgy joyrides in "The Right Stuff" than the computerized zigging and zagging we usually get from Industrial Light & Magic, the source of the special effects.—M.S. (First & 62nd Cinemas, and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Aug. 1.)



At the Biograph Cinema, Larry Parks as Al Jolson in "The Jolson Story"

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers (1954)—Stanley Donen directed this big, highly praised musical, set in Oregon in 1850, and adapted from Stephen Vincent Benét's story "The Sobbin' Women" (based on Plutarch's "The Rape of the Sabine Women"). It's marred by a holiday family-picture heartiness—the M-G-M back-lot Americana gets rather thick. Howard Keel is the lead, with Jane Powell opposite him. The picture is ambitious in its use of dance, and was unusual in that it featured male dancers (Jacques d'Amboise, Tommy Rall, Marc Platt, Matt Mattox, Jeff Richards, and Russ Tamblyn), who are most memorable in the "Lonesome Polecat" ballet in the snow. The most prominent among the women is Julie Newmar (then Newmeyer). The choreography is by Michael Kidd; the script is by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett; the score is by Gene dePaul and Johnny Mercer.—P.K. (Public Theatre; Aug. 2-4.)

Terminator 2: Judgment Day—The killer cyborg who was played by Arnold Schwarzenegger in the original "Terminator" (1984) has returned—only this time he's the hero. The first film, which was written and directed by James Cameron, is one of the genre-movie classics of the eighties: a lean, witty science-fiction movie without great pretensions to significance. The sequel, also written (with William Wisher) and directed by Cameron, is far less satisfying. The picture is full of spectacular action sequences and dazzling special effects, but the narrative doesn't have the snap of the original's: it's lumbering and monotonous, and it carries a heavy-handed anti-nuke message. The old, Schwarzenegger-model Terminator (the T-800) had been superseded by a more advanced model, the T-1000 (Robert Patrick), who is sleeker and more versatile. T-800, who represented the ultimate in destructive technology in the first film, seems almost human here: compared to T-1000, he's a vulnerable guy (or guyoid). The whole movie is based on the insane conceit that Arnold Schwarzenegger is the *underdog*. That a stretch. Also with Linda Hamilton, Edward Furlong, and Joe Morton. Effects by Stan Winston and many, many others.—T.R. (7/29/91) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Thelma & Louise—The heroines, played by Geena Davis (Thelma) and Susan Sarandon (Louise), are a couple of Arkansas women who set out for a weekend in the mountains and wind up speeding through the Southwest, on the run from the law. (Louise has murdered a man who tried to rape Thelma in a roadhouse parking lot.) The movie, written by Callie Khouri and directed by Ridley Scott, is designed to keep pushing the women farther and farther out there—past the point of no return, into the vanishing point of a vast Western landscape, and, finally, over the edge of the world. It's a pretty shameless outlaw fantasy; the feminist justification that the script provides for the heroines' behavior doesn't make their actions any less preposterous. But you can recognize the crudeness of the movie's narrative devices and still have an awfully good time. There's an exhilarating ease and intuitiveness in the way Davis and Sarandon work together, and the camera lingers on them as if it couldn't get enough of them. Scott's direction gives the story a pleasantly dreamy quality: when Thelma and Louise are on the road, the movie has the look of a mirage, a jewelled shimmer that keeps us half hypnotized. He turns Davis and Sarandon into outlaw princesses, and they're so vivid and likable that they carry us past the plot's most obvious contrivances; a little disbelief seems a small price to pay for being allowed to remain in their company. Also with Harvey Keitel, Brad Pitt, Christopher McDonald, Michael Madsen, Timothy Carhart, and Stephen Tobolowsky. The luminous cinematography is by Adrian Biddle.—T.R. (6/3/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, 57th St. Playhouse, and West Side Cinema.)

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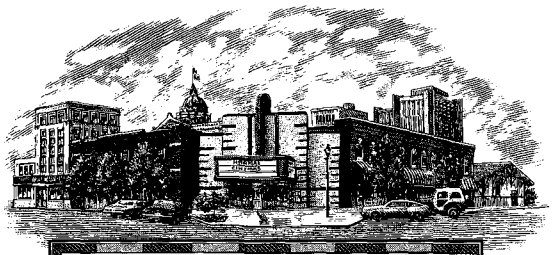

Where does beef fit in a Normal diet?

Normal

First, what exactly is Normal? Well, it's an average Illinois town 35 miles east of Peoria. Which makes it extremely normal. Here in Normal, people enjoy a variety of foods, including lean beef. The reasons are pretty obvious. A well-balanced diet means well-adjusted adults. Normal people also choose the Skinniest Six cuts of beef. Hardly strange behavior, I'd say. These cuts run less than 180 calories for three ounces.* Now you know where beef fits in the diet. On the right side of the plate next to the vegetables. You see, ordinary folks ignore food crazes. They prefer a more balanced, moderate approach. Everything from carrots and cranberries to wild rice and lean beef. Remember, outlandish diets come and go. Eventually things always return to Normal. See you in the next town.

ROUND TIP 157 *calories*
5.9 gms total fat (2.1 gms sat. fat)*

TOP ROUND 153 *calories*
4.2 gms total fat (1.4 gms sat. fat)*

TOP LOIN 176 *calories*
8.0 gms total fat (3.1 gms sat. fat)*

EYE OF ROUND 143 *calories*
4.2 gms total fat (1.5 gms sat. fat)*

TENDERLOIN 179 *calories*
8.5 gms total fat (3.2 gms sat. fat)*

TOP SIRLOIN 165 *calories*
6.1 gms total fat (2.4 gms sat. fat)*

Beef.
Real food for real people.

**Sources: USDA Handbook 8-13 1990 Rev., U.S. RDA National Research Council 1989, 10th Edition.*
Figures are for a cooked and trimmed 3 oz. serving. 4 oz. uncooked yield 3 oz. cooked. *©1991 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board.*

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THE NEW YORKER

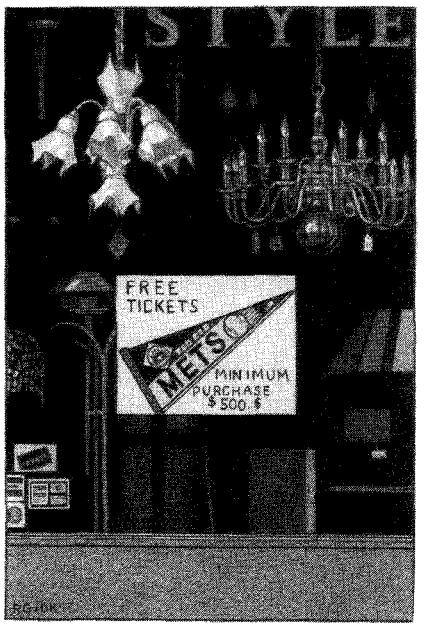
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A Downtown friend writes: Over on Thompson Street, about three blocks from where I live, there is a small outdoor pool for children: not exactly a wading pool, but hardly a swimming pool, either—the kind of pool that is known in New York as a "mini-pool." It's set in the middle of a chain-link-fenced asphalt playground on the northwest corner of Thompson and Spring. Across the street, on the east side of Thompson, are a Korean market and a chic-baby-clothing store and the rear entrance of 420 West Broadway—the famous five-story building that houses the Castelli, Sonnabend, and other galleries. A couple of basketball courts in the playground fill up every day at the end of school, and in summer fill up all day long; the kids who play here look a lot more proficient than the Knicks. There is also an open space where people bang tennis balls against a wall or play baseball with a soft rubber ball or just kick a soccer ball around. Once, I saw about fifteen Senegalese—you could tell they were Senegalese by their taut, angular look and their lilting French accents—arrive and try to play a soccer game, in about a twentieth of the space required. And then there is the pool; it sits up on a kind of dais, just behind and above the basketball courts.

What has always impressed me about the mothers and children who frequent the pool is how *still* they are. The children don't have the wired, joyful quality of the kids you see playing in fire-hydrant spray. Instead, the children and their mothers seem set in a frieze of elegant poses, like mothers and children on a tiny European beach. The pool itself is off-limits to grownups; we are not mini enough. When my wife and I first moved to the neighborhood, though, we used to look at the pool a little longingly on hot summer nights. Back then, we couldn't afford to go away on weekends often, so on a Friday or Saturday night we'd get a couple of sodas and some pizza and just sit down on a bench outside the playground. "Benchampton," we called it.

The other evening, very late, we came back from Montauk on the Hampton Jitney and took a taxi home. Lower Broadway seemed filthier and more sordid than I had ever remembered it, or had imagined that it could be: the only people on the street were three homeless men, pushing their shopping carts from one garbage pile to another and dodging the indifferent traffic as they searched for cans. A single, self-confident rat waltzed down the street behind them. As we went up the steps of our building, we saw that someone had posted a sign there announcing that the Thompson Street pool was going to be closed by the city



unless the community could raise twenty-five thousand dollars to keep it open. The sign also said that Anthony Dapolito would be collecting checks, over at the Vesuvio Bakery. First thing Monday morning, I went around to see Mr. Dapolito. On the way, I walked up Thompson Street, and saw that the pool was open, and was crowded, as usual.

The Vesuvio is a family bakery, and has been at 160 Prince Street for seventy-one years; the bread is very good, and very cheap—forty-five cents for a five-ounce loaf. (All its bread is still sold by the pound.) When I told Mr. Dapolito that I was from the neighborhood, he began to reminisce about the Broome Street stoopball team, back in the days when each block had its own stoopball style. (Our block's was to make up with craftiness what we lacked in power.) Then he explained what had happened to the Thompson Street pool. "I've been involved in the community forever," he said. "And I'm now its representative to the Parks Commission. Cuts came, and in June they said, 'We gotta close all the outdoor pools.' Well, then somebody turned up with money for the big pools, but all thirty-three mini-pools in the city had to be closed. I couldn't believe it. I mean, how are you going to have a summer without the pool? So a woman, Enid Braun, who's active in the community, asked them how much it would cost to keep the pool open for the summer. They said that it would be twenty-five thousand dollars. I said, 'Suppose we raise half, just enough to keep it going for a month.' The response has been fantastic. We got five, six thousand right away from local people and the local restaurants, and then Betsy Gotbaum, the Parks Commissioner, found a couple of thou-

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sand. We had the pool open again by July 6th. Right now, we've got enough money to keep it open until the middle of August, so things are looking O.K." He paused, his enthusiasm suddenly deflating, and then said, "Of course, the whole thing is past aggravation by now. You just feel helpless."

Twenty-five thousand dollars is not a lot of money. In SoHo, for example, twenty-five thousand dollars will buy you hardly any of the things that the neighborhood is famous around the world for. It will only get you fractions of those things, what the economists call "notional" properties: a quarter of a David Salle; about a hundred and fifty square feet of living space. Look beyond the neighborhood to the city as a whole and that twenty-five thousand dollars becomes even more insignificant: about two and a third innings pitched by Doc Gooden, a dozen points by Patrick Ewing, less than a minute of "Miss Saigon." And look beyond the city to the country, and you see twenty-five thousand dollars gone in a few seconds of the flight of a Tomahawk cruise missile, or paying two hundred-thousandths of the cost of a Stealth bomber. I wonder if there is a bathroom in the palace of the al-Sabah family, whom we all chipped in to rescue, with fittings that cost less than twenty-five thousand dollars.

We are not poor as a people, yet somehow we have become bankrupt as a society. We are—to use an old-fashioned word—*ruined*. And yet how this ruin is possible—how it has come about—no one can explain. Our wealth may no longer be unlimited, but we surely remain a society of plenty. There is still plenty on our tables and on our roads. Plenty runs the Hampton Jitney, and stocks the Grand Union up on LaGuardia Place. But we have come to accept that in our public lives violence, impoverishment, squalor, and cruelty will rule, and that the most we can do is to keep them at bay until the middle of next month. We seem to have accepted two separate economies: one of abundance, ruling the way that many of us eat and sleep and entertain ourselves, and one of absolute hand-to-mouth impoverishment, ruling our civic life. I wrote out a check for Mr. Dapolito to help keep the Thompson Street pool open. By my reckoning, it should pay for about fifteen minutes' worth of community.

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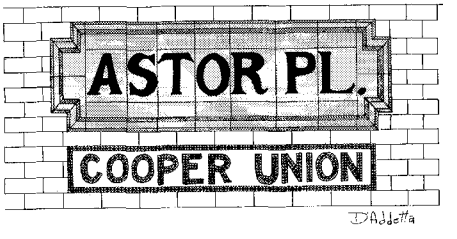
Young, Restless, Bold, Beautiful

IF you lived in Italy, you would know what "Beautiful" is. You would know what the compatriots of Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni do every night. They turn on the TV and watch American soap operas, and most of them watch "Beautiful" 's Thorne, Brooke, Storm, and Ridge struggle for career advancement and sexual gratification in the winner-take-all world of Los Angeles fashion design. And you thought it was all happening in Milan.

"Beautiful," known here as "The Bold and the Beautiful," is filmed in Los Angeles, as is the venerable "Young and the Restless," which has been on the air here for eighteen years and is currently the No. 1 American daytime soap. (It's also the No. 1 show of any kind in Bermuda.) Recently, an entire stable of stars from both of these shows, along with the shows' creators, Bill and Lee Phillip Bell, flew into New York for the Daytime Emmy Awards. Fans could glimpse the stars on their way into and out of the Marriott Marquis on Emmy night, but the real opportunity for diehard devotees to meet, greet, kiss, hug, and photograph their favorites from "Y. & R." and "B. & B." (as they're known to the cognoscenti) came two days later, at the Second Annual Save the Earth Celebrity Luncheon, at the Plaza Hotel, which was organized by "Y. & R." 's Melody Thomas Scott. She plays the currently alcoholic former ingénue Nikki Newman Abbott.

We arrived at the Plaza early, for a little quiet time with the stars before they received their public. Waiting for the elevator in the Plaza lobby, we were astonished to see Jess Walton stride in looking almost exactly the same as Jill Foster Abbott, the character she plays on "Y. & R.," who has roughly the same regard for the little people that Leona Helmsley has. But while Jess waited for the concierge to give her directions to the Baroque Room she fielded several fans' requests for autographs and their congratulations on her Emmy for Outstanding Supporting Actress with far more graciousness than Jill has ever shown anybody. And later, in the Baroque Room, she told a bevy of her fellow-stars, several of whom were hoarse from screaming at the awards ceremony, "The greatest moment of all was when they said my name and I looked around and saw all of your reactions."



We chatted with "Y. & R." 's Peter Barton, who plays the dashing Dr. Scott Grainger, recently duped into marriage by duplicitous Nurse Sheila (she swiped his ex-wife's baby out of the nursery and is pretending it's hers), and with Lauralee Bell, whose parents created these shows (she plays Cricket Romalotti, the wife of a rock star), and then Edward Scott (the real-life husband of Melody Thomas Scott and the executive producer of "Y. & R.") said sotto voce, "Uh-oh. Here comes the onslaught." The fans were pouring through the doors.

They had their cameras ready. One woman immediately sat in Jess Walton's lap, and a friend, snapping a picture, said, "She's adorable!" A spiky-haired young man from Atlantic City, who said he had sent his sister train fare so that she could come from Canton, Ohio, to meet the "Y. & R." stars, went forging through the crush after the redhead who plays Sally Spectra on "B. & B." His sister paused to tell us that the two of them had been watching "Y. & R." since 1975, that she was a housewife with three kids, and that she could remember all the way back to when Nikki's father tried to rape her.

The fans were eventually herded into a cavernous room overlooking Central Park for the luncheon itself and a question-and-answer session with the stars. The questions tended to focus on what was going to happen next to certain characters. Melody Thomas Scott, for instance, was quizzed about Nikki's superhuman capacity for liquor—she's been drinking about a quart of vodka a day for weeks and showing no ill effects. In keeping with the theme of the event, one of the actors

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used his turn at the mike to tell an environmental anecdote: he had recently had a wart on one finger cured by the application of a solution containing the digestive enzymes of a Brazilian-rain-forest beetle.

A celebrity auction followed, with the stars selling off items from "Y. & R." and "B. & B."'s wardrobe departments for the benefit of the Earth. The lingerie Nurse Sheila was wearing when she seduced Dr. Grainger—a leopard-print silk bra-and-pantie set by Valentino, size 34C—was a hard sell, apparently because Nurse Sheila is universally despised. There had been some unspoken but nonetheless palpable disappointment that neither of the famous male heartthrobs of "Y. & R." and "B. & B."—the guys who play Brad and Ridge, often in Speedos—was in attendance, but interest rose when Frank Dicopoulos, a pinch-hitter from "Guiding Light," invited bids on the pajamas he was wearing when he appeared on the cover of *Playgirl*. "I'll even throw in the underwear I didn't wear with them," he offered, and he proceeded to up the ante further by tossing in a personally guided tour of the "Guiding Light" studio, a script signed by the entire cast, and, finally, copies of his *Playgirl* pictures. There were wild bids from all over the room, and the price eventually soared to four hundred and five dollars. Melody Thomas Scott played to the rising excitement by auctioning off several personally guided tours of the "Y. & R." set ("You see *everything!* Wardrobe! Commissary! *Everyone's* dressing room!") for four hundred dollars a pop.

We were surprised to find out afterward that from the stars' point of view the event had been unusually sedate. When the stars of "Y. & R." and "B. & B." show up in one of the world's soap hot spots, they're used to *attention*. Eric Braeden, the actor who plays the craggy-faced, Continental-mannered tycoon Victor Newman on "Y. & R.," got off a plane in Bermuda a couple of years ago for a personal appearance and found that the citizens of that country had lined the road from the airport to greet him. Braeden, whose real name is Hans Gudegast, and who once played a German officer on "The Rat Patrol," told us, in the grave tone that is his trademark, that he attributes this phenomenal following to the fact that the daytime soaps "resemble real life far more" than nighttime shows do. "They take stories out of real life and play them out over real time," he said. "And, as in real life, things repeat themselves over and over and over again."

"The Cape's not what it used to be."

• •

E.V. vs. I.C.E.

IN 1901, you saw all sorts of unusual vehicles on the street. You saw electric hansom cabs, in which the passenger sat in front and low down, and the driver on a box overhead, steering his rig from behind, like a tillerman. You saw electric buses. You saw lots of whimsical bicycles—bikes with sidecars, bikes with huge front wheels, five-wheeled bikes for delivering mail. On rare occasions, a loud and evil-smelling machine appeared, menacing cyclists, frightening horses, and choking pedestrians—a machine driven by a fellow who claimed that the internal-combustion engine was the power of the future. At first, electric-vehicle manufacturers did not believe that a thing as inelegant as the I.C.E. would ever be popular, especially in cities. By 1907, the E.V. companies had started to disappear.

On a recent Wednesday evening, an electric replica of a 1952 M.G. convertible was parked outside the Municipal Art Society, at Madison and Fifty-first, and it was drawing a crowd. A man in a business suit stopped, saw the bank of batteries under the propped-up hood, and said, "Hey. Electric," in a wondering way.

A man with no shoes said, "Is that thing for sale?"

A bus driver parked his I.C.E. up

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the street and strolled back to take a look. "How fast does it go?" he asked.

"Speed isn't the idea," said Barry Groman, whose students at Mattatuck Community College, in Waterbury, Connecticut, had built the vehicle. Groman pointed out that the average speed of a bus in Manhattan was seven miles per hour and its average distance fifty miles per shift; that an E.V. could go about eighty-five miles on a charge; that it cost about four cents a mile to run; that there was no exhaust and no noise; that it needed no muffler, no fuel pump, no carburetor, and no coolant; that it lasted forever; and that we wouldn't have needed to fight the Gulf War if people drove E.V.s.

The bus driver thought all this over. Then he asked, "So what's it do—like forty?"

Inside the Municipal Art Society, an exhibition of the latest in electric, solar, and human-powered vehicles, candidly titled "Going Nowhere Fast," was beginning a two-month run. About forty people, mostly representatives of various environmental groups, were gathered around the Sundriver, a solar-powered car, and the Vacuum Velocipede, a recumbent tricycle; they were smiling and sipping wine, and discussing various ways of eliminating the I.C.E. from Manhattan.

"Internal combustion is *phffft*—dead," a young woman said.

"What's happening right now in fuel cells is wild," a man in a T-shirt said. "We're seeing sodium-sulfur batteries capable of going four hundred miles on a charge."

"But don't they run sort of hot?" someone asked.

"Yeah, they run at seven hundred degrees, and that scares some people, because they think they're going to get fried in a crash. Understandably."

Steve Stollman, who curated the show, was extolling the virtues of vehicles like the Recumbent Electric Muscular Moped. "What we are saying with this show is: Let's be surprised again by what we see on the street. Let's expand our range of choices. Why is there nothing between the bicycle and the car? Why isn't Detroit making alternative vehicles available?"

"But isn't G.M. designing an electric car?" someone asked.

"Yes," Mr. Stollman said. "And do you know what they're calling it? The Impact."

An intense young man named George Bliss, who had created several of the human-powered vehicles on display, was standing nearby. He showed us his Dump Trike, a three-wheeled cargo vehicle, and his bicycle taxi, which has an aluminum-tube chaise longue affixed to the front end. Mr. Bliss said that he hoped to work out of an abandoned service station at Bowery and Fourth, and offer bicycle-taxi service across the Village from there.

"I really hate cars," Mr. Bliss said emphatically, crooking his fingers in front of him. There were little cuts on his hands, from working with tools. "I've always hated them. When I was a kid, I used to throw up in cars. Then I got to the city, and I couldn't get away from the feeling that a lot of the problems of human relationships here are caused by cars. Violence, anger, aggressiveness. Also, I really have a problem with parking—it's unconstitutional. Why should you have the right to use the space in front of my house for your car? What if I want to put my trampoline there?" He noticed a grease smudge on the Dump Trike, squatted, and wiped it off with his thumb.

We asked Mr. Bliss where he made his bikes.

"In the lowest circle of Car Hell," he answered. "I'm in a basement in Harlem, because it's the cheapest place I could find. There's an auto-body shop upstairs. When I first saw the space, it was dark, the floor was basically dirt, and there were like thirty chopped-up cars down there, all floating in this two-foot-deep lake of oil. I thought, Great—Night of the Living Dead Cars." He widened his eyes, and a sort of haunted quality came into his voice. "Oil runs down the walls, there's always the sound of metal being tortured, and I sit there thinking, Boy. Now, this is progress. This is civilization."

A man who said he was from Peru came up and began joyfully examining the bicycle taxi. "Marvellous," he said. "They operate in Manhattan?"

"Perhaps in the future," said Mr. Bliss.

"Ah, the future!" said the man.

"If it's really over between us, Lyle, it's only right that you take back your lava lamp."

Interview

—Welcome to New York, M. Bruno Lion. How long will you be among us?

—Only four days. I have arrived to attend a festival of French popular music, to be held in Central Park.

—Tell us, would you feel that it is

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a fair characterization of your role to describe you as the French Minister of Rock and Roll?

—Americans find this amusing, I have discovered. It fits within the stereotype: the Légion d'Honneur to Jerry Lewis; the cultural debates about the *bandes dessinées* and "Dallas"; and now the French Minister of Rock and Roll. It provides, shall we say, cheap thrills. You, too, are interviewing me for this reason, are you not?

—No, no.

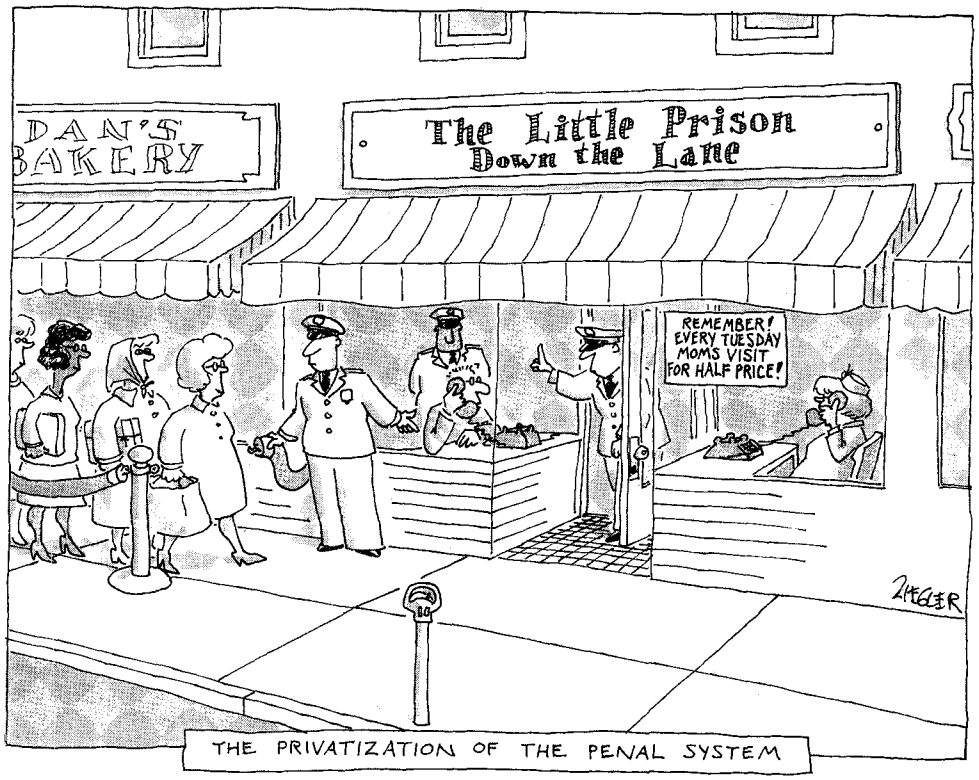
—In any case. This description gives me at once too much credit and, paradoxically, too little. Strictly, my title in the French government is Chargé de Mission pour le Rock, la Chanson, et les Variétés. This means that within the Ministry of Culture, under the direction of Jack Lang, my primary area of responsibility includes more than pop music and rock. The term *variétés* wants to say that within my area of responsibility are all *les chansons françaises*. These include both the great tradition of the *chansons à texte*—the song with words, as performed by Jacques Brel, Aznavour, Trenet—and the *chansons paillardes*. Excuse me, a little definition. A folk tradition, the *chansons paillardes*—a regional tradition. So I am responsible for all that in addition to rock.

—And jazz?

—Ah. For jazz, it's not strictly clear if that is my desk or that of one of the other *chargés de mission*.

—Monsieur le Chargé de Mission, survey for us, if you would, the forms of major evolution under way in the world's popular music.

—There are two major phenomena visible at the world level. First, the hegemony of rock, in the strict sense of the term, is over. We will never again witness a phenomenon of the Beatles-Stones-Elvis genre, emanating from the English-speaking world and creating a paradigm for other world-popular music. Second, the influence of the music of the Third World. This growth of world music is crucial. *Le reggae*, *le zouk*, *la musique tsigane*, the important Arab influence. Africa, Morocco, Brazil. Central to this second phenomenon is France. France, with a centralized governmental tradition but no centralized, hegemonic popular-music tradition, is in an exceptional position to be the capital of this post-rock period of synthesis. We are, I think, in the transitional phase. Even the great Anglo-Saxon artists—I mention here the name of Paul Simon—are engaged in this transition. Eventually, we will have a non-hegemonic world music.


DAN'S BAKERY
The Little Prison Down the Lane
REMEMBER! EVERY TUESDAY MOMS VISIT FOR HALF PRICE!
ZIEGLER
THE PRIVATIZATION OF THE PENAL SYSTEM

• •

—Is there any contradiction between the subversive and anti-official role of rock and its place in a government ministry?

—This is a familiar debate in France, between *le rock officiel* and *le rock contestataire:* official rock and disputatious rock, I think you might say in English. Is there a paradox in our support of a non-official music? I am confronted with this question very often. A group appears on television to mock the whole idea of the *rock officiel*, and it performs in a studio built with a government subsidy! But you must see my role within the context of the whole phenomenon of the growing French support for the "unofficial" arts—those arts which have been strictly kept out of the official universe of culture as it has been represented in the past by the Ministry of Culture. In France, culture has always been the affair of government. We are simply expanding our sense of what culture is. We give small subsidies to independent groups; we support festivals; we encourage new talent. But never, truly never, should the Minister intervene in the market level of distribution of musical ideas. That is abhorrent to me.

—Monsieur le Chargé de Mission, what are your two favorite records?

—Difficult, difficult to name only two. The Beatles' "Help!" And "London Calling," by the Clash. A record I admire enormously. *Enormously!*

—From your standpoint at the Ministry of Culture, what do you see as the most significant new development under your responsibility?

—Surely, it is the phenomenon of *le rap français*. It incorporates the rhythm and conceptions of American rap, but in a strictly non-sexist, non-racist manner. The finest of the new French rap bands is NTM. I intend to see them perform this Thursday back home. They are vital, brilliant, original.

—NTM?

—It is an abbreviation for a French idiom. If I had to translate it into English, I believe that it might be rendered Have Sex with Your Mother.

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NYMPH & FAUN

THERE is a kind of woman, rich and looking it, climacteric, widowed or divorced, who when faced with an empty afternoon panders to her gnawing malice and dissatisfaction by going on a fake expedition in the nearest well-to-do shopping district. There she will enter one or two opulent shops dealing in jewels or dresses. She will pretend to be searching for one particular item. She will be ingenious in telling the sales staff why a piece is "almost what I had in mind, but—" and leave, after half an hour or more. She will call this sport "turning their heads" or "giving them a runaround," adding, "There's no harm in it, is there? That's what they're here for, aren't they? After all?"

I have always despised women like that. I hate being teased or teasing. There was one time when I did enter into this kind of game, though. And when I did, I was first curious, then touched, then hooked, then trapped, then dragged along, and finally brought to realize that my husband was really dead—that my marriage no longer existed and that he was not absent, as I had been feeling, but gone forever.

I must plead the excuse that in my case the game playing was not premeditated. I was drawn into it by chance, and I played it conversely, not pretending a wish to buy but a desire to sell. Outwardly I was well suited to play the game. I was rich, I was widowed, I was fifty-two, the sand in my hourglass running short, with ever-scantier bloodstains marking the passage of each month. I had been widowed after a marriage of some twenty years. But though the marriage had gone, I did not feel that it was finished. I still brushed and aired my husband's suits with more care than I gave to my own garments. I never sat at his desk, I never sat in his favorite chair, and in the winter, instead of using my eiderdown, I huddled in the heavy brown striped dressing gown of Turkish towelling which he had continually worn indoors during the last year of his life. And I never took a decision without asking for what I imagined might be his approval.

I had not, as people thought (considering that he was old enough to be my father), married him because he was rich. I did not know that he was rich when I met him. Nor did I know it during our marriage. I only found out after his death. What I did know, as soon as I met him, and what did not fail to fill me with admiration forever after, was his distinction.

I have the conceit that an admiral or a field marshal may be bottle-nosed, paunchy, or knock-kneed, but he must have such an air of command that he could walk stark naked out on deck, or stand that way facing a platoon, and still be obeyed and venerated for what he is. My husband, who was a physician, possessed this air of indubitable, unquestioned authority, no matter whether his slight body was draped in a bath towel or disguised by the discreet elegance of his Savile Row suits. This rare quality, as mysterious as it was impressive, seemed to me, who was not English, the acme of English distinction, and it shone through even in trite circumstances. Thus he could say to a servant, "I'll have to engage another maid to walk behind you and switch off the lights you have left on," and this would be received with a deferential smile. If I had made the same remark, using those very same words, the maid would have given notice.

There is this young woman in Hampstead, the story goes, who visits her doctor for a checkup. The doctor says, "And how are you feeling?" She says, "I feel well, really. Only, as you know, I am a widow. I have no love life." He says, "What do you want—you're in the same boat as all the married women in Hampstead." I learned the truth of the story, without regret, when my husband said to me after the first few years of our life together, "You bore me in bed. You are too passive. And you have no sense of humor." I didn't even ask him where the sense of humor came in.

How could I be hurt by his utterance, with Gordon ever present in my mind? Gordon had locked me up in his heart, had thrown the key away, and had walked off into suicide. He had broken with me suddenly, without my being prepared for it. He said, "It's got to finish. I shan't see you anymore."

I said, "You have another girl, have you?"

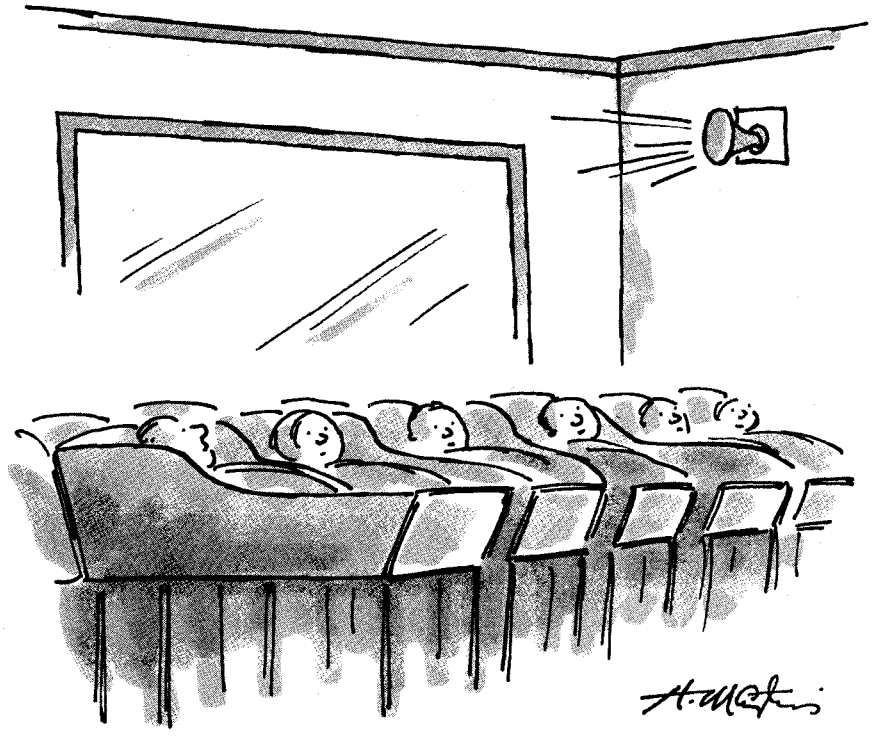
He said, "Yes, I have, and I'll be sick to death of her in six weeks' time. But that is not the point."

I said, "What's the point?"

He said, "Sexually I'd never tire of you—I could go on with you forever. But it's got to end."

I said, "Why?"

He said, "Because I'm afraid of



"Thank you for choosing the Lying-In Hospital. As soon as your parent or guardian has settled your bill, you may leave, and good luck in recouping your payment from your insurance carrier."

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what I might do to you. Look what I've done to you already. You are enslaved to me—you can't take a single step without me. I don't want to get rid of you, but I must." And then, forcing a jovial air, he added, "I've been eating you and drinking you and sleeping you. I have pleasured you. I have listened to your girlish babble—I, a highly qualified man. Have you anything to complain of?"

"No," I said.

Gordon was a psychiatrist, which made him a highly qualified listener. When I first met him, he had recently left the Navy and taken rooms and surgery in Queen Anne Street off Harley Street. Gordon was not a soldier. He was a sailor. He was not meat. He was fish. And just as fish is to be eaten on Fridays and as Lenten fare, when meat is not allowed, in days of penitence, so Gordon meant for me torture, but torture leading to salvation. He also meant my being forced to disclose myself to him, being accepted, and being taken to his bosom. Shortly before the break Gordon said to me, "I'll hold you forever. Because I'll always find new ways of torturing you."

It is my own torture, I suppose, to continue to ask myself how it came to be that the two most important men in my life were both doctors. I cannot say why, except that I am certain that, rather than the pale similarity of their profession, it was the difference between Gordon (who was dead) and my living husband-to-be that urged me to make the marriage. Gordon was an obscure psychiatrist with a long term of service in the Navy, while my husband was a cardiologist of international standing, with much research and many publications to his credit. By choosing him, by going eagerly into the marriage that way, was I not telling myself that I did not regret Gordon's suicide, that I had replaced all that, that I felt—had forced myself to feel—I had risen above a past of such sorrow?

• •

WHEN the telephone rang a half past three one afternoon last January I almost didn't answer it. Living, as I did, on the Italian Riviera, with Monte Carlo less than an hour's drive away, across the frontier, none of the people I was friendly with would be likely to call at this hour. They were expatriates, as I was, mostly retired and at leisure, who rested after lunch and were not disposed to be affable until later in the afternoon.

I took up the receiver, saying "Yes?" in a high, languid voice, ready to be annoyed. A man's voice said, "Mrs. Richardes?"

I did not know the voice. It was a full, hard baritone. I knew at once that here was an Englishman, ruling class and no nonsense about it. I also knew he was precise and careful. He had not pronounced my name sloppily, as most people did, as "Richards," but had sounded the "d" and the "s," giving the "e" between its full due.

I said, "Yes, speaking"—this time in quite a different voice.

He said, "I've got your letter in front of me. It was sent to me by our house in Paris."

I said, "Where are you?"

He said, "In Geneva."

I said, "But that costs so much."

He laughed faintly.

I recognized the laughter, indulgent, politely amused, which I had not heard for—what was it?—nearly thirty years. Sitting on the edge of my bed, I put an elbow on the bedside table, resting my forehead on my free hand. I closed my eyes in a foolish attempt to shut out my present surroundings and to be flooded by a wave of the past.

A few heartbeats later he said, "I see here in your letter you say that your Odiot tea set is 1808. How do you know? Who told you that?"

I said, "Nobody told me, personally—no expert, that is. My husband told me."

He said, "Your husband was wrong. Because with Odiot you can never tell the year, not like with other hallmarkings. Your Odiot can just as well be 1815, for all you know."

"I see," I said, humbly.

We were talking about silver. Odiot is the greatest silversmith in France. They started making silverware for Louis XIV, continued for Louis XV, and then for each succeeding reigning monarch, including Napoleon. They are still the most celebrated manufacturers of their kind in France.

He said, "Is it white silver or vermeil?"

And, pleased at having understood him, I said, "White silver." By now I not only had recognized his laughter but also knew exactly what he looked like. Besotted as I was by the sound of the smilingly indulgent voice, I found my reasoning perfectly logical. And, following this same benighted line, I also knew that anything I were

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to tell him would be received with interest and without judgment; it would be the same as it had been with Gordon. If I had said that I had just been strangling my father with my mother's guts, he would have accepted the news with a mildly cheerful "Ah, yes."

"Those candlesticks, that pair," he said. "Nearly twenty pounds' weight between them—you are sure of that, are you?"

I said, "Oh, quite. That's written down in an inventory I dug out. For the customs. That's when my husband sent them to Chiasso. I never set eyes on them—only photographs my husband took before the candlesticks were packed up for storage. Figures of a man and a woman. Ghastly ugly. Called Nymph and Faun. Mind you, I know that beauty doesn't enter into it, when it's a case of rare silver. But I have a horrible feeling that they are not Renaissance at all. My husband thought they were Renaissance, by wishful thinking, but he never got an opinion on them. What if they are Victorian, of the most terrible period?"

He said, again with his caressingly indulgent laugh, "Don't worry. Even if they are Victorian there is a market for them. A very decent market."

"Just as well," I said. "As long as they are sold. It's not the— I don't care. I'm not starving. It's just that I'm sick and tired of hanging on to something I've never even seen, and paying money for it year in, year out."

He said, "And it's stored in Chiasso, in customs-free deposit, is it?"

"Yes, it's been there for thirty years—that's to say for thirty-two years, really, but in the letter I wanted to give a round figure."

He said, "Ah, yes."

"They are stored in a crate," I went on. "I saw it once. I was in Lugano at that time, and I went to Rosecrans, in Chiasso. I just walked to Rosecrans from the station, and then we walked round to the free-bond office with one of the Rosecrans employees. That was in '72. Now we are in '90: how long ago is that?"

"Eighteen years," he said pleasantly.

I said, "You must be mad. No person in their right mind could tell this straight off."

"Go on," he said, laughing faintly.

I said, "The crate was brought out and put on the scales. The weight was right, sixty kilos, and the crate looked right, too—not interfered with, you know. And then it was shoved away again."

"How big is the crate?" he said.

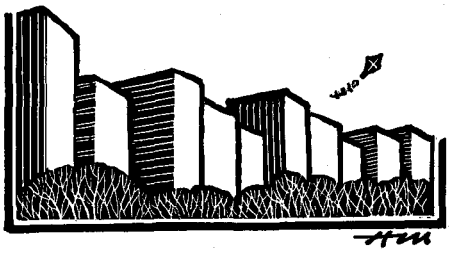
I said, "When it's stood up it's about like me. I'm just five foot. And it's insured for fifty thousand francs, against fire and theft and whatever."

"Ah, yes," he said. "And the payments have been going on for thirty-two years now?"

"Yes, my husband said it must never be sold, ever, because it might be very valuable," I said. "He had this thing that the longer you keep something the more valuable it gets. And to Rosecrans I pay twenty-five francs a year for their *Mühewaltung*—do you know what that means?"

He said, "Indeed I do—it means that Rosecrans have the administration of it. Am I right?"

I felt gratified at this expertise of his, just as I had felt gratified before, when I mentioned the name of Rosecrans, the big international moving-and-storage firm, and he knew who was meant. He seemed to know, as well, that the Rosecrans office was in Chiasso, at the southern tip of Switzerland.



"But I have a problem," I went on.

He said, "Ah, yes, do tell me."

"The silver is in my husband's name. And my husband is dead, but they don't know it. What if they get sticky? What if they refuse to let go of it? You see, we've got a trust in Liechtenstein, of which I am the sole whatever-you-call-it. But what if my husband forgot to get the silver included in the trust? I have several last will and testaments—one made out in Lisbon, by an English lawyer there, and another one done in London, when my husband just happened to be there. They're all valid, with two witnesses, and they're all the same, leaving everything to me absolutely. Would I need to show them?"

"Tell me," he said. "These storage fees, how much are they?"

"Five hundred francs a year," I said.

"And ever since your husband's death, did you make those payments in your own name?"

I said, "Of course."

"Then there is no problem. You don't say anything, you just go to Chiasso and take the crate out. How long is it since your husband died?"

I said, "Three years."

He said, "That's perfect," and he laughed faintly.

"But there's another problem," I said. "There will be customs duty to pay once I take it out of bond."

He said, "You won't take it out of

STONE VILLAGE

At the first sight of the old walls the rain
was over it was high summer with tall
grass already white and gold around
the sombre brambles waves of them hiding
the house completely from the rutted lane
that ran among brambles and shadows
of walnut trees into the silent village
already it was afternoon and beyond
the barns the broad valley lay in its haze
like a reflection as it does long after
the house has risen dry out of the tide
of brambles and uncounted sunlight has crossed
the dust of the floors again all the fields
and the shoulders of the stone buildings have
shrunk and the animals have wakened in
the barns and are gone and the children
have come home and are gone and the rain
they say seems to have stopped forever

—W. S. MERWIN

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bond. I'll take it out of bond. I'll take everything out of your hands. Don't worry. I'll do the worrying."

I said, "But how can I get hold of you so that you can do the worrying for me?"

He said, "I'll write you a letter. I'll drop it in the post tonight."

I said "Thank you" into a void. He had rung off.

I was again conscious of the beating of my heart, not as jumpy as before but slow and strong now, giving me signals of warning in the way that opinionated people do in serious conversation, putting a heavy accent on every word.

"My question is: Are we making an impact?"

• •

IT was now Thursday in the first week in January, and it had been before Christmas that I had gone to Monte Carlo, to the Palace of the Sporting d'Hiver, on the viewing day of one of those stupendous auctions put on by Brentford's several times a year. I was living in Bordighera, a cultural desert, and I looked upon these shows as banquets to make up for my periods of starvation.

It was a warm, brightly sunny afternoon, on which one did not remark because one took it for granted. The main hall, with its display of early-nineteenth-century French paintings, starring names like David, Géricault, and Legros, was densely crowded, and, seeking an interval of repose, I wandered off into a narrow adjoining room, brilliantly lit, and lined with glass cases filled with silver. This, too, I learned, was part of the display; the auctioning of the rare silver was to follow that of the paintings, the next day.

Here several young women of the staff were standing about, all cast in the same mold—brightly blond, tall, flat-figured, thin-lipped, their straight hair fastened in ponytail fashion with black velvet bows. They were old-maidish despite being in their early thirties, and I wondered whether Brentford's had a preference for their kind or whether their kind had a preference for Brentford's.

It was only then that I noticed that there was one man present as well. He had been hidden from my sight before, standing in a corner, and now he was coming forward to meet me. It was he who triggered and set in motion the fateful events that were to follow, not only because he was in charge but because of his aristocratic looks and large brown eyes with no glimmer of feeling in them. Seeing him, I decided to enter into the game of teasing pretense.

He came toward me in a leisurely way, obviously undecided whether I was worth his customary "May I help you?"

I said in French, "I have an Odiot tea service."

The effect of my words was remarkable. Halting in front of me with flattering abruptness, the young man said, "Oh, yes?" And soon I had a chorus of thin-lipped, ponytailed maidens around me, shrieking with pleasure at the news that I had a case with sixty kilos of silver in deposit in bond in Switzerland, for which payments had been made over the past thirty years. Their merriment grew so loud that another of their ilk came in from the main room, telling us off because we were making such a din.

The young man gave me a card with the Paris Brentford's address, asking me to let him have further details and giving me to understand that my obstinacy in holding on to the silver was both ridiculous and wasteful.

When I got home, I was still in the mood of provocative teasing, wanting to find out what the silver might be worth, without the slightest intention of putting it on sale. I wrote him a letter. I gave the over-all weight of the Odiot, which was made up of a stand, a teapot, a milk jug, a cream jug, a sugar bowl, and a cake dish. I gave the weight of the pair of candlesticks as roughly nineteen pounds, and described them as being two-branched figures of nymph and faun. I wrote "nymph & faun," feeling that the entwined ampersand made the letter look more businesslike. I addressed him not as "Dear Sir" but by his name on the card, Du Cross-Lafalaise, noting with satisfaction that I had been right in judging his looks as aristocratic. I put my name and address at the head of the letter.

And now, still sitting on the edge of my bed, and recalling the scene in Monte Carlo, and running through in my mind the wording of my letter to Paris, and feeling the signal of my emphatically beating heart, I suddenly felt like gasping for breath.

The man from Brentford's in

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Geneva, whose name I did not know, had called me on the telephone. This meant that he had gone to the trouble of finding out my number after reading my letter, which had been forwarded from their Paris office; that he had not intended to write me a letter, which I might throw away; that he had meant to apply shock and surprise tactics; that he meant to force answers out of me for which I could not have prepared myself beforehand; that he did not mean to let go. And, recalling his laugh, and his looks, which I felt sure I knew, I thought how like Gordon he was, in invading and taking possession before one had time to defend oneself.

When I had first met Gordon, in the late afternoon of a mild, gray-skied day in June, he had picked me up in a pub in Mayfair, where I had gone on the off-chance of meeting one or several of a group of my friends who used to gather there almost daily. Without my being aware of him, he had suddenly stood behind me, taken the glass I was holding out of my hand and placed it on the windowsill, grasped my wrist, and said, "Let's go somewhere else." And I, as though rendered senseless by the pressure of his hard thumb against my pulse, had found myself outside with him before I could gather my wits. He violated me on the bench in the garden of a house in Kensington where he was living in rooms. He had taken me there to show me the grounds, and I had agreed, believing that as long as we kept in the open air there could be no danger of any amorous advances. I had gone on believing it while strolling with him on the gravelled paths of an ill-kempt Edwardian garden, with tall old bedraggled trees, and shrubs whose foliage had been blanketed by the sooty London air. I was listening only halfheartedly as he told me of his disgust about his years in the Navy, when he stopped in front of a bench. Halting in midsentence, Gordon threw me backward onto the bench and, remaining upright on his feet, showed me without any words how mistaken I had been. On that day in June, just like the man from Brentford's in Geneva, he had been nameless.

It was four days after the telephone call that I received the promised letter from Geneva, if letter it could be called. There were two cards in the envelope, both printed, the larger with Brentford's Geneva address and "With compliments," the smaller the card of Brentford's Mr. E. Byrnes Forbes, with the same address and his direct-line telephone number. He was a Brentford's man, then—I hadn't been certain—but was acting on his own in our transaction. He had written a large scrawl on the bottom of the bigger card—his signature, done in a few slanting dashes, in which not even an "E," or a "B," or an "F" could be made out. I now sent him a letter, saying, "Let's do it at once," as though harping on our intimacy and wishing to disguise the meaning to anyone else who might be reading it. Then I added, "At your earliest convenience," to mask my feverish desire to meet him.

He rang me up three days later, saying, "Mrs. Richardes," in his precise pronunciation, and without giving his name.

I said, "I wrote you a letter."

He said, "I've just got it. I've been looking at my diary. Would the first of February suit you?"

I said, "And what—"

He said, "It's a Thursday."

We both repeated, "Thursday, the first of February," in unison.

He said, "And where shall we rendezvous?"

"At Rosecrans," I said, "because they are in charge."

He said, "How will you get there?"

I said, "By train. I haven't got a car. There is, I think, a train at a ghastly hour, something like seven in the morning, I'm not sure, but I think, I think. It's via Milan and change there. I think I'll get to Chiasso by one o'clock."

He said, "I'll fly to Lugano. That's near Chiasso, isn't it?"

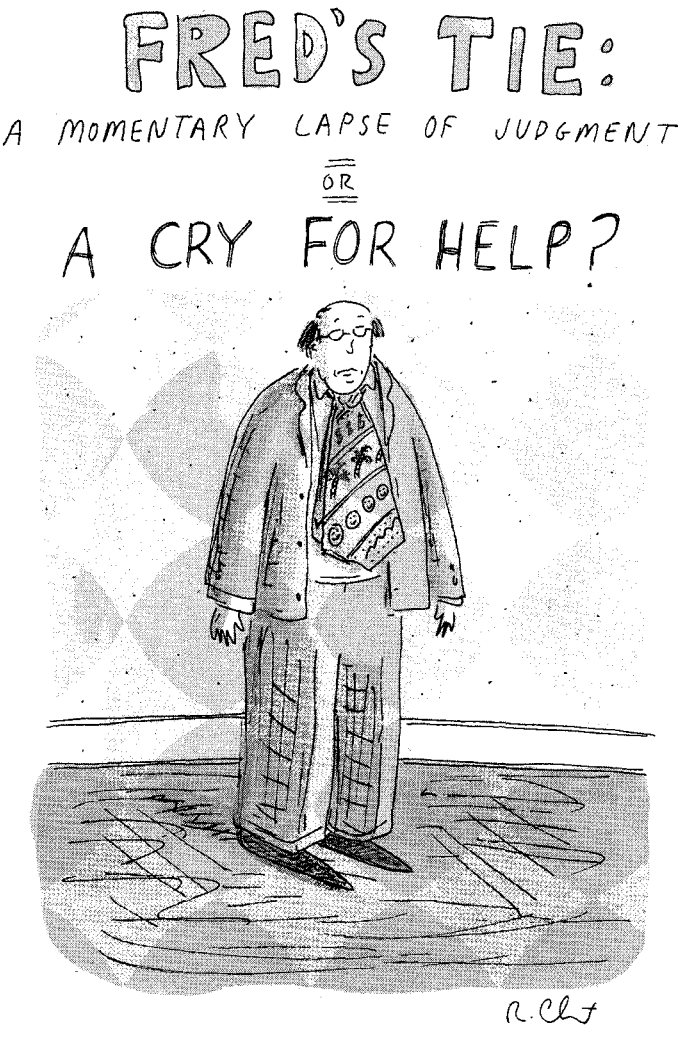
I said, "You know, I've looked up other lists I found, since. There is more silver, unspecified. Dishes and ewers. And three rattles. Children's rattles. It sounds crazy."

"Oh, yes," he said, unperturbed. "Do not worry. I'll take everything from you."

"Even the rattles?" I said.

"I will," he said. "The Odiot and the candlesticks I'll take with me to Geneva, and the rest I'll throw into Zurich. We have a place there for this kind of stuff. Don't worry. That's definite." He added after a pause, "I'm looking forward to meeting you," and I, to disguise my eagerness, rang off with a hurried goodbye.

I blamed myself after this. I must have sounded quite scatterbrained to him, with my senseless "I think, I think" about the train times. And why did I have to bring up those crazy-sounding rattles, as though



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the uncertain number of dishes and ewers had not been sufficient to get him exasperated at my disordered rambling? And I thought with bitterness how meaningless his formula of politeness, when parting, must have been.

I SHOULD again make it clear that my negotiations with Forbes about the silver had nothing to do with money, at least on my part. Neither of us had mentioned a price for the Odiot and the rest, but I knew, as he did, that the sum in question could be in the thousands if not the tens of thousands of pounds—a considerable sum but not one that I was required to draw upon at that time in my life. This had not always been the case, or what I believed to be the case, about the state of my fortunes. My husband, who often said, "A life without servants is no life," had in the last years of our marriage moved us from a great villa in Estoril, in Portugal, to a small flat in Bordighera, on the western Italian Riviera. Servantless owing to this move, I had accepted this change in our life style without a question, taking for granted that it was due to our reduced means. I knew all too well his frequent laments about his investments, and his telephone calls to his banker in Zurich, which he always started, disdaining to give his name, like this: "How are you? . . . Fine. . . . Same here. Now, look—do I have any money? How much? Oh dear, oh dear. What am I to do? Because I've had this idea. I've been thinking—" At which point I always ceased to listen, for what followed made no sense to me, except to reinforce my conviction that his finances were in a precarious state. Ignorant as I was of his wealth, I did not know that he could have easily rented an opulent gentleman's residence, as had been his wont up till then.

I did all the housework. And though he often claimed to regret that I had to do it, his demands and rules did not diminish: a colored tablecloth for breakfast, a white damask cloth for dinner, butter curls in silver shells a each meal, and a separate tiny silver saltcellar with a minute salt spoon in front of each cover. He liked to say that not one day passed without his reading in the news the name of someone he had met and known. It would have been unforgivable if now, believing him to be impoverished, I had denied him his comforts—a man of his distinction and eminence, a man who had been a king's physician and who had given up, after the king's death, all medical practice, saying that he could not, after all, advertise in the *Times* for another royal patient.

In Bordighera, during the last year of his life, he had developed a quirk that I found increasingly hard to bear. He was by then in his eighty-third year, and growing steadily more enfeebled. Although he still managed to get dressed and go to a coffeehouse at night, he used to spend his days alternately lying down or sitting in our drawing room. Forced to save his strength, he avoided moving about, which meant that I had to fetch and carry constantly. Most tiring for me were his continual demands for mineral water, which he took with tiny sips of whiskey. The mineral water had to be ice-cold, so I had to go each time to the kitchen, take the bottle out of the refrigerator, and then return it. The constant jumping up and dashing to and fro, the lifting and carrying of the heavy bottle, was for me a back-breaking fatigue.

It was at this point that the quirk would show itself. After his usual request for mineral water, just as I was on the threshold of the room, on my way back to the kitchen, he would call out to me to stop. "Here, come here and take this ashtray with you—it's full," he would say. And I would return to the marble-topped table in front of his easy chair, take the ashtray, and return in time from the kitchen with the water and the emptied ashtray. Very soon thereafter, almost each time, he would stop me just when I was in the door and make me retrace my steps, with an order, say, to pick up a dropped handkerchief and put it into the laundry basket, or to remove an empty glass, or to retrieve a fallen newspaper, or suchlike.

After a few days I remonstrated. I said, "Please don't keep calling me back just when I'm halfway out. I'd much rather do one errand and then the other."

"But I'm only doing this to save you

"This cab was first, everybody, but I do want to thank the rest of you and tell you how wonderful it is to feel wanted."

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labor," he said. "As you know, I'm sorry for you, having to do so much, now that there are no maids. I'm only trying to spare you."

I found this reasonable. And yet, after a few more days, his "wishing to spare you" became increasingly obnoxious. And when I complained once more, saying that I'd rather not be stopped in my tracks, he said I was ridiculous to object. I did not argue anymore after this, but, ridiculous or not, I did not feel cared for by him, but, on the contrary, choked, hobbled, strangled.

His obsessive halting me and delaying me he practiced, too, every time I got ready to go out to do the shopping. Just as I was about to open the front door, he would call me back two or three times running: "Don't forget to look in the mailbox, when you get down," or "Do look in at the chemist's for my order," or "Do look in at the newsagent's for the *Herald Tribune*." And when I said that I never forgot to look in the mailbox, or that the chemist had said the medicine would not be in yet, or that the newsagent could not possibly have the *Tribune* because the foreign papers never arrived till four in the afternoon, he would say, "Never mind, you can always try. And with the mailbox you might forget, just this once."

Each day, my going out grew into a desperate battle to leave, but I kept silent. As my resentment smoldered and simmered and felt harder to keep under control, my sense of guilt increased. He was on the point of death, and I reproached myself for not being utterly fond of him.

It did occur to me, of course, that what he pretended was benevolent care was in fact a disguised malice. I thought that he had started to hate me for my shortcomings, such as my past unwillingness to supervise the servants and to restrict their wasteful habits. I knew also, though he never blamed me outright, that he held me responsible for the fading and the ultimate cessation of his love life, due to what was, for him, my amorous ineptitude. On the other hand, in my case there had never been any love to bury; Gordon had remained within me forever, even after his suicide.

Perhaps to show me that he had been successful in his relationships with women before our marriage, to the point of gaining their enduring affection, my husband took to inviting his former mistresses to come and stay with us, for two or three weeks at a time, when we were living in plentiful ease and space in Estoril, in our fake fortress of a villa, with a tower and crenellated roof, a cloistered walk, parquets of flowers in front, and a pinewood in the grounds at the rear. I could not plead the excuse of being incommoded by their presence in a house with six bathrooms, a laundry room, an ironing room, a boiler room, and gardener's and chauffeur's quarters. But on these occasions he would reproach me for not showing heartfelt pleasure toward our guests, then saying, "I do not mean this to be critical. It is just a statement."

And when those guests, and other people, too, exclaimed at our *grand seigneur* style of life, he would brush it aside, saying that the house was only rented, that Portugal was ridiculously cheap, and that for the rent he was paying in Estoril he would not be able to afford even a two-room flat in London.

These visits from my husband's women had tapered off when we moved to Bordighera. But then there came another occasion. About six weeks before his death, he was rung up from New York by one of his former mistresses. That evening, while we were sitting in a coffeehouse, we talked about her, and my husband said, "*On revient toujours à son premier amour*. We have been lovers ever since I first knew her."

I said, "But that's way back."

"That's true," he said. "We didn't meet often, but whenever we did meet we picked up where we left off. Lugano and Estoril."

I looked at him, speechless, and he said sharply, "That's none of your business."

Neither of us referred to her again. As is my way, I did not show that I was stunned. What had actually gone on between them the last time she visited Estoril, when he was well into his seventies, I did not want to guess. I did not believe that there had been many of Cupid's arrows left in his quiver. I was amazed at my benightedness, at my not having noticed what must have taken place on all those visits. But what wounded me was that he had felt compelled to make this disclosure gratuitously. This shattered me,

"Could you explain split ends to me?"

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for what it came from was his wish to bring my inadequacy home to me. Marriage is the tomb of love.

NOW, in the last week in January, as I prepared to meet Forbes in Chiasso and found myself filled with a fierce desire to bring about what he had called our "rendezvous," there came a setback that promised to be disastrous. A series of railway strikes, which would block my journey, was announced. I was so desperate at the news that I asked a taxi-driver how much he would charge to drive me to Chiasso, and he said it would come to half a million lire, or two hundred and fifty pounds. Miserly though I am (a quality once much appreciated by my husband), I did not flinch. Never did it occur to me to put off the meeting with Forbes to a later date. At this same time, my hairdresser, who had never yet cancelled an appointment during all the years I had gone there, turned me away not once but twice, owing to some sudden unforeseen trouble with her staff. These incidents had no connection, to be sure, but determined as I now was to defy my husband's wishes about the silver, for no other reason than to meet Forbes, and feeling guilty about it, I began to imagine that my husband was stretching out ghostly hands from his grave, trying to delay me, to choke me. It was much the same sensation I had had many times in that last year of our marriage, when he had hectored and exhausted me with his demands, delivered from his easy chair behind the marble-topped table in the drawing room. As I have said, his seated figure was habitually encased there in a thick, unwieldy dressing gown of Turkish towelling, which made him look like his own graveside monument—a Greek stele, with the head and shoulders of the deceased sculpted and set upon a square, tapering column. He made me shudder.

And then, on the Tuesday, as if Forbes had been wrestling with my dead husband and at least loosening the grip of his hands, the obstacles went away. My hairdresser had a cancellation and fitted me in at the last moment, and news came also that though the railway chaos would continue for at least ten days, there would be one clear, normal day of service in the midst of the strikes, because the various factions of the strikers could not agree among themselves. I rang up Forbes at once, to tell him I would be travelling the next day. I said, "I'll take the later train from here, at eleven. It is a through train, which will get me to Chiasso at five. I'll stay there overnight. And I'll be at Rosecrans on Thursday, before they open in the early afternoon."

After I had rung off I was amazed and annoyed with myself, thinking over what I had been telling him. What did he care which train I took, and when I would get to Chiasso? Why tell him I would be staying in Chiasso overnight? For all he cared, I could have slept in a ditch. But soon after, my irritation with myself gave way to shame. I understood that what at first I had taken for scatterbrained, superfluous rambling had a simple, strong cause. By delivering to him minutely precise information, I hoped to bring about what I dearly wished. I had a vision of alighting in Chiasso, on Wednesday at five. I saw myself standing on the platform, haltingly, amid the first rush of passengers speeding to the exit, and then a tall, blond, lean man in his early forties come walking toward me. He was wearing the same smooth, sleek, navy-blue topcoat, with a narrow velvet collar, that Gordon had always worn. Stepping up to me with a smile, he wordlessly took out of my hand the small suitcase, the dark-blue one I had chosen from among my other cases to be in keeping with his navy-blue Crombie coat.

"Sure, the New Testament looks like a winner, but has it got legs?"

• •

Then he would say, "Let's go, shall we? I've booked rooms in a hotel, just a step across the station square." I am ashamed to admit that my conceit did not stop there. I saw myself and Forbes, after dinner, walk along the corridor and stop in front of my door, and I saw him take the key out of my trembling hand. He opened the door for me.

The next time my husband's ghostly hand reached out to me, signalling me not to defy the wishes of the dead, came during the journey—the actual train trip, not the one in my dreams. About half an hour before we got to Genoa, one of the passengers, a man, returning to our compartment from the restaurant car, said, "There's a man next door who's just died. Not remarkable, considering he was eighty-three."

Taken aback, I said, "How do you know he was eighty-three?"

"His wife said so," the passenger replied.

I said, "My husband died at eighty-three, too."

"It's quite a good age to die," he said consolingly. And after giving me a swift, telling glance he added, "And he got the best of it, what with having a young wife like you. I bet

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you were taken for his daughter."

"It did happen," I said.

He said, "Nice—for him, not for you."

When we got to Genoa there was an ambulance on the platform, with two white-coated attendants lounging about. There was a further delay, and we were told that the train would not depart at the proper time.

"Why is this?" I asked, upset. "What are they waiting for?"

"They are waiting for the carabinieri," the same knowledgeable man told me. "Whenever there is a sudden death the police must be called." He laughed and said, "Don't forget, his wife was with him. She may have helped him on the way."

The train started at last, after only a half hour's delay, and once more I realized it had been as though my husband had been calling me back from the threshold.

Then there was a further delay—a breakdown before Como—when we stood for forty minutes amid fields and pastures. I was flooded with anxiety, for we would now arrive in Chiasso after six, when the money-changers' booths in the station would be closed, and I had no Swiss money. But when we did get there at last, an off-duty ticket collector, seeing me lingering by the now deserted passport counter, accosted me and then walked me to the very door of a nearby first-class hotel. There, the reception clerk laughed at my offer to give him my gold watch as a guarantee for some Swiss francs until the next morning. He told me that I could pay for my dinner in Italian money, and receive Swiss francs in change. And while I was sitting at dinner he even made a point of coming to my table to ask whether I found my room to my liking.

On Thursday morning a chill rain was falling—so thin, so steady and densely threaded that it looked like a motionless shroud of mist. The elderly, morose driver of the taxicab looked at me with disapproval when told I wanted to go to Rosecrans, grumbling with bad temper that it was far out and out of his way. But I did not care by then, for I no longer felt the touch of my husband's delaying grasp. The new Rosecrans offices were in the last of a row of new-looking, low buildings oddly set in a stretch of barren countryside. The glass-walled entrance took me into a reception area, subdivided by many doors. At the far end of the hall there was a counter flanked by shiny black chairs. Deserted and soundless, the place made me feel like a trespasser entering a night club at midday. Yet as I reached the counter there appeared behind it a plump, smiling woman. She took me in at a glance, seemingly approving of my old coat of Scottish cloth, handwoven and homespun in greens and blues, and made up by a man's tailor who worked only exceptionally for a few favored women clients; my dark-blue cube of a suitcase; my black crocodile handbag; my pale-gray, hand-stitched pigskin gloves; my unmistakably non-English look, accentuated by my tweedy, understated, typically English way of dressing.

I said, rushingly, full of misgivings, fearing barriers of denials, towers of refusals, "I've come here—it's rather complicated, I wrote ten days ago—I've got a trunkful of silver stored here. That's to say, not here with you but in bond."

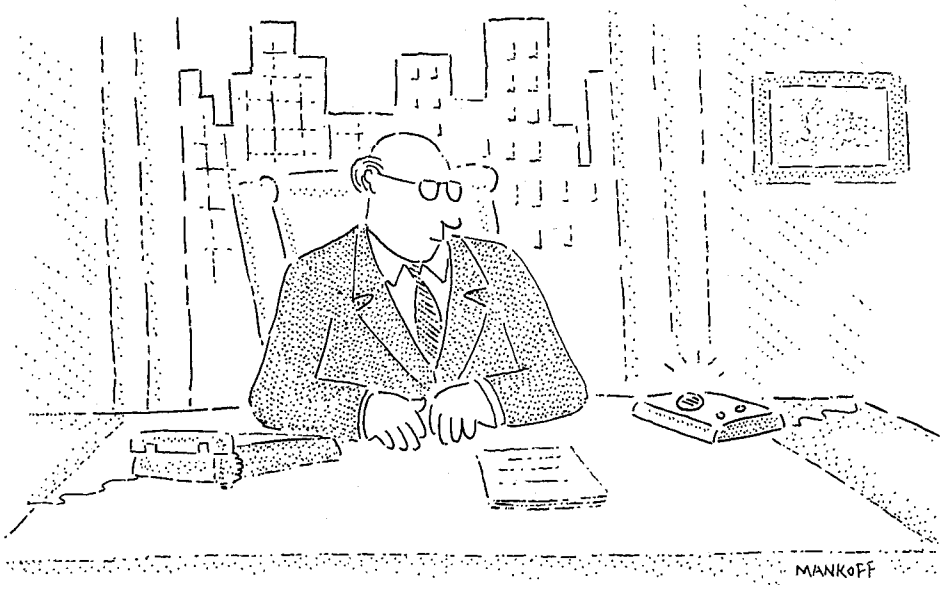
She said, "One moment, please," and returned almost at once accompanied by a young man, who in turn seemed to accept my appearance without question. He was sloppily dressed in sandals, creased flannels, and a lumpy gray roll-collar pullover. His countenance was grave and gentle, and a narrow, dark beard framed his cheeks and chin. By the looks of him I decided he was a pacifist, a nonsmoker, a vegetarian, a teetotaller, and a devotee of Tantric Buddhism. Though I am usually contemptuous of this sort, I was glad to see him.

He took me upstairs to a bare room with a deal table, where we sat down on two old wooden chairs. I pulled out the sheaf of my correspondence, which was encased in a folder of transparent cellophane. He said, "As soon as I got your last letter I went round to the bond place and made sure your crate is still there. It's in perfect condition."

I said, "How marvellous. Over thirty years."

He said, "Madam, that's what we are here for."

When I told him why I had to wait till the afternoon, he was incurious, perhaps on the defensive. He inquired at last about the stack of letters on the table, and I slid the folder over to him. I knew that by doing so I was giving away the only proof of my claim to the silver, and was even providing him with arguments for delaying the transaction, since the letters made it clear that the silver had been my husband's property and not necessarily mine, but I was indifferent to these misgivings. I recalled a shred of my first talk with Forbes, when I had told him that I did not even have any receipts for the storage payments. "So you see how dicey it is," I had said, and he had given his faint laugh. "I do indeed," he said. "Don't worry. When I get there, I'll wipe the floor with them." And it was his laughing voice that had brought me here, nothing else. I had used the silver as bait to make Forbes meet me.



"While you were out, the Yanks rallied for three in the bottom of the seventh."

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It was not yet midday, and there was nothing more to deal with till Forbes' arrival, which he had told me would be at around three. When I asked where I could wait until then, and where I could have a meal, the young man was astonished. "But there is no need for you to wait at all," he said. "Why should you? Just write out a delegation of authority for him, for this man, and let me have it." And he took a paper from the table drawer, wrote out a receipt, and passed it over to me.

I said, "But I'm going to stay. I want to be with him."

He looked disconcerted, and waved his pen to and fro across the table. Convinced as he must have been that my decision to part with the silver had been forced upon me by straitened circumstances, he had wished to spare my feelings by inducing me to be absent during the handing over. I knew that the truth was quite otherwise, though I had no wish to explain myself to him. Clear in my mind at last, I thought, Why should I hang on to the silver? I'm not going to leave it in safekeeping for God knows how many more years and then after my death have it be taken to where he wanted it to go—to those nephews, his sister's boys, in Australia. It's Forbes against him, and Forbes must have it.

But then I reached out for the folder and the receipt and, taking the pen from the man's fingers, said, "You are right. I might just as well. You never know what's going to happen. I'll write out your *plein pouvoir*."

The young man could not guess my reason for this hint at the possibility of my sudden death. An instant before, as I watched the pen moving in his hands like the ticking of a metronome, my imagination had put in my mind an engraving of Dürer, in which the hooded figure of Death, bearing a scythe and an hourglass, rides a skeletal horse, speeding for the graveyard. But the man was relieved, and he slid the papers into the transparent folder with an air of satisfaction, as though he had gained a point against the imminent man from Brentford's. It was obvious that he had acquired the conviction, though confusedly, that Forbes was nefarious, that he was taking advantage of me, that I was a victim and should be defended against him. Whatever happened, now he had a document that would protect his firm against my own willful innocence.

"I found the surfers on the West Coast to be intellectually flaccid."

• •

Our business done, we were now kinder to each other. He drove me a few hundred yards across rough country to what he told me was the only inn nearby, apologizing all the time for the chill and the rain; for his small, shabby car, which did not run well; for the lack of a better accommodation. I saw him looking at me more closely—at my well-worn, expensive clothes. As is my custom, I wore no jewelry. My white pallor and the gloss of my black-brown hair, my Egyptian-looking greenish eyes, and the curve of my black eyebrows that appear to have been brushed on with a stroke of India ink would look garish if I were to add ornaments. He was not quite sure what to make of me. He probably thought of me as being hard up. Before he let me out, he gave me his name and telephone number, written on a chit torn out of his notebook. His name was Cortona. If I called him anytime after two, he would come and fetch me.

The inn was a humdrum wooden chalet, enclosed by openwork galleries, with the obligatory scarlet geraniums in window boxes. I ate quickly, and had a glass of wine. After lunch, I asked the way to the lavatory. It was in the cellar, and while I groped my way in pitch darkness down a steep flight of narrow stairs, with no rails on either side, I dwelled with bitter satisfaction on the *plein pouvoir* I had written out for Forbes. It had not been an exaggerated precaution after all, and if I broke my neck Forbes would now be in possession. Putting out a toe to find the next step, and perhaps a bit drowsy already from the wine, I saw myself—even as I jeered at such a notion—as the sleeping princess in the fairy tale, waiting to be roused and delivered by the prince. And as I thought of the sympathetic commiseration I had sensed from Cortona and the plump receptionist, it occurred to me that they might be right, after all. Forbes might be prince or robber, or both.

ONCE I had returned to Rosecrans, I was led to an office on the first floor, glass-walled and so vast that I could not see the end of it in the farthest shadows. I was installed at a table near the door, and the kind, plump woman brought me a local newspaper and a cup of amazingly

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MR. COGITO LOOKS AT A DECEASED FRIEND

He breathed heavily

the crisis was supposed to be at night
it was twelve noon
Mr. Cogito walked into the corridor
to smoke a cigarette

first he straightened the pillow
and smiled to his friend

he breathed heavily

his fingers
were moving
on the sheet

when he returned
his friend was no longer there
something else lay
in his place
with a twisted head
and goggle eyes

normal comings and goings
the doctor hurried in
pushed in a syringe
which filled
with dark blood

Mr. Cogito
waited a moment longer
stared at what was left

it was empty
as a sack
shrinking
more and more
squeezed by invisible tongs
crushed by a different time

if only he turned to stone
into a heavy sculpture of marble
indifferent and noble
what a relief it would be

he lay on a narrow promontory
of destruction
torn off from the trunk
abandoned like a cocoon

dinner
the plates tolled
an Angelus
the angels did not descend

the Upanishads comforted

when his speech
enters thought
thought enters breath
breath enters fire
and fire the highest deity
then he would no longer
be able to know him

so he did not recognize him
and he was impenetrable
with a bundle of coarse mystery
at the gates of the valley

—ZBIGNIEW HERBERT

(*Translated, from the Polish, by John and Bogdana Carpenter.*)

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good, strong coffee. It was by now twenty past two.

Reading the paper, I heard a swift, swishing rustle behind me. Then silence. By the time I looked around, he was there, standing by the wall, sidewise to where I was seated. Dazzled as I was at the sight of him, as though by the flare of a fork of lightning, I could see only dimly, planted in the open door, the figures of Cortona and the woman, humble and reduced in size, like the figures of donors in old sacred pictures.

He was gazing straight ahead, as though unaware of my presence, and yet he must have been taking me in upon entering. He was, of course, exactly as I had known he would be. I would have been able to pick him out in any crowd—in the foyer of a theatre, at a vernissage, in a lecture hall—among all the other men dressed in similar style.

Nettled by his silence and his refusal to look at me, I fought down the nervous laughter rising in my throat, and the temptation of a sarcastic "Together at last" or "Mr. Forbes, I presume." At the same time, I took advantage of this pause to trace him line by line, tint by tint.

He was fair, with the same faded, bleached, washed-out fairness as Gordon's. He was as tall and lean as Gordon, but more heavily boned. His ash-blond hair fell in strands, untidily, to the edge of his forehead. He had the thick, pale skin that does not redden or freckle but looks sandy and weathered when exposed for a long time in the open air. He had a short, blunt nose and a hard-looking face, with strongly marked bones of brow and cheeks, and a square chin. He was standing relaxed, with his legs slightly apart, and his magnificently broad shoulders and splendidly wide, deep chest hinted at a menacing strength, yet for me it meant protection.

His topcoat of cinnamon-brown herringbone tweed was wide open, to reveal a suit that could have been Gordon's: a pinstripe of dark, black-tinged brown, like bitter chocolate or black coffee. It was a three-piece suit, with a waistcoat—the dress of a man in the professions. His brown tie glittered with a pattern of tiny silvery half-moons.

I saw that he was smiling—a tight-lipped smile, as if to say, "Here I am. I might just as well look pleasant, while I'm about it, but if you don't find me to your liking, too bad."

Still more unsettled by the unspoken arrogance of his bearing, I said, at last, "You've made it earlier than I thought you would. Do you feel like the dog's dinner? Did you have to get up at some ghastly early hour to get here?"

"Not at all," he said, looking me full in the face for the first time, and changing his smile into one of harmless cheerfulness. He had crossed to the table where I was sitting, and stood in front of it. "I got up at eight this morning, my usual hour. And I've put in a lot of work on my way," he said. "I had a meeting in the airport in Lugano. Then I went to see a client there. Then I drove across the lake to see another client in Campione. Then I came here."

Facing him from so near, with only the table between us, I was overwhelmed by the presence of this young man of less than thirty—who could

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have been Gordon's younger, stronger, tougher brother. I was in a state akin to drunkenness, in which one listens to oneself uttering remarks that are forbidden. I said, "But you are so young."

He seemed disconcerted, as if I were doubting his expertise, his competence. "I'm sorry for being so young," he murmured.

And I, still flooded by recklessness, now said what could be taken as relating to our business, but what was, in fact, something quite different: "I am in your hands now."

Forbes straightened to his full height, and looked at me at length. A few heartbeats later he said in a low voice, "Yes, you are in my hands now."

He now abandoned his stance in front of the table and murmuring "They don't overwhelm you with hospitality, do they?" he took the only chair in sight, turning it to face me.

I said, "The Rosecrans man, you know, when I told him there'd be a gentleman from Brentford's coming to help me, he hadn't an earthly what I meant. Never heard the name. Unbelievable."

He said, "Unbelievable."

"I didn't tell him, though," I said. "Why should I? Brentford's is Brentford's."

He said, "Thank you."

I said, "You know, when you called me, I liked your voice on the phone. If I hadn't liked it I wouldn't have come."

"You wouldn't have come?" he said, with his indulgent, smiling voice.

I said, "No, I wouldn't have come."

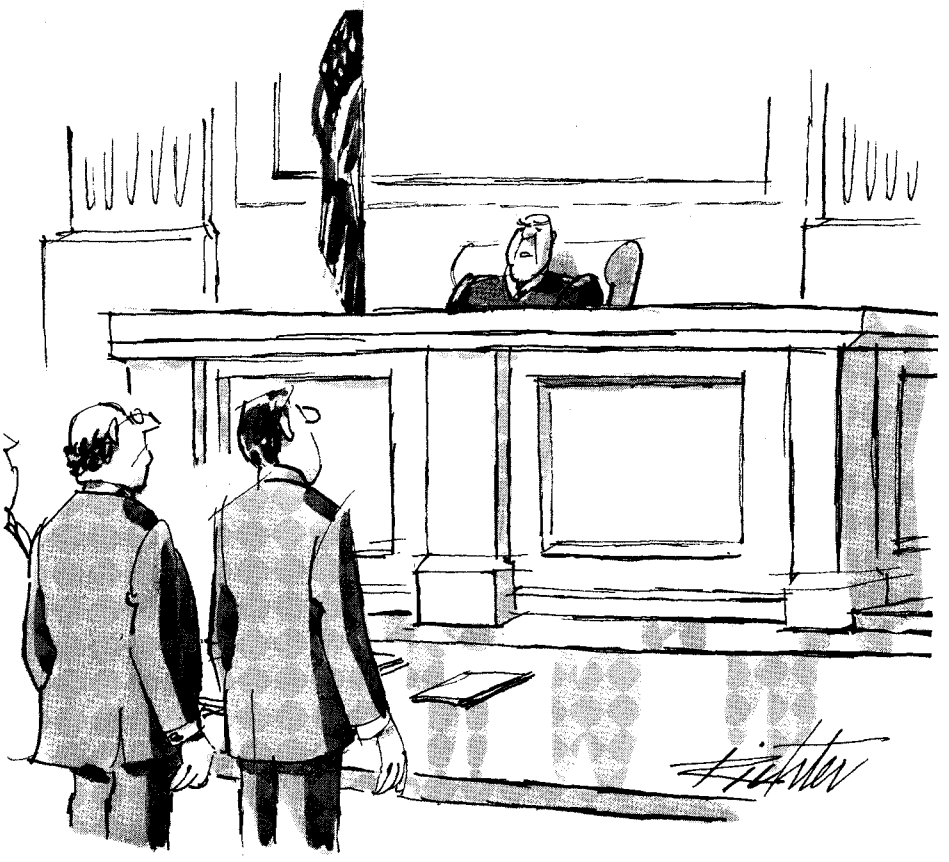
"Are voices important to you? Do you judge people's characters by their voices?" he said in the same light tone.

"No, not on the whole," I replied. "Not really. Or, perhaps, yes. Though I've never thought about it." And something came to me suddenly that I had never known before: that I had not liked my husband's voice on the phone. It had sounded weak and querulous.

Feeling that I had run into a cul-de-sac, and aware of how increasingly foolish I must appear to Forbes, I said, hurriedly, "A voice can be fateful, though. Now, take Sybil Hunter, the wife of Sterling, they had the flat above me when I was still living in London, in Hunter's Lodge—"

He said, "Where exactly was that?"

"In Hammersmith, on the towpath,"



"Since you have already been convicted by the media, I imagine we can wrap this up pretty quickly."

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I went on. "I lived beautifully in a Queen Anne house, the garden giving onto the towpath. The house was Fine Arts and Monuments."

"You mean under the protection of the Ministry of Fine Arts and Monuments?" he said.

"Yes, and Sybil—she told me, you see—was in publishing, and she rings up the *Architectural Review* and there is this man on the phone, and he says he'll mail it to her—the stuff she has been asking for—and she says, 'Don't, I'll come over straightaway and fetch it myself,' and slams the receiver down because she's fallen for him on the spot and is dying to meet him, and that's how they got married, and because Sterling was Daisy's cousin, and Daisy owned Hunter's Lodge, they got the flat above me."

"Remarkable," he said, in his smiling voice. "And how did it turn out?"

Together, starting with "the dog's dinner," we had slipped into a trifling, bantering way of talking—a form of exalted gossip that we both knew very well. I said, "Mr. Smith, the plumber, he comes down to me one day and he says, 'I've just been to the Sterling Hunters up above, their sink is blocked, and, if you ask me, that marriage is going down the drain.' "

He said, "Remarkable. And would you have said Mr. Smith was to be trusted?"

"The trouble with Mr. Smith was that he was so devastatingly handsome, though he was a bit long in the tooth, but that's what saved him with Daisy. She couldn't stand men, but you've got to have a plumber, and his getting on in years made him more digestible to Daisy, if you see what I mean. She used to say, 'Mr. Smith is simply devoted to his face. He can't pass a glass without stopping and having a look at his face.' And once when Mr. Smith is in hospital with his heart, Daisy goes to see him—she was very good that way, with servants and workmen—and she comes back and says to Caroline and me—Caroline was a cousin of hers, just staying—so Daisy says, 'My dears, you know how handsome Mr. Smith is, but, my dears, in bed he's simply heaven.' And we were both in stitches, Caroline and I,

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"You remember Champ . . ."

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because Daisy didn't know what she'd been saying."

Forbes said, "And what was this with men and Daisy?"

"That's from when Daisy was a young girl and she went to stay with friends in India, and there is this major and they fall for each other, and he has this sick wife, and it's understood between them they'll get married as soon as. And then Daisy gets back to London, and she learns—not from him, mind you, but from friends—that the major's wife did peg out, all right, but he upped and got married to someone else. But I never did believe it—I mean, that Daisy got off men altogether because of that. I mean, it's a bit too easy, isn't it?"

He said, "I agree."

"For me it was lucky," I said. "What with being a woman on my own, and out of the top drawer, as Daisy said. Even with foreigners like me, you can tell straightaway, so I got the flat. But before me she'd had a colonel from the War Office, with his wife, in that flat, and when the wife goes to the nursing home to have a baby, the colonel puts on his wife's clothes at night and goes out on the towpath and then he tells the Sterling Hunters what divine adventures he's been having—not that they'd let on to Daisy, heaven forbid. But you see, she did take it out on men—just think of little Harry. She took him on as a tenant because she was pally with his mother, who was a Lady in her own right, and little Harry—he wasn't little, really, just a grownup little boy, if you get me—he puts red-checked curtains on two of the front windows when he moves in, and Daisy gives him notice and he has to leave, because it's demeaning to the character of Hunter's Lodge, and out he goes. And after this, there was one more man, who didn't last out the first week of his stay, even."

"Why was that?" Forbes said, encouraging me, either out of politeness or genuine interest.

"He moves in on the Monday, and on the Tuesday a woman comes and she stays the night and she leaves soon after six, but Daisy is up and watering the garden, though it's pouring with rain—you wouldn't expect it, would you?—but you don't know Daisy. Then Daisy gets on the phone to him, and she says, 'Sir, when I let you have the flat I understood that you were a bachelor.' He says, 'That's true.' She says, 'How then can you explain why you had a female person staying with you last night?' He says, 'I'm a bachelor, that's true, but I'm not a monk.' She says, 'In that case, will you please put a month's rent on the table in the hall downstairs and the keys, and leave this day.' And after that there were no more men, and Caroline got the flat, because she wanted to be in London to study the piano."

Forbes said, "And you stayed there for how long?"

I said, "For five years, till I got married."

He said, "Those were the happiest years of your life."

I did not reply. Then I said, "Caroline stayed there, too, till she got married, but, mind you, even though she was a girl and a Hunter, there was a time when things looked very dicey for her, too."

"How was that? Do tell me," he said.

"It's like this. Daisy is what one calls 'being so very brave,' not having got any live-in servants and making do only with charwomen, and this morning she cooks her breakfast and carries it into the dining room and trips over an odd foot and stumbles and nearly comes crashing down with her tray, because there is a young man on the floor, in evening dress and fast asleep. Daisy gives him a kick between the shoulder blades, and she says, 'Young man, I don't know who you are and I don't want to know, only I do want to know how you got here, but I'm going to have my brekkers first.' Now, wasn't that wonderful of Daisy?"

"Wonderful," he said. "But do go on."

"It turned out Caroline had brought him home from a do," I said. "A dinner dance and then the Bag of Nails. He was seeing her home in a cab, and by the time they'd got to Hunter's Lodge he'd passed out, and the cabbie refused to carry on with him. He follows Caroline inside and shoves in the body before she can slam the door on him, and that was what saved Caroline, really, from being thrown out by Daisy—his being on the floor downstairs and fully dressed. But even then it was touch and go for Caroline."

Forbes said, "And you, yourself, you always kept out of trouble?"

"I always minded my 'p's and 'q's

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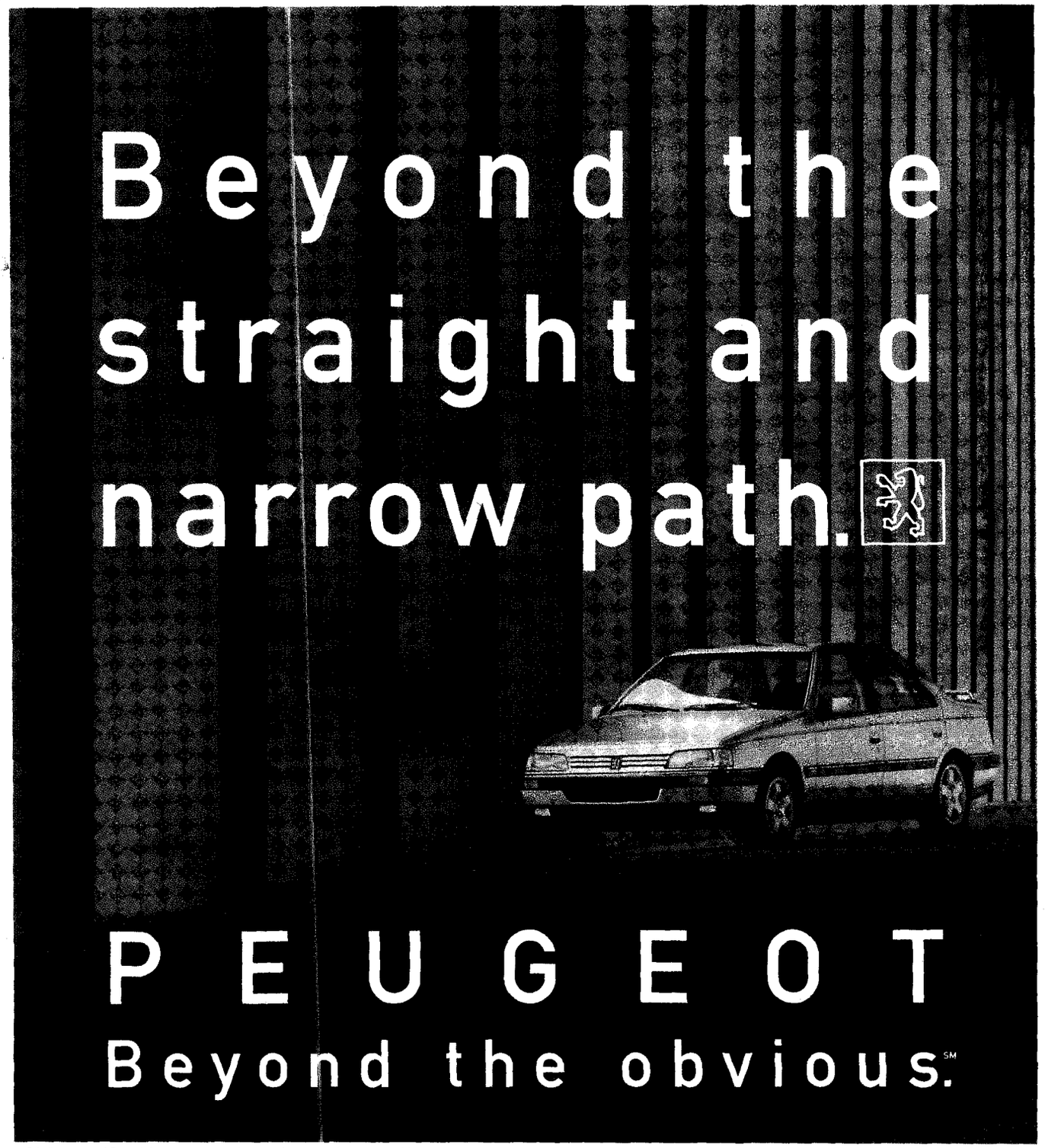

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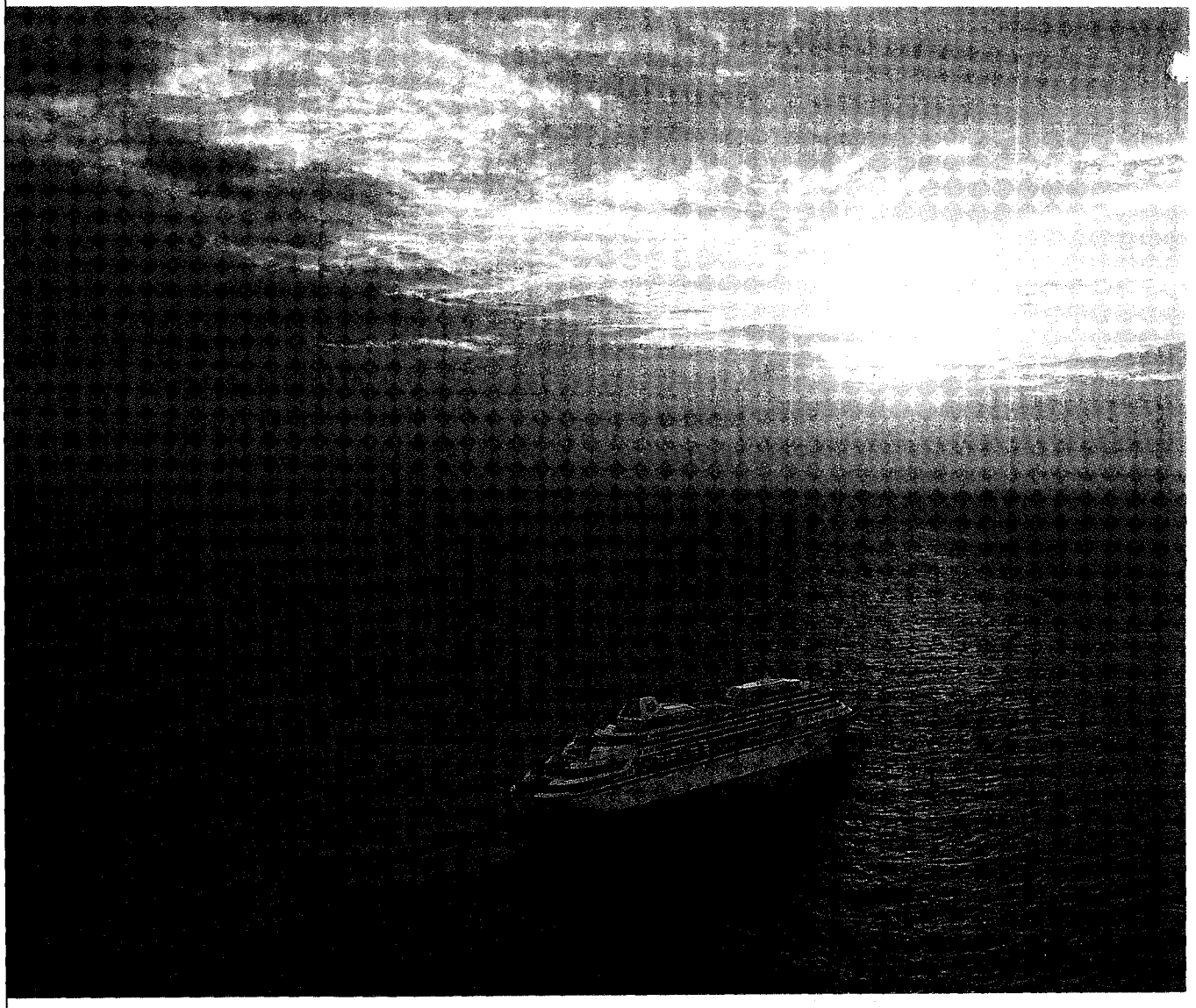

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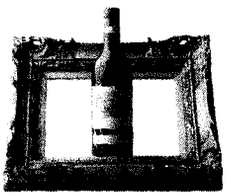

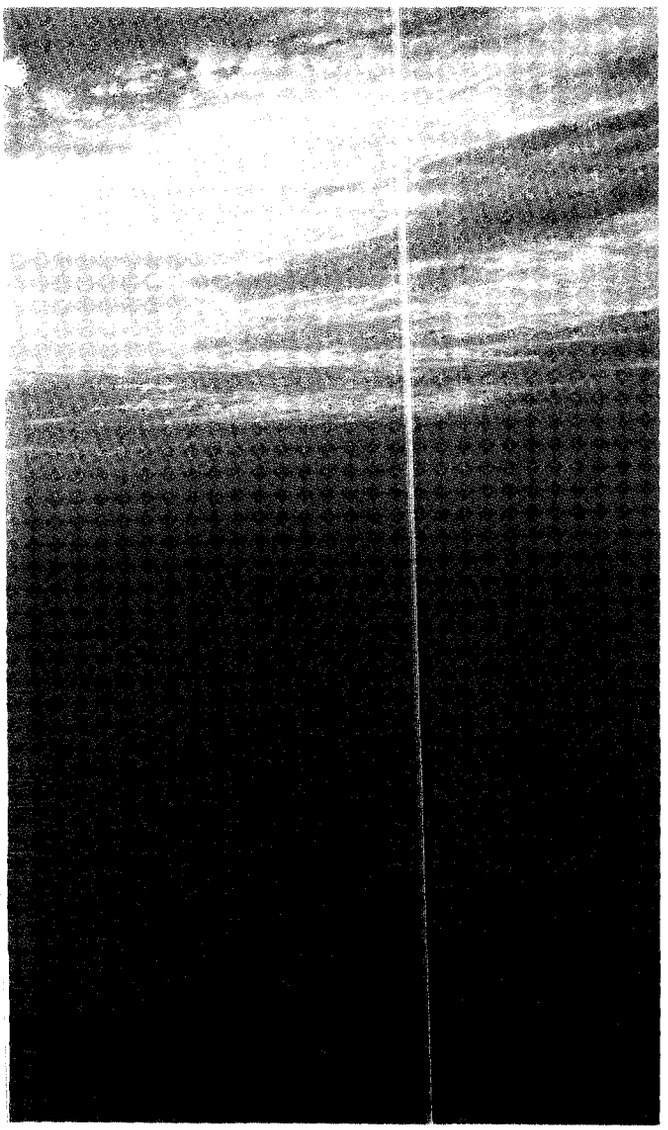

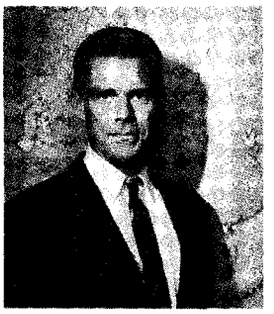

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in Hunter's Lodge," I replied. "But still, I did have a very awkward moment once, and it really wasn't fair of Daisy—it wasn't as though she'd ever told me before, so how could I guess?"

Forbes said, "I'm sure it wasn't fair of Daisy, and you couldn't possibly have known if she hadn't told you before. And what exactly was it? I think I should be told in case I meet Daisy, too."

"It was to do with Caroline's admirer—she'd asked him over to tea, and you couldn't fault him, because he'd stayed at Sandringham and Osborne—he had been in the Buckingham Palace crowd when the Queen was still Princess Elizabeth. The tea was in Daisy's drawing room, downstairs—Caroline couldn't have had him in her own rooms, naturally—and there I was in my own living room, reading the *Sunday Times*, because when I moved in Daisy said she wouldn't tolerate my having the *Observer*, it being liberal, practically Bolshie, and it'd give the house a bad name."

One more glance at Forbes made it clear to me that he knew I didn't usually babble on in this fashion, and that he and I were speaking in a private tongue, almost a code, that we had both learned long ago.

"In he comes without knocking," I went on. "This young man, like carved-in-one-piece-out-of-an-oak-trunk-looking, and he says, 'Excuse me, is this the loo?' And I remember Daisy's got some unmentionables she's washed that are now drying in her bathroom, and I show him the way to my own. And next time I see Daisy I remark on it, and Daisy stares at me, wide-eyed, and she says, 'You don't mean—You let him use your own bathroom?' And I say, 'But Daisy, what on earth, you wished him on me, didn't you?' And she says, 'How ghastly preposterous. How could you ever let a man use your bathroom?' That's why she had sent him out of the house and to the garden loo—we did have one in a wooden hut in the rear, with a stone figure of a cat perched on the roof to make it more wistful-like, not crudely looish. I'd never given it a thought. I thought it was only for persons, not for people—persons like the window cleaner and the gardener, and suchlike creatures, if ever. Later, the oak trunk said he was longing to meet me, and even Daisy couldn't object, and he took me out a lot after that, mostly to parties given by ladies-in-waiting, till I got married. He got married, too—actually to a lady-in-waiting to the Queen."

Cortona came in, passing between us, raising both hands in a gesture of apology and shaking his head, giving us to understand that he was not yet ready for us. When he'd gone down the long room, Forbes said, "That fellow was creeping round before, too, taking a peep at us, but you didn't see him—you've got your back to the door."

We both kept silent, following Cortona with our eyes till he was out of sight in an adjoining office. I was sure that though he had not quite heard Forbes' words, he had felt the contempt in them.

Forbes said, "So you were with Daisy for five years, weren't you, till you got married? And then you left London. Why was that?"

"My husband didn't like snow in the winter," I said.

"And then you went where?"

I said, "First, six months in the south of Spain. Then two months in London. Then—oh, twice—summers in Salzburg, then twice Lugano, six months each time. Once we took a house in Lausanne. Then three winters in Bordighera."

"And Portugal," he added. "You told me this—the English lawyer in Lisbon, last will and testament."

I said, "Yes, that was when we were in Estoril. There we stayed longest, because there is no snow and lots of servants."

"And you were always renting places—you never did own a house, did you?"

I did not reply.

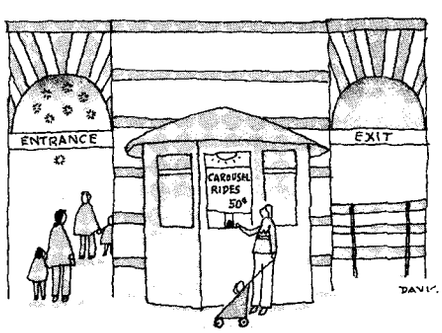
He said, "So much shifting about, why was that?"

I said, "Because my husband didn't work. He gave up work before I met him."

"Even if he didn't work, why didn't he settle down?"

"I don't know."

He said, "Look, you were talking so charmingly a few minutes ago about Daisy, and the loo with the stone cat on the roof, and Caroline being in stitches, and Mr. Smith who was devoted to his face. And as soon as we get to your husband you dry up. Why is this?"



I did not reply.

He said, "Look, I want to get to the bottom of this." His voice, lower than before, had lost its smiling indulgence.

I drew a sharp breath to stifle the sob that was rising in my throat. I had now been with Forbes for less than half an hour, and already he had put a finger unerringly on what I had never been conscious of before—that I had never dared to ask my husband why we could not settle down for good, anywhere, just as I had never dared to question any of his other decisions. And I knew now that the choking and strangling he'd made me undergo in the last year of his life had only been a continuation of what had gone on before.

Not only this. Forbes, in this short span of time, had shown more interest in me than my husband had done during all our years together. In the beginning, whenever I had wanted to tell him about my family and my background he had always cut me short with "Who wants to know what your mother said to Emma, your parlormaid? Who wants to know what the cook said to your grandmother, and why your mother and your grandmother had a row about it afterward, and what Emma said to you? Who cares about the time when the Hungarian count first came to dinner and didn't leave a tip for the maids?"

Forbes now said, "I ask you, and you say you don't know. Or you don't even reply. Why is this?"

"I can't reply, because I've never thought about it," I said.

He said, "Do you want me to believe that you never gave a thought about the way you were living, that you never thought it odd?"

"I didn't let myself think," I said. "My husband was a great doctor. He was so distinguished, so superior, and I'm so inefficient, even with servants."

He said, "What you are really telling me is that he made you feel inferior all the time—is that it?"

I said, "Yes, even— I've got some good qualities, too, you know. He'd praise me, like saying, 'You do make an excellent pot-au-feu, I'll say that

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for you,' but it was backhanded praise, as though it were astonishing that I could ever do anything well."

"So that was how he kept you down," Forbes said. "An old man with a beautiful young wife. Quite systematic, wasn't he, in running you down?"

"And he was jealous," I said. "He didn't love me, but he was jealous."

Forbes said, "Jealousy lasts longer than love."

We both kept silent for a while. Then I said, "Yes, it's all true, but it never occurred to me before. And you give me the creeps."

"Why do I give you the creeps?"

I said, "You are living in Geneva. How long have you been living in Geneva?"

He said, "Two years."

I said, "Then you must know. You can stay in Geneva for weeks and see nothing spectacular, and then one morning you look across the lake and there is Mont Blanc, with its monumental crown of snow, the highest peak in our part of the world. It's been there all the time and you never knew it. And this gives you the creeps. Do you understand me now?"

He gave his faint laugh. He said, "I do, indeed."

Cortona came in at last, getting between us, stopping and nodding his head. We both got up. As I rose from behind the table he came hastily forward and helped me into my coat and picked up my suitcase, looking pointedly at Forbes all the while, to show that he, Cortona, was more caring and attentive than Forbes was. And Forbes met his eye with his tight-lipped, arrogant smile. I waited till Forbes was beside me and then I let Cortona precede us. I could tell that it annoyed Cortona, who would have wanted me to walk with him, with Forbes tagging behind.

As we walked out, I remembered something I had once heard about the Maharaja of Nepal, who had an anteroom in his palace in Kathmandu where visitors who came with petitions and demands were required to wait. The room was lined with distorting mirrors, convex and concave, diminishing or enlarging, but always rendering the beholder as a grotesque monstrosity. The room, though apparently designed to amuse those who waited there, was calculated to make them feel ridiculous and humble before they were admitted to the presence of the princely ruler. And while we went along the landing and descended the stairs I thought that during all my marriage I had seen myself as reflected by my husband, as inadequate and humble, and had taken it for granted that this was my true image, so I had no right to expect his interest and esteem.

Outside, Forbes and I stopped while Cortona went to his car, and he looked at me for a long time. "Are you still thinking of Mont Blanc?" he said at last. I did not reply. I noticed for the first time that his eyes were brown and not pale gray like Gordon's, which had reminded me of stale ice on a wintry river.

Cortona drove up and stopped before us. "The car doesn't run well," he said again, getting out.

"But you'll soon get a new one," I said. "That's good."

He said, "It's not good, because the new car will be just as ugly as this one." And we both started to laugh. I

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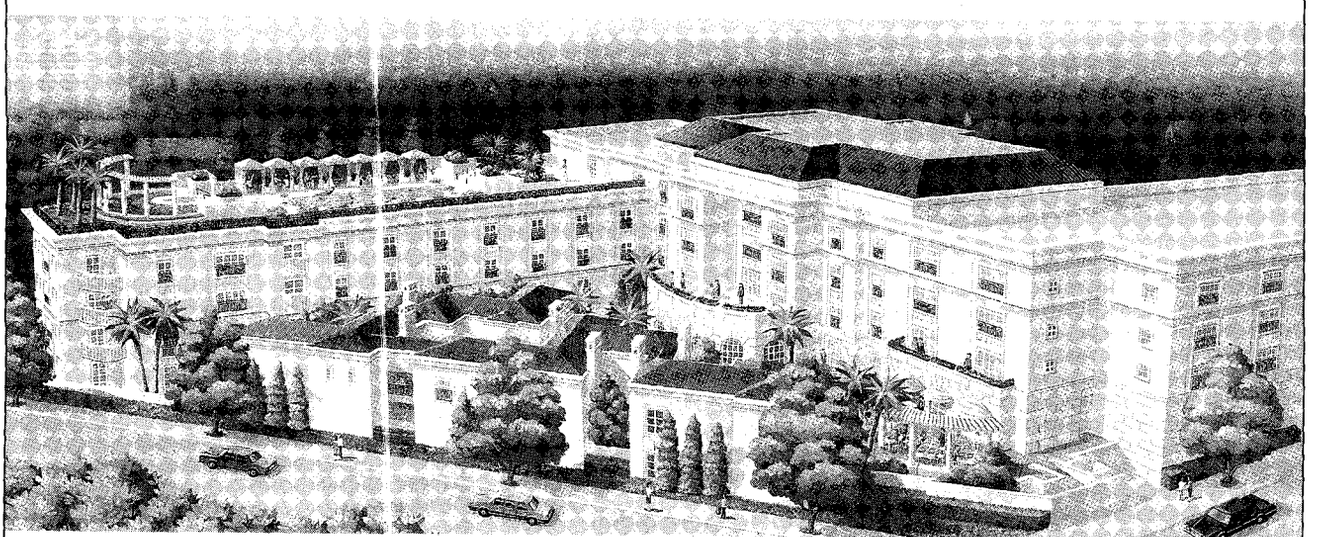

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was glad of that, for his sake—happy to share a joke from which Forbes was excluded.

Cortona held the rear door open, and Forbes got in and sat in the back seat. I knew I must not get in with him. It would be unforgivable to let Cortona be alone in front as if he were our driver. Forbes ostentatiously leaned back in the far corner, filling all the space available with his diagonally outstretched legs, and making no move to close the door. Cortona slammed it shut under his disdainful glance.

I got in front, and as we started off I said, to Cortona, "I was given such excellent coffee in your office. I was quite amazed. Was it brewed or out of an urn?"

He said, "Out of an urn. Reserved for our special clients." He looked pleased. It occurred to me that Forbes had not been served with coffee. I had been speaking Italian with Cortona, and I wondered whether Forbes had understood. It came to me, of course, that I was being attentive to one man in order to disconcert the other. I looked over my shoulder at Forbes' sarcastic countenance, and I said, in English, "I was just remarking that I got such excellent coffee at their place."

"Why did you say that, slap on, about my being so young?" he said abruptly.

"But you *are* young," I said.

"That's no answer. Why did you say it?"

I said, "I can't possibly tell you."

He said, "If you think that our chap here understands a blessed word of what we are saying, you are mistaken."

I said, "I wasn't even thinking of that."

"I want to know," he said.

"Don't be silly," I said.

"I am silly, and I want to know."

I said, "It's to do with your voice on the phone. It's— I made a mistake. I couldn't tell your age from your voice. I thought you were older. Forty-two or so."

"I'm beginning to see. But not quite yet."

"Let it be."

He said "You were trying to figure me out. What I looked like."

"Yes."

He was silent. I said, "No, I wasn't trying to figure out what you looked like. I didn't have to. Because I knew."

He said, "You are telling me you knew what I looked like? Before meeting me?"

I said, "Of course I did."

"And do I look like what you knew I'd look like?"

I said, "Of course, but—"

He said, "But younger. That's it."

Startled by his astuteness in penetrating me, I said, "But your eyes are wrong. They are brown. They should be gray."

"I stand convicted for being young instead of forty-odd and for having brown eyes instead of gray," he said. "Not Dr. Richardes redivivus, was it to be? Hubby?"

I said, "Don't be beastly."

"Who was it?" he persisted. "How long ago? Hunter's Lodge vintage?"

"I can't possibly tell you," I said again.

He said, "You can possibly tell me. And you know as well as I do that you will tell me in the end if I keep at it long enough."

I said, "That's true. You have not only his looks. You have—the same way of torturing me."

For a while we were silent. Then I said, in a louder, brighter voice, for Cortona's benefit, "*Lascia perdere*, as the Italians say. Let it go."

Looking at Cortona, I saw that he was pleased. He seemed to have gathered that Forbes had been tiresome and that I had snubbed him.

WE stopped at last in front of a shed and Cortona, with attentive speed, came running to my side of the car to open the door for me. Then, seeing that Forbes made no move on his own, he opened the rear door as well. Watching Forbes get out without a sign or word of thanks, and then straighten his magnificent shoulders and throw out his wide chest while he looked into space, I thought that in Cortona's place I'd have hit him.

We entered the windowless shed. It was bare and brick-walled, with a stone-paved floor smeared with damp earth and streaked with grease. There was a long trestle table in the center of the room, and an old-fashioned slope-fronted standup desk in one corner.

Forbes said, "There's our reception committee," raising his chin toward a group of elderly, morose workmen, perhaps half a dozen of them. Some were lounging against the table, some leaning against one wall. In the gloomy twilight, with their earth-colored, muddy-looking clothes, they could have been posing for a picture by Cézanne. None of them moved. They were pretending not to have seen us.

"Bright-looking lot," murmured Forbes, and Cortona, crossing over to the desk in the corner and placing on it a ledger he had brought with him, cast him a resentful look, guessing the nastiness of his remark.

"How do you speak to him?" I said to Forbes. "Have you spoken to him yet? Does he speak English? I suppose he must have some commercial English."

"How should I know?" Forbes said. "He does believe that he speaks English. His very own brand."

There must have been a door in a hidden space at the rear of the shed, because now I saw a crate being carried in by four of the men and put down lengthwise on the trestle table.

The workmen stepped back, and two others came forward. The crate's lattice of wooden laths was hammered at, splintered and broken, and flung on the floor. The sacking beneath it was ripped off. There stood revealed a beautifully made tin trunk, about five feet long, undented and glossy, with the black-painted metal shimmering red and green like the backs of some beetles. One of the men said to me, "I'm telling you, this chest is valuable. It's worth more than anything you have inside it."

I would not have been surprised if Forbes had been thinking in the same vein, suspecting me of having lured him to Chiasso on false pretenses, now that he had prized out of me what I had never intended him to know.

I said, "You know, I've seen only snapshot pictures of those candlesticks. But I do remember them as being filthy black."

"Oh, I like it black," Forbes said caressingly. And I saw myself with Gordon, standing in front of his door, saying what I had been saving up to say all evening, in the pub and during dinner, and looking forward spitefully to his being disappointed: "It's no go, tonight. I've got the curse." And how stunned I was at his reply: "Oh, I like women with the curse." I said, "You

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mean, you will?" And he said, "Of course I will."

One of the men, crouching by the chest, had been hammering with his fists at the hinges, and now said to me, "Have you got the keys for the padlocks?" I shook my head. I recalled the two cigar boxes, in a drawer in the desk at home, filled with keys with purposes unfathomable to me, but each known and meaningful to my husband, who had disdained labelling them. The man rummaged in a bag on the floor by his side, and took out a long, clawed metal bar. We listened in silence at the grinding, squealing, and screeching as the locks were burst open.

Forbes gave a short laugh, hard and bright. The man who had been crouching was now on his feet, with one hand clutching the other.

Still laughing, Forbes said, "Look, now he's hurt himself. He's bleeding. Now he's running outside. Now we've got to wait till he's stopped bleeding. What a nuisance."

Disconcerted, I raised my face to his ironic, knowing smile. I smiled, too. I felt myself blushing. I knew I should have shown distress and concern. It was like a duel between me and Forbes. He was forcing me, wordlessly, to admit that I was not nice—that I cared as little as he did. I saw his hard smile change into one of indulgent amusement, and I seemed to be once more with Gordon, who, after torturing me to make me admit one of my ugly, shameful secrets with his relentless questions, disregarding my reasonable explanations and finding the true meaning behind my senseless and foolish remarks, would then be delighted and take me to his bosom. Forbes said, solicitously, in utter contrast with his former hardness, "But aren't you getting cold, standing here on this damp stone floor?"

We both looked down at our feet, standing so well-behaved side by side—my pretty white boots, with the sheepskin forming a white, frothy rim above my ankles, next to his dark-brown, laced leather shoes, and I was flooded by a deep gratitude I had not felt since Gordon's death. We did not speak again or look at each other till the chest was prized open and the lid raised

I HAD expected to see a layer of wood shavings, or that synthetic straw used by professional packers, or sheets of corrugated cardboard. There was, instead, an expanse of linen—white, fawn, pale blue, and all creased and tired-looking. Forbes said to me, over his shoulder, "Someone's shirts and pyjamas," perfidiously reminding me that he knew I was violating my husband's wishes. He kept his eyes on me a few heartbeats longer, and then moved to the rim of the chest and swept off the swaths of linen. I saw him bending over some tightly packed rows of woolly nests—brown, black, gray—which I suddenly recognized as my husband's rolled-up socks. Forbes did not seem to be taken aback. Bending low, he delved speedily among the socks, bringing some out and unfurling them unhesitatingly. His wide shoulders were blocking my view.

I went and stood close behind him. On the ledge of the table, near the chest, there was the silvery glitter of flat, square, and oblong cigarette cases, already a half dozen or more, each different. While I tried to count them he kept unrolling one sock after another, each time yielding one more case. I stopped trying to count them.

I picked up one of the pieces, worked in a pattern of basketweave. "Oh, God, look at this," I said in dismay. "All this modern rubbish. It's nothing—just its weight in silver."

"And who are you to cast contempt on this glowing example of patients' gratitude to their beloved doctor?" he said, with mock solemnity. Then, in his ordinary voice, he said, "Don't worry," and again gave his faint laugh. "I told you I'd take everything." He went on digging and probing in the depths of the woolly nests, with a calm greed that made me shudder. I watched his hands—pale and lean, with long, bony, square-tipped fingers—and sensed that my shudder came from the voluptuousness of a forced surrender. I felt Gordon's fingers probing and penetrating me, and I heard Gordon say, "I never go myself where my hand has not gone before."

Trying to hide the tears I felt welling up, I turned away, dabbing at my eyes, and then slid out and replaced a few of the tortoiseshell hairpins that were stuck in the twisted strands of the chignon on the nape of my neck.

"Now," I heard Forbes say, and he drew in his breath sharply. Then, in a very low voice, "I've got the Odiot."

When I turned to Forbes, he was standing motionless and upright by the

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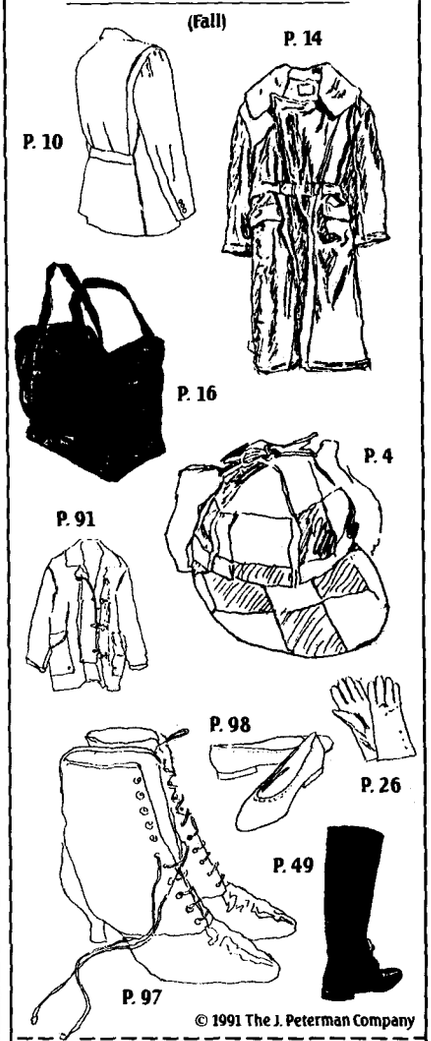

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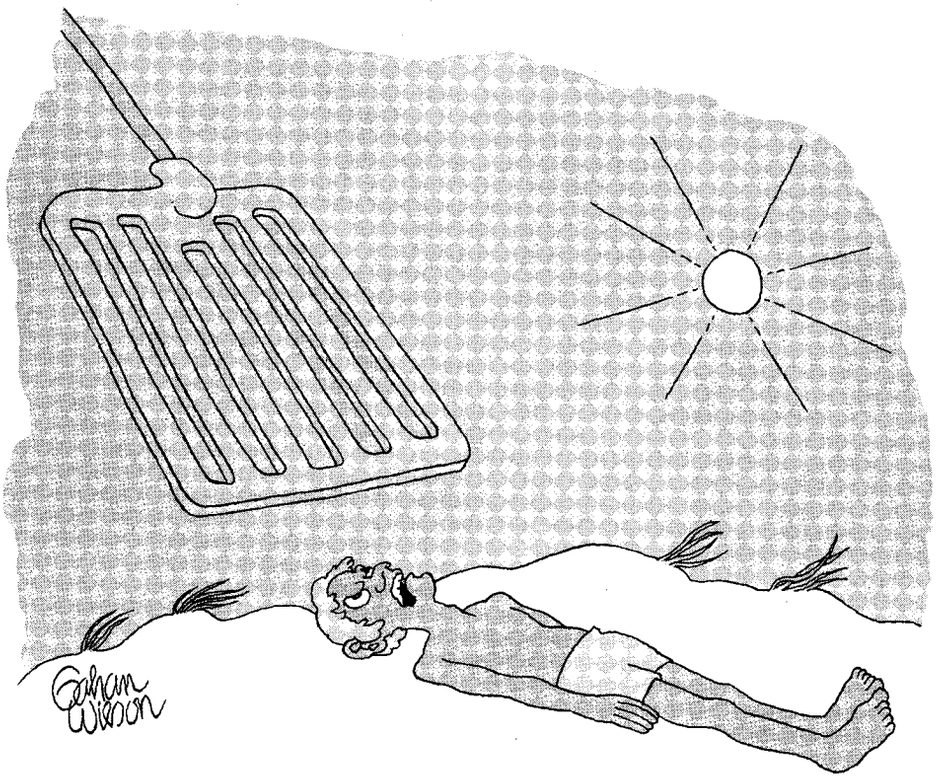

"High time!"

• •

table. As though for my pleasure, he had swiftly placed the teapot on its stand and had grouped the jugs and bowl around it like a wreath. In one glance, I took in fluted, bellied curves and embossed garlands of leaves and dog roses. A rage of disappointment flooded over me. Instead of the austere swanlike elegance of the Napoleonic silver I had been visualizing, I was met with the cozy prettiness of some opulent merchant's tea set. There weren't even the engraved initials that would have told us it had been manufactured to order.

"Not even a crown, or a coat of arms," I said.

"You thought your—"

"No, no," I said brusquely. "It came to my husband from his sister. She bought it, God knows where."

He said, "As an investment, obviously."

"What on earth did my husband imagine he got?" I said. "Empire, my foot."

"It's 1860," he said without hesitation. "You won't get more than fifteen thousand francs for it."

I said, "So what? It's not the— You understand."

"Yes, yes," he said, soothingly. "But it's quite pretty, really. Look, it's got that plug on the chain attached to the stand, with the hole on the side, you see. That's for keeping the tea warm on the stand—now, isn't that nice?"

I said, "Don't be beastly. My uncle had an oil sketch by Rubens, but when he took it to Christie's they said it wasn't; it was by a contemporary of Rubens. But that's different, whereas here a child of five could have—"

He said, "It happens all the time."

I went over to Cortona, at his desk. He pointed to the cover of one of the files, and said, "I see the payments are all from a trust account and signed with your name, but with no initials."

Greatly relieved, now that I was safe from any quibbles, I said coldly, "Oh, yes, didn't you know? I took it for granted you knew." And I showed him my credit card, on which my full name was printed. It bore a hologram picture of a man, which disappeared when the card was moved, like a fold of *changeant* taffeta, which shifts color with each change in the pleating.

When I returned to Forbes, he was considering a pair of tall candlesticks he had brought forth in the meantime. He seemed more upright and at leisure. "They aren't Renaissance, they're Victorian," he said. "You can't pretend surprise over this. You had a jolly good intuition—you told me on the phone, you'll recall."

We stood silent, gazing at the blackened silver: the square, down-tapering columns, two feet tall, topped by head and shoulders of figures—one nymph, one faun—each with upraised arms, bearing rings to hold the candles. And reminded of my husband, robed in towelling, already in his own stele, I seemed to be looking at his face modelled in tarnished silver. But another feeling arose in me, as well—a revulsion against an ancient, bawdy joke. As we know, nymphs and fauns are not to be held in awe. They are minor rural deities, given to frolicking among wooded grounds. As painted and sculptured through the ages, the faun leers and the nymph looks frightened. The faun is forever the chaser and the nymph the victim, and though the outcome of their encounter is certain, their amorous situation feels both transitory and nasty.

"They are not really done in the manner of Renaissance grotesques," Forbes said. "I'd say they were realistic portraits—an old boy and a girl."

"Ghastly," I said. "And they'll be even more repulsive-looking once they are cleaned up."

"Their very ghastliness makes them intriguing, don't you see?"

"The girl doesn't look so bad, though," I said. "She's just a teen-age floozy—a salesgirl behind the jewelry counter at Woolworth's. A thin young vixen, and anemic. She's never had enough to eat. And they've gone all out on her hair—lots of work there, all those curls and waves and tendrils and loose wisps down the shoulders."

He said, "And yet you are terribly upset. And disgusted. Why is that?"

I did not speak.

He said, "The nymph doesn't disgust you, does she, though?"

"No, of course not," I said. "Why should she? She doesn't look like me."

"And yet you are upset. Disgusted. Why is that?"

I did not speak.

He said, "The nymph doesn't look like you, so she is inoffensive. Shall we go a bit further? Shall we say that it is the faun who is the trouble, because he looks like someone you know, doesn't he?"

"It's just that he is so old," I said, avoiding his eyes. "He's about sixty, and I thought fauns were young."

"He is about sixty," he said. "Shall

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we say he is about the age your husband was when you got married?" He waited and then went on. "He does look rather like your husband, doesn't he?"

I said, "But my husband never had this revolting goat's beard. He was clean-shaven."

He said, "Very well, but let's get to the bottom of this. What is it that reminds you particularly of Dr. Richardes?"

I said, "The superior leer. The way he raises his head—I can just see him saying to someone, 'You are an ignoramus, you have no right to discuss this subject.' "

"That is not what hurt you, in particular, though, was it?" he persisted. "What is it that you find so shattering?"

I said, "The spite and malice. But smiling always, pretending he was being humorous and kind. It's a hidden malice, like when he made out he was impoverished—and I believed it. And he did it so as to take this miserable tiny flat we had at the last, and to make me work. Fifteen hours a day I was on my feet looking after him, and not even a char or a part-time nurse to take over."

"An old man and a young wife," he said. "It was his way of tying you down, to make sure you didn't walk out on him. 'Till death us do part,' don't you know."

I put both my hands over my eyes. I said, "Don't torture me."

He said, "It's all over now. Look at me."

I looked up at him with trembling lips. He said, "You are in my hands now. I'll do what I want with him. I'll sell him down the river, the way he never wanted to be sold. I'll get rid of him once and for all. I'll take everything away from you, and there is nothing to worry about. My shoulders are wide enough."

Looking up at him, I recalled Gordon, after he had made me surrender one of my shameful secrets, saying, "My sweet child, you don't know the pleasure you are giving me." And then, as so often happened, after I had tried perversely to evade what I was longing for and had made him obtain it by force, he would say, when I returned from the beyond, "That wasn't so bad, now, was it?"

FORBES took a small magnifying lens out of his coat pocket. "My loupe," he said, and, bending over the faun, he gave a swift scrutiny down one side of the face. "I can't help being intrigued by him," he said, shaking his head. "Very fine, delicate work here, all this crosshatching, and the wrinkles."

I said, "I wonder if his sister—Maybe she bought the candlesticks as a joke, because of the likeness, to make him stand up on the mantelpiece, holding the candles. They didn't get on, you know."

He said, "How did your husband get hold of the candlesticks?"

I said, "She gave them to him, with the Odiot, to settle a debt."

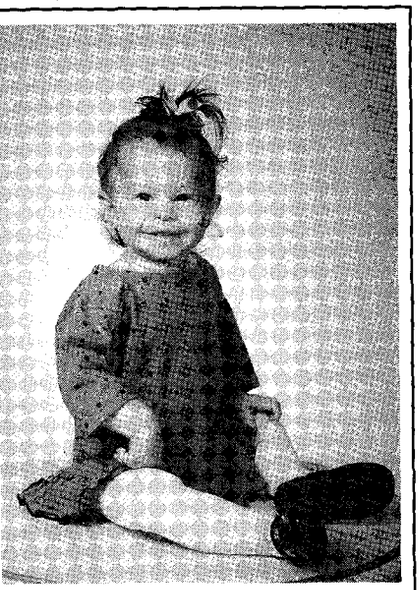
He said, "But he left you his heir, entirely and absolutely, of all he possessed, didn't he? You told me on the phone."

I said, "Yes, of course."

I went and stood at his side, as he drew out of the chest, with contemptuous speed, a salver and two jugs. "This one is only plated," he said, after barely glancing at it. "Now we are scraping the bottom of the barrel, and here are your rattles, three of them, just as you told me on the phone. Flimsy, and poor workmanship. 'Behold the child, by nature's kindly law/ Pleased with a rattle, tickled by a straw,' I don't think. Away with them to the rubbish dump in Zurich!"

I went out and stood beneath the eaves, staring into the curtain of rain, and I thought of Gordon, greedy to penetrate my thoughts and my body. Gordon the sailor, the slinky, slippery, slithery fish, who had slipped into his watery death in the bathtub, his blood mingling with the water, and had drowned before the blood had ceased to flow from his wrists. And I thought of Forbes, the agent—the sliding go-between, the delver, the searcher, the finder—seizing, unwrapping, and disentangling the silver others had worked and fashioned, and then letting it glide through his bony, grasping fingers, passing it on, letting it go.

When I went back inside, the table was blank and empty, and the chest closed. Forbes and Cortona were standing by the desk, bending over some files, talking. Forbes came to me, saying with contained anger, "The fellow wants such a high insurance." Cortona joined us, and we watched the workmen seal the edges of the chest with transparent tape. Cortona handed me a pen and asked me to sign my name in two places, across the tape, and as



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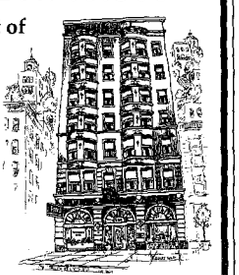

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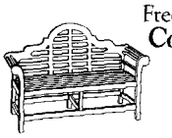

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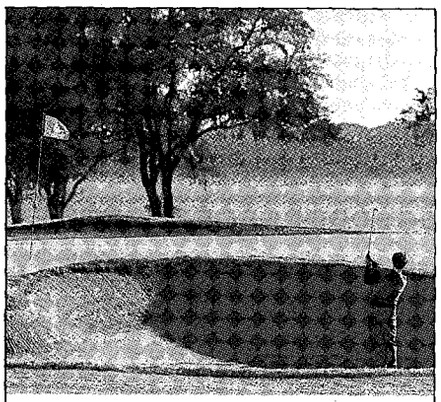

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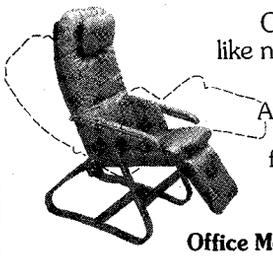

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I did Forbes, smiling arrogantly, murmured, "You wouldn't believe it—these precautions. That fellow will wet his pants next."

When we left, Forbes again seated himself in the back of the car and made no move to close the door. Cortona shut it with deliberate slowness, as though just having caged a dangerous beast and wanting to make sure it was safely locked up.

Cortona got in and said, "Where do you want me to take you?," and I said, "To the station, please." He did not ask Forbes. The hostility between the two men was such now that I was convinced that had I not been present Cortona would have driven off, leaving Forbes in the desolate country, in the rain.

In front of the station building, Cortona handed me my suitcase with a gravely deferential bow, and I thanked him with heartiness and repeated my goodbyes, as though finding it hard to part with him. Forbes stood a few paces away from us, pointedly aloof, gazing into space. I glanced at him sidewise, then turned and stood facing him and lifted my gaze to his. Our eyes met. His lips twitched, sardonic, triumphant. He did not speak.

I raised and lowered my shoulders, and went through the glazed station doors, which slid open at my approach and slid closed behind me.

MY return journey was unremarkable until after the halt in Como, when the doors of my compartment were wrenched apart by a young man, thickset, with black curly hair and black-rimmed glasses and an inquisitive, canny, impertinent air, bearing a strong resemblance to an Italian journalist I had recently met. The intruder, waving a cigarette in front of his face, said, in English, "Anyone here who can give me a light?"

It was a nonsmoking carriage, and the passengers, all elderly, small-town Northern Italians, looked at him as though rendered speechless by some obscenity he had uttered. I opened the jaws of my handbag, saying, "Here," and held my lighter out to him. He took it and enclosed it in his fist.

"How many languages do you speak?" he said unexpectedly.

I said, "Five."

"So do I," he said. "Five or six."

"That's fine," I said, wondering whether I'd ever see my lighter again.

"What are you?" he said, still standing before me.

I said, "Never mind."

"Where were you born?"

I said, "In a bed."

"You are utterly fascinating," he said. "Tell me what you are."

I said, "Light your cigarette and begone."

He said, "I shall not light my cigarette till you tell me."

Though no one in the compartment had moved, and none were glancing at me, I could feel their concerted pressure on me to get rid of the intruder, who kept looking at me with his fleshy face creased in an impertinent grin.

Forbes, too, had made it plain, in the unspoken dialogue between us, that he had been intrigued by me. He, too, had wanted to find out my birthplace and my background. He had tried to find out my age as well, though it must have been plain to him that I was almost twice as old as he. But, not getting any farther, since I did not volunteer any of this information and he could not demand it, hemmed in as he was by his upper-class breeding, he had penetrated instead into the crooked and involuted paths of my inner maze, where everything was dark, bewildering, and mostly shameful. And now I was faced with this stranger, an emissary sent by Forbes to ask the questions Forbes had wanted to ask, and to extort my answers.

"Very well," I said. "I was born in Prague. And Prague is in Bohemia, so I am Czech. And that is the last you will get out of me."

He stepped into the corridor, lit his cigarette, and came back and gave me the lighter with a delighted grin.

All the other passengers in my compartment got out at Milan, and I was then joined by a youngster, who, reading "Richardes" on the label of my suitcase, fell at once into excellent American English. The trouble with foreigners, he told me, was that they all thought he was Italian. But he was not Italian—he was Milanese. The worst of all foreigners were the young girls, because they spoke stupidly and made impossible romantic demands, wanted a Latin lover and all that rot. For the rest of the journey he kept telling me why he was not going to commit suicide.

—EDITH TEMPLETON

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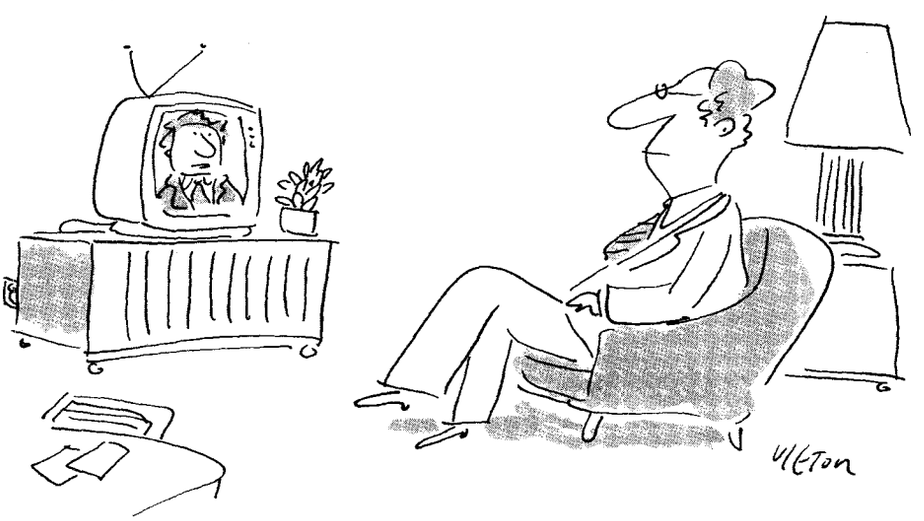
A REPORTER AT LARGE

AIR WARS

THE war in the Persian Gulf last winter neatly coincided with another brawl, which, although it was fierce, was an anomaly, because it set ally against ally. Even as the United States and Britain were rekindling the so-called special relationship by standing shoulder to shoulder in the Gulf, in a manner reminiscent of the Second World War, they were being driven apart by an improbable dispute over which two—and no more than two—American airlines should be allowed to fly into and out of London's Heathrow Airport. A second oddity was the bilateral nature of the quarrel. These days, most commercial disputes involving America and Europe, or some part of Europe, are judged to be multilateral, and must be thrashed out between Washington and the machinery of the European Community, or E.C., in Brussels. Air services, however, constitute one of the last of the truly bilateral affairs—and, according to a senior American diplomat, "the nastiest and most convoluted." Anglo-American relations, in particular, have been periodically shaken by flaming rows over air services. Recalling the last such episode, a British diplomat says, "All guns were drawn in Whitehall, and chaps were walking about with a macho swagger. Everyone was ready to do battle." Disputes over soybeans or frozen poultry never achieve a similar intensity, possibly because big airlines are seen not as ordinary companies but as extensions of the flag. Also, airline managers are by and large an exceptionally tough, hard-charging bunch, and their take-no-prisoners approach to one another seems to rub off on many of the officials, diplomats, and other civil servants who regulate air services between countries.

At stake, literally, in the recent battle was the survival of Pan American World Airways and Trans World Airlines, the most financially distressed of America's various wobbly airlines. Also involved were the two biggest and strongest of this country's carriers—American Airlines and United Airlines—and British Airways, the premier international airline. With Pan Am in bankruptcy court and sinking fast, and T.W.A. not far behind on the slippery slope, stronger carriers, like American and United, had been eying their profitable international routes hungrily. The most lucrative such routes have long been those which connect major American cities, or "gateways," to Heathrow, the world's busiest international hub: more flights depart from Heathrow to North America, Continental Europe, Asia, and Africa than from any other airport. Although the United States constitutes at least half of the world air-travel market, American carriers feel that to survive they must compete worldwide. Pan Am and T.W.A. are the oldest and best known of this country's international carriers, whereas American and United are relative newcomers. Pan Am considers itself second only to Coca-Cola in name recognition around the world. But experience and lustre alone could not sustain the competitive positions of Pan Am and T.W.A., and in the last decade or so a combination of mismanagement, a little bad luck, and aging fleets led to shoddy service and the over-all decline of both carriers. The biggest beneficiary of their decline was British Airways; competing against its two American rivals in their own market provided B.A. with sixty per cent of its revenue. Moreover, nothing, it seemed, could or would affect B.A.'s enviable position, since a fourteen-year-old bilateral agreement called Bermuda II restricted access to Heathrow from the United States to B.A. itself and the two weak sisters. The agreement was tightly written, and it stipulated that if any one of the three airlines should disappear its Heathrow access could be acquired only by a "corporate successor," as distinct from some other carrier. The agreement delighted Pan Am and T.W.A. by limiting their competition to B.A.

Just how the Americans maneuvered themselves into such a plight is worth pausing over briefly. In 1977, Bermuda II succeeded Bermuda I, an Anglo-American agreement that had been worked out in 1946 and had become the model for most international air-services accords. Bermuda I was a brief but seminal document, providing for air services not just between the two countries, as previous arrangements had, but between their cities, and specifying the airlines that would fly the various routes. It also laid down pricing regulations and licensing standards for the carriers. All was well with the system until the latter nineteen-seventies—a time when the recently deregulated airline industry in America was expanding lustily in all directions and intimidating foreign competition. Britain watched the Pan Am-T.W.A. share of the London market rise alarmingly. B.A., a state-owned airline then, was rapidly losing ground, and the British decided to act. On June 22, 1976, they notified



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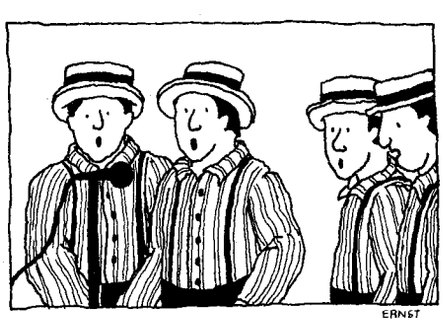
Washington that Bermuda I would be null and void one year thence.

During the ensuing Bermuda II negotiations, it was agreed to limit access to London from the United States to just one American carrier from each of the various gateways, along with one British carrier. Boston, for example, lost its Pan Am flight to Heathrow, and was left with only the T.W.A. service. At that point, however, the Massachusetts congressional delegation, led by Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill, who was then Speaker of the House, and Senator Edward Kennedy, intervened; Washington quickly set about restoring service between Boston and London by a second United States carrier. A price had to be paid for that, of course. By then, the British had created a series of traffic-distribution rules, or T.D.R.s, for their airports, one of which restricted access to Heathrow to B.A., Pan Am, and T.W.A. In 1980, the Americans formally accepted this restriction as an addendum to Bermuda II. The flights to London by other American carriers would have to land at Gatwick—a less convenient airport, especially for travellers making connections with flights from Heathrow, the hub. "It is that kind of short-term thinking that saddles us with the kind of problems we have now," a senior American official said during the recent dustup with the British.

In January of last year, Cecil Parkinson, who was Britain's Transport Secretary at the time, and was a special favorite of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, came to Washington and spent a day with Samuel K. Skinner, the Secretary of Transportation here. Their two departments had tried for five years to arrange access for American carriers to British regional airports. The Americans were especially eager to fly in and out of Manchester, a growing market. The British price had always seemed too high, and Parkinson's visit was intended to dispose of the matter. But what really concerned Skinner then was the position of Pan Am, in particular, and of T.W.A.: both were losing ground steadily to B.A., and looked as if they might not survive, in which case America's access to Heathrow could be in jeopardy. Skinner raised the issue of "Heathrow succession"—of allowing other carriers to acquire the Pan Am and T.W.A. routes to London. Parkinson offered to find out what flexibility he might have in relaxing the constraints on American access to Heathrow.

In July, Parkinson reported to Skinner that he had little flexibility. America's access to Heathrow was restricted not only by Bermuda II but also by one of the T.D.R.s, which were British law and, as such, would supersede any new bilateral agreement even if one should be reached. As is often the case with an impasse, the parties agreed that Heathrow succession was, in the words of an American bureaucrat, "a downstream problem that ought to be solved before it got out of hand." But it was already getting out of hand, and then, on August 2nd, Iraq invaded Kuwait. Skinner says, "The price of fuel went up, traffic went down, and Pan Am's slide became a plunge. I recognized that Pan Am and T.W.A. might not survive. Events beyond their control had accelerated their problem. They decided within three weeks of each other to sell their London routes." Late last October, United Airlines announced that it was buying Pan Am's rights to fly between Heathrow and five American cities—New York, Washington, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Seattle. The purchase price, of four hundred million dollars, also covered Pan Am's "beyond rights"—the rights to fly from Heathrow to eight European cities. A few days later, Robert L. Crandall, who runs American Airlines, called Carl Icahn, the corporate raider, who was also T.W.A.'s chief, and agreed to pay four hundred and forty-five million dollars for T.W.A.'s six Heathrow gateways: New York, Boston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Baltimore-Washington. Both transactions were conditional: Bermuda II would have to be amended, and the British would have to alter or abolish their restrictive T.D.R.; also, two departments of the United States government—Transportation and Justice—



would be required to bless the route sales.

None of these hurdles looked formidable at the time. Washington's approval was judged little more than a formality. Persuading the British to accept a swap of one pair of American carriers for another pair at Heathrow would be more complicated but, it seemed, hardly insuperable, since failure to complete the deals would mean, quite simply, an abrupt end to Pan Am, the most illustrious American-flag carrier, and one that had been providing service to Britain for more than forty years.

TO find an Anglo-American quarrel as fierce as this one, it would be necessary to go back nearly three decades, to the infamous Skybolt affair, which erupted in November of 1962. President John F. Kennedy and Prime Minister Harold Macmillan were as close as any two leaders of America and Britain have ever been, not excepting Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher. They tried but failed to stay above the battle that began when America decided, because of the cost, to cancel the development of Skybolt, a thousand-mile air-to-ground ballistic missile that Britain was counting on to maintain its nuclear deterrent. The Skybolt clash, the world later learned, was caused by a breakdown in communications—a failure on the part of each of these close allies to understand the other's position. Much the same could be said of the latest dispute. To survive, Pan Am would have to repay a loan of a hundred and fifty million dollars from Banker's Trust by March 8th—the same day on which it was also obliged to pay a heavy fee to Europe's Airbus Industrie for aircraft being flown under a lease arrangement. If Pan Am was unable to sell off its London routes, it would be unable to pay these debts and would have to suspend operations. Washington did not think the British would use the ticking clock to extract benefits that they would not otherwise have obtained. Mrs. Thatcher, that most pro-American of British leaders, would hardly permit an American icon to fall victim to a war that was for her a great Anglo-American enterprise. In the past, it was said, she had occasionally asked Reagan to soften, or even change, his Administration's stand on some matter that affected British Airways. (Accord-

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ing to an official in the Department of Transportation, Reagan once ordered the Justice Department "to deep-six an antitrust action against British Airways"; she was believed to have called him.) And Washington, the story goes, had never asked for reciprocity. However, the British, scenting a rare opportunity, couldn't believe that anyone seriously expected them to permit America's two mega-carriers to replace Pan Am and T.W.A. without heavy reciprocal benefits for their own airlines. They were indifferent to Pan Am's fate, and keen to put America's feet to the fire.

Some people, on both sides, still say that matters would never have got out of hand if Mrs. Thatcher and Parkinson had remained. "Parkinson led Skinner to believe that he wouldn't use Bermuda II against us," a closely involved American official says. "I remember his words: 'We will not take unfair advantage of that.' It seemed inconceivable to us that the British would block a deal to save Pan Am. And never in my wildest dreams did I envision a wish list of the kind that British Airways cobbled together."

Mrs. Thatcher fell on November 22nd, and Parkinson resigned a week later. John Major, the new Prime Minister, replaced him with Malcolm Rifkind, a lawyer, who is generally regarded as a far abler and tougher figure; a one-time Minister of State in the Foreign Office, Rifkind is experienced in international negotiation. Regardless of Parkinson's comforting words to Skinner during the summer, however, the British line would have hardened even without the change of governments. British Airways, too, was suffering from the war in the Persian Gulf; like its American counterparts, it was hemorrhaging cash by flying half-empty wide-bodied airliners around the world. By February, it had sacked or put on part time seven thousand employees, mothballed new aircraft, suspended orders worth nearly two billion dollars, and announced plans to sell some of its other widebodies.

"Why would B.A. take a hundred-million-pound hit on the bottom line when it confronts the worst crisis in its history?" an executive of the London merchant bank Kleinwort Benson asked during a conversation with me in London about the effect on B.A. of the proposed exchange at Heathrow of United and American for Pan Am and T.W.A. "B.A. has very much enjoyed having Pan Am and T.W.A. as competitors," he continued. "They are using precious slots at Heathrow but not offering much competition. This is a service industry. Pan Am and T.W.A. have acquired dodgy reputations. United and American will be able to offer top service." Probably more important, he and others noted that United and American would be able to exploit extensive hub-and-spoke networks in America, which Pan Am and T.W.A. don't have; the industry's term is "behind-gateway feed." The British concern was that a Heathrow-bound traveller from virtually anywhere in the United States could get there in easy stages via an American or United flight starting from a conveniently situated local or regional airport. This same traveller, the British argument ran, would not choose, or would cease to choose, B.A. when booking a flight to London.

The British side—ministers, diplomats, and various airline executives—took obvious pleasure in the situation. "For once, Britain is not *demandeur*," one diplomat said. And Rifkind said, matter-of-factly, "We're not in a hurry. Our American colleagues are." The Americans were caught up in the huge mistake they had made a decade earlier, when they agreed to restrict United States access to Heathrow to a pair of mortal entities. Clearly, reliable access to Heathrow, Britain's plum, would have to be granted; in return, however, Britain would insist on far greater access to America's plum, its bountiful but heavily protected internal air-travel market. Buying control of a large American carrier—Delta, Northwest, or U.S. Air—would provide the best and most direct access to this market. But American law limits foreign control of a domestic airline to twenty-five per cent of voting stock. The next-best means of access, the British felt, would be to acquire "cabotage"—a maritime term for the right to transport people (or cargo) from one point in a foreign country to a second point in that country. If Britain were granted cabotage, B.A.'s planes would be able to operate like a domestic carrier—to hop about the United States, picking up and discharging passengers, and carrying many

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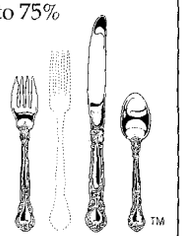

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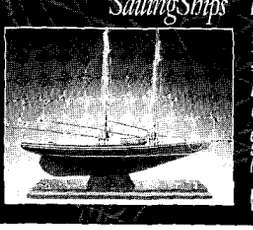

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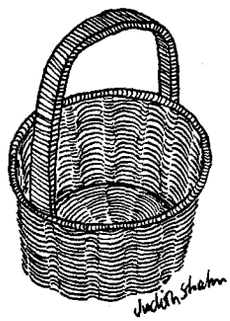
of them to and from Britain. But cabotage, too, is ruled out by American law. And the British knew, of course, that even if the Bush Administration asked Congress to consider changing the laws against foreign ownership and cabotage the legislative process would far outlast negotiations that had to be completed by March 8th, Pan Am's drop-dead date with its creditors. So "inward investment," the euphemism for foreign ownership, and cabotage were never on the table during the negotiations, although the British side affected to believe that anything less was small beer. "If we can't buy our own network—the elegant and simple solution—we must put Band-Aids over the wound," one B.A. figure commented during the negotiations. Lord King, who runs B.A., spoke in similar terms. "U.S. carriers see Europe as an extension of their market," he said. "But our nineteen gateways in the U.S. are not much good if I can't pick up passengers in Chicago, say, and fly them to New Orleans." He was referring to cabotage, but made it clear that his higher goal was to gain de-facto control of a big American airline, and that he would keep pressing to do so.



No one trifles with Lord King, a powerful seventy-three-year-old Tory politician whom Mrs. Thatcher chose more than ten years ago to lead B.A. into the private sector, where the carrier prospered until the Gulf War. King had been a highly successful industrialist, and he helped Mrs. Thatcher with union problems in the early days of her tenure. A rather jocose manner conceals a very tough and resourceful character; he is used to getting what he wants. His airline, he told me last February, is the biggest private-sector employer in the London area. Last summer and fall, the American side had feared that King would intimidate the British negotiators in the talks that lay ahead, if not actually write their instructions; a B.A. representative, they knew, would be allowed to sit in. At one point, the *Guardian* commented, "British Airways, with Lord King still at the controls, is in the thick of it. Age does not lessen his relish for the fight." King was unsympathetic to Pan Am, which, he said, needed no help in going bankrupt. "It seems very skilled at doing that. Pan Am has persistently sold off the good bits and held on to the bad bits." Most airline people would agree.

The major offstage presences on the United States side were American Airlines and United, which have been for decades the most intense rivals within the airline industry. Their main competitors at home—Delta Air Lines, U.S. Air, and Northwest Airlines—see them as hoping to dominate the North Atlantic and the Pacific so as to widen their considerable domestic advantage, and even to dominate the domestic market and perhaps create a duopoly. Together, they already carry more than a third of the passenger traffic within the United States, and each seems bent on expanding faster and farther than the other, even though industry analysts see the current period as a poor one for expansion. In the last quarter of 1990, American and United, between them, lost more than half a billion dollars; Eastern Air Lines disappeared; Continental Airlines filed for bankruptcy; Northwest and U.S. Air postponed growth plans and cut their work forces.

The rivalry between American and United extends to their leaders—American's Crandall and United's Stephen M. Wolf. Besides being the hardest charger in his peer group, Crandall is widely regarded as its most skilled member. However, he made a colossal mistake, as he freely admits, by missing the chance to buy Pan Am's Pacific routes when he could have done so, six years ago. Instead, United bought those routes and thereby acquired its biggest advantage over American. United is now the No. 1 United States carrier in the Pacific; the Chicago-Tokyo route has become its most profitable. Conversely, American's major vulnerability is its modest Asian presence. "The Pacific is the only problem I don't know how we're going to solve," Crandall said recently in an interview in *Business Week*. United has a similar problem in Latin America, where it lacks a foothold. American is a considerable presence there, because Crandall bought Eastern's sprawling Latin-American network and its Miami hub.

Skinner thinks that anywhere between three and seven United States carriers will remain once the rough-and-tumble of the market finishes weeding out the weaker ones. He said as much to Washington's National Press Club in January—about midway through the negotiations with the British, which much or most of the airline community was judging harshly, primarily because a successful outcome would benefit a few airlines at the expense of the many. The benefits would be bestowed on the two strongest carriers, whereas the price that Britain would exact—much greater access to the United States market—would be borne by all United States airlines. And if, as advertised, airline deregulation was built on the Darwinian principle, why was Washington so keen to rescue Pan Am and T.W.A.? "Those guys are dragging down the whole system," one airline analyst said. "Why give them Band-Aids when a tourniquet, or even a heart-and-lung machine, won't work?" The answer, one of Skinner's critics said, was that, with Eastern already gone, "Skinner wanted to avoid having three dead-airline carcasses on George Bush's watch."

Skinner is straightforward, self-confident, and in full command of the arcana of transportation issues. He is a lawyer from Chicago and is reputed to be close to Bush, having served in 1980 as co-chairman of his Illinois campaign for the Republican Presidential nomination and in 1988 as his campaign director there. When he was asked about the apparent illogic of trying to keep alive the lame and the halt, he replied by turning to the other side of the coin—the need to prepare for more competitive days ahead by helping United and American. "It's not a free and open market," he said. "I wanted two strong carriers going into Heathrow and being ready for the E.C. in '92." Here he was referring to the supposedly more liberalized—hence more competitive—air-travel market that Europe is to have after the E.C. completes its transition to a single commercial entity, at the end of 1992. An executive from Delta, the third-largest United States carrier, taking strong exception to Skinner's thinking, said to me, "Skinner seems to think he is transitioning our industry into the global arena. His idea is that if we are to be competitive there, he must put the first team on the field. He is creating

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a duopoly. Most big United States carriers are trying to get gateways to international hubs. The idea has been to maximize the competition for these. But now Skinner is giving two carriers eighty per cent of the British market and sixty per cent of the London gateways." Service to London constitutes close to forty per cent of the North Atlantic market, and Delta, furious, complained loudly. Other big carriers also protested, but in a lower key; they saw that the die was cast, and tried to limit the damage that they themselves would suffer.

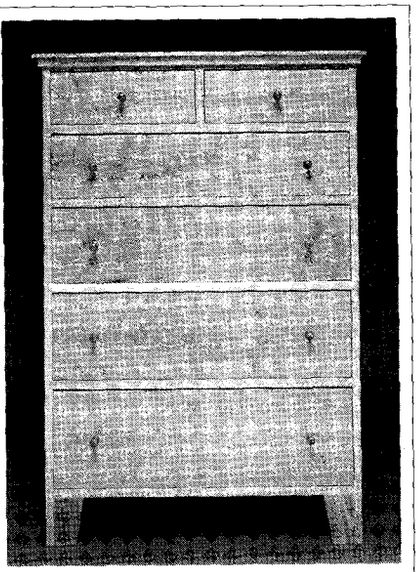
Skinner was unimpressed by Delta's argument. "Delta backed away from [buying] Continental's Pacific routes," he said. "And it didn't bargain aggressively for London"—the Pan Am and T.W.A. routes. "It had a chance to play and chose not to."

BECAUSE so much was at stake in the negotiations, Bush and Major kept in touch with them but they took no part in the decision-making. Six rounds of talks, lasting three and a half months, became Skinner's show on the American side; he made the decisions, large and small, although Deputy Secretary of State Lawrence C. Eagleburger was also heavily involved, and the United States delegation was led by a diplomat, Charles Angevine. In London, the decision-making process was less clear, but it appears that Lord King was not as robust an influence as had been expected, and that Rifkind, Skinner's opposite number, called the tune.

The opening round of talks was held, on November 27th, at the State Department, in Washington. (This and all five succeeding rounds were held in stuffy, windowless conference rooms either at State or in the British Department of Transport, in London.) The Americans arrived with a very short wish list; the British presented them with a long one. Besides arranging to substitute one pair of carriers at Heathrow for another pair, the American side wanted mainly to obtain access to London for other United States airlines; Heathrow was closed to them, but Gatwick and Stansted, London's other airports, were available, provided the British were willing to accept more competition over the North Atlantic. They were unwilling, they said. A member of the United States delegation explained to me last winter, "We were trying to take care of the needs of some of our other carriers. But Skinner decided to take that off the table." And why did he do that? "We were persuaded that having things on the table gave us no leverage" was the reply. "Our best chance for a solution, on the basis of what they were telling us, was to make a deal—a deal confined to Heathrow for the U.S. side."

The idea of a deal—of paying any price for a simple substitution—was unacceptable to a large part of the airline community, and at first the American side considered telling the British precisely that. Skinner says that he had been prepared to play hardball, if necessary. "I asked our lawyers to explore our options if Pan Am folded," he says. "I was prepared to recommend to the Administration that if Pan Am did fold, then for every flight it had put on the ground at Heathrow we would cancel one of B.A.'s here and also denounce the bilateral"—the accord with Britain. The British were supposedly put on notice that the United States would take extreme measures if it was denied justice. Later, when the dust had begun to settle, I asked a closely informed British diplomat whether his people had taken account of any such warning. He sounded as if they clearly had not, and said, "That would have been the end of civilization as we know it."

The United States side was initially disconcerted, even appalled, by the size of the British wish list and the scale of potential benefits it contained. First, the British wanted to operate another of their carriers from Heathrow to the United States, thus matching what the Americans had. Second, they wanted the right to "double-track"—to have two British carriers operating from various American gateways. Third, they wanted their airlines to have their names and connecting flights displayed on computerized reservations screens in the United States; this so-called code sharing, an important marketing tool, would allow British airlines to obtain revenue from whatever connecting flights their passengers might make on American carriers. Fourth, the British wanted so-called fifth-freedom rights in Latin America, Asia, Canada, and Australia. Diplomats who are called on to negotiate air-services agreements have to learn about the various airline freedoms. The first four



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are straightforward, covering the right to overfly another country, the right to land and refuel there, the right to deliver passengers from the airline's homeland to another country, and the right to pick up passengers in that country and return to the airline's own country. A fifth freedom, more recently developed, covers the right to take passengers from the airline's homeland, Country A; deposit them in Country B; and, in addition, pick up passengers in Country B and carry them on to Country C. The British were seeking permission to fly people from London to their American gateways, pick up passengers there, and take those passengers to various cities in Latin America, Asia, Canada, and Australia.

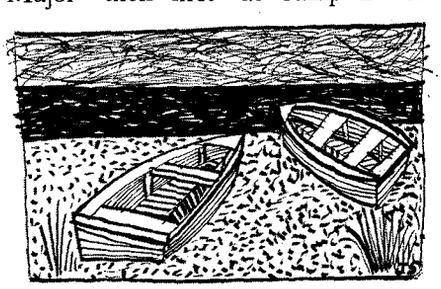
All the above items on the wish list were considered negotiable by the United States side. A second British carrier operating between Heathrow and the United States was agreed to. Double-tracking was acceptable in principle; there remained only the question of the number of American gateways that would be affected. (The parties eventually agreed on four.) Code sharing was also agreed to in principle, with details to be worked out. And the same was true of fifth-freedom rights, although the parties were far apart on the number and the identities of cities in other countries to which Britain would be granted fifth-freedom rights in America. There was precedent, however: Pan Am had extensive fifth-freedom rights from London, and Britain already had some limited access to Canada and Latin America from gateways in the United States.

It was the two other items on the British agenda that gradually turned this affair into a brawl. First, the British insisted on "capping the capacity" of United and American if those airlines were to replace Pan Am and T.W.A. A cap would mean limiting the number of United and American flights into and out of Heathrow to no more than the number Pan Am and T.W.A. had. "United and American planes are much fuller, so if they could have more frequency they would have double benefit," said Rifkind, who, the Americans maintain, invented this condition himself. United and American were strongly opposed to any serious constraint on their plans, and so was Washington. There was no precedent for a freeze on capacity, but the British were unyielding; the issue became the single greatest obstacle to an agreement.

The other major source of discord turned on Britain's demand for so-called seventh-freedom rights between Continental European countries and America. (The sixth freedom is the right to convey passengers or cargo between two foreign countries provided the aircraft also touches down in the airline's own country.) A seventh-freedom right would allow British Airways, say, to fly passengers nonstop from Paris, say, to New York, without touching down at Heathrow or Gatwick. B.A. clearly saw seventh-freedom rights as the way to become a multi-hub carrier in Europe, just as its American competitors were at home. The United States had once extended such a right to Iceland Air, to promote the chances of renewing an agreement concerning an Air Force base. Otherwise, there seemed to be no real precedent for seventh-freedom rights in air-services agreements.

The big American carriers, already feeling left out, liked nothing of what they heard about the talks. Double-tracking would hurt, because a second British carrier would be competing in four major American cities. The code sharing would hurt, one airline figure said, "because it affects our behind-gateway feed." Suspicious eyes saw enlarged fifth-freedom rights as foreshadowing more competition in certain rich overseas markets. But seventh-freedom rights, if they were to be granted, would be an outright blow to American carriers operating from Continental Europe. "Take Paris, T.W.A.'s biggest European gateway," an official in Washington said. "T.W.A. is going to run smack into British Airways there."

THE second round of the negotiations, which was held in London on December 20th and 21st, coincided with a meeting between Bush and Major—their first—at Camp David.



The Heathrow-succession issue was on Bush's agenda, and, according to a British account, he expressed strong concern about it. Major, according to this account, said that the question was considered urgent. Nonetheless, the second round was largely a replay of the first. The British stressed the Rifkind condition—capping capacity—and the Americans argued that it would oblige them to pay a huge price for a deal that would hobble United and American while leaving British Airways unconstrained and able to expand at its own pace. Assuming—wrongly—that the British were trying to create leverage by being tough, the American team ruled out restrictions on capacity and also ruled out providing seventh-freedom rights. But the British were serious; their negotiating team told the Americans to go back to Washington and get better instructions.

On Wednesday, January 9th, Bush called Antony Ackland, the British Ambassador, and Robert Strauss, whom he has just nominated to be Ambassador to Moscow, and proposed taking them to dinner at a Chinese restaurant that evening. Strauss is a political guru, an elder of the Democratic Party, and one of Washington's premier lawyer-rainmakers. He has represented American Airlines for more than a year. Over dinner, the Heathrow issue came up, although how much of the conversation was devoted to it is unclear.

Both the Americans and the British were using terms such as "Let's pretend" and "What if" to characterize the negotiations. The point was that unless Heathrow I, the traffic-distribution rule that restricted American access to Pan Am and T.W.A., was modified or abolished no deal would be possible. In September, Cecil Parkinson had asked Britain's Civil Aviation Authority, the statutory adviser to the Transport Department and an independent agency, for a recommendation on what to do about Heathrow. Many airlines—British, American, Asian, and European—were seeking access. Sustaining the restrictions would mean scuttling the deal on successors to Pan Am and T.W.A., with implications that defied immediate comprehension. Removing the restrictions, some experts said, would mean a mad scramble for slots at Heathrow and, in effect, chaos.

In mid-January, when the teams met for the third round, in Washing-

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ton, the C.A.A. had still not given Rifkind the recommendation that Parkinson, his predecessor, had asked for and that interested parties on both sides of the Atlantic were anxiously awaiting. By now, the American position was studiously accommodating on all the items on the British list except limited capacity and seventh-freedom rights. The British were unmoved.

On January 22nd, the C.A.A. spoke: Rifkind was advised to scrap the traffic-distribution rules at Heathrow and, in effect, create a free market in slots there. The front offices of many aspirant users of Heathrow rejoiced at the decision, but British Airways took it badly. "Rifkind's department sent this ball into the C.A.A.'s court," Lord King said, with some asperity. "Back it came, and now he is stuck with it." Rifkind was in the position of having to make a far-reaching decision about Heathrow—a vital national asset—and the related question of whether to allow the Pan Am-T.W.A. succession and on what terms. "Rifkind has been given a poisoned chalice," one British airline analyst said. "Lord King is Machiavellian, and as agile in the corridors of power as anyone in London."

Although Rifkind took his time before ruling on the C.A.A. recommendation, the negotiation had more or less lost its "What if" quality. It also reached its nadir during the fourth round, which was held in London at the end of January. First, the British side added a new agenda item—the right to take part in the frequent-flier programs of American carriers on terms no less favorable than those of the sponsor. "This was tossed in as an essential request," a member of the United States team said. The Americans saw, or thought they saw, Lord King's hand behind this disconcertingly aggressive ploy, and the British side did not disabuse them of their suspicions. B.A. was already participating in United and American frequent-flier programs, and was clearly worried about being frozen out once all three carriers were competing over the North Atlantic. The United States side had come to London hoping that the British might be ready to pocket what was on the table and, in return, show some give on seventh-freedom rights and capping the capacity of the American carriers. But the British had no give;

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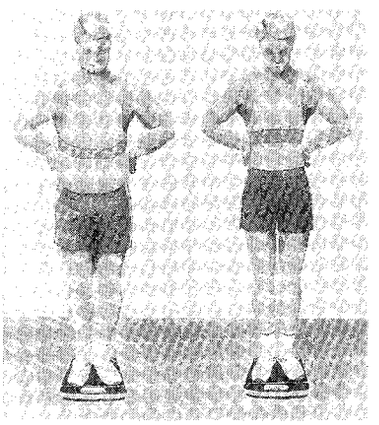

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as before, the negotiation was stuck fast on those two issues, and on the morning of January 30th the American delegation collected its papers and flew back to Washington.

Each side tried to play down the abruptness of the American departure. A British diplomat spoke of "manipulated and exaggerated headlines," such as "BREAKDOWN IN TALKS." He said the talks should be seen as "a classic bare-knuckled bilateral negotiation in a time of multilateralism." He did concede that "a lot of ill will was being generated." For a time, it seemed as if the dispute had become a personal matter between Skinner and Rifkind.

"At first, the U.S. side said it was just a simple succession—a technical point," Rifkind said. "They no longer say that, and our point is no longer in dispute."

Skinner struck at the British in early February, when B.A., beset by recession and the war, sought to cut ticket prices for American customers. Skinner blocked the fare reduction. (All new fares affecting flights between America and Britain require approval by both countries.) Rifkind characterized Skinner's action as "perverse."

I asked Skinner how rancorous matters had become.

"It was not business as usual in international aviation," he replied. "For the first time, we disapproved discount flying into this country. That caught everyone off guard."

A Pan Am executive described the situation as "a pissing contest between Rifkind and Skinner."

In the days following the breakdown, or apparent breakdown, in London, I spoke with numerous figures on each side. What they said pointed up not just the gulf between the two positions but, as in the Skybolt affair, the absence of insight on either side into the reasoning and the sentiments that underlay those positions. A British Airways official said, "The U.S. sees this as just a matter of changing the stripe on the airplanes. We see it as a game in which we make all the concessions. And we don't accept that our wish list is so great. Owing to U.S. statutes, we are legally barred from competing on a fair and equal basis"—a reference to foreign ownership and cabotage.

I asked him about the frequent-flier issue, noting that American carriers would presumably do as they pleased with their programs.

"We need to be a full participant in a frequent-flier program and a network," he said. "And the U.S. government has ways of suggesting to American carriers what ought to be done."

I asked a member of the United States team about that.

"We can't intervene with the carriers," he said. "We do fear that United and American will throw B.A. out of their programs. We think we are negotiating with ourselves. We've offered a rich package, but the British are saying, 'If we give you succession, we get everything else.' So we took everything on our side off the table. We seek nothing for our other carriers. We took that step reluctantly. It's time for the British to start negotiating and to think about Heathrow, their economy, and the relationship between the two countries."

I asked whether the Administration's gratitude to the British for the large role they had been playing in the Persian Gulf—second only to the American role—might be a factor.

"They haven't had to mention the Gulf crisis," he replied. "They hold the high cards, but the war is the icing on the cake. The implicit assumption is that the U.S. is not about to get into a dogfight with our partner in the Gulf."

Airline executives on both sides weren't so sure. "Rifkind is saying, in effect, 'I'm going for as much as I can get,'" a senior executive at United said. "Skinner is saying, 'I've drawn a line in the sand.' Rifkind will be remembered as the man responsible for Pan Am's demise. If there is no deal, sanctions will be taken against British Airways."

THE American side—Skinner—had elected to play tough by putting the talks on hold. The British were thrown off stride by the American departure from London on January 30th, and they urged a prompt return to the

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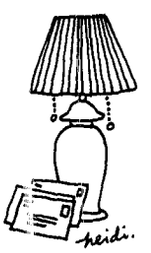
table. The American tactic was to give them a month or so to consider the implications of failure. Pan Am might fold. February 28th, the date chosen by the United States side for a resumption of the talks, in Washington, was scarcely a week before Pan Am would have to make good on its obligations. If it was unable to do so because of a failure to complete the transaction with United, quite clearly there would be reprisals against British Airways. "Pan Am's survival cannot be the sine qua non that drives our policy," one United States negotiator said. "And neither can Heathrow, as valuable as it is because of its connections with Africa and the Near and Far East." During the hiatus, the American and British Ambassadors had numerous conversations with senior officials in the respective capitals. Secretary of State James A. Baker and British Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd discussed the problem. Heavy hitters from Washington's corps of lobbyists were involved, including, on American's side, Strauss, of course, and Craig Fuller, who had been Bush's chief of staff when Bush was Vice-President, and is expected to manage his campaign for reëlection next year. United was represented by Kenneth Duberstein, who was Ronald Reagan's last chief of staff, and William Coleman, who is a member of the Pan Am board and served as Secretary of Transportation in the Ford Administration. Coleman and a law partner named Debra Valentine went to London during the four-week hiatus and talked to both Rifkind and Lord King; Coleman did not mince words.



As February 28th approached, one encountered a widening range of hard-edged opinion. Diplomats thought that the parties, by behaving like a pair of alley cats, had made matters unnecessarily difficult. One diplomat—British—said, "This isn't so difficult technically, or even politically. It needs a lowering of the rhetoric. Our position is that your nearly bankrupt airline is your problem, not ours. But we do want to deal." Most airline executives in this country were appalled by what the United States team had already offered the other side, but one worldly Pan Am figure disagreed and was critical of his own colleagues and of Washington. "This deal was supposed to be approved by February 15th, and no one knows or remembers why," he said. "Americans have been very unrealistic in thinking that the U.K. would just roll over. The view at Pan Am is that we have served the U.K. for forty years, and the British won't forget and will have to do this"—help save Pan Am.

There was little more the United States side could offer the British other than a volte-face—a willingness to take up the issues that had been out of bounds: a freeze on the capacity of United and American at Heathrow; seventh-freedom rights; and the frequent-flier problem (an embarrassing one for the British). The other items had been largely disposed of to Britain's satisfaction. From all sides, the pressure to cut a deal was building rapidly, since the consequences of failure had suddenly loomed up and seemed inadmissible. The heaviest pressure against a deal was coming not from the aggrieved carriers that felt left out but from Senator John Danforth, of Missouri, the ranking Republican on the Senate Commerce Committee. Danforth was convinced that the sale of T.W.A.'s profitable London routes would leave the carrier less attractive to some potential buyer and assure its demise. He viewed Carl Icahn as an asset-stripper, who would be content to liquidate T.W.A. piece by piece, with Missouri the big loser. T.W.A., Danforth says, accounts for eighty-two per cent of the traffic at Lambert Airport, in St. Louis. Also, he points out, T.W.A. and the airport together are the state's biggest employer. With lesser intensity, other members of Missouri's congressional delegation supported Danforth's truly impassioned efforts.

Each side would have to show flexibility. For the British, that meant putting some distance between their approach to the endgame and the exigent stand of British Airways. For the Americans, it meant accepting some restrictions on the capacity of their two carriers at Heathrow and extending some seventh-freedom rights. The strategy, more exactly, would be to seek the kind of limit on capacity that United and American could live with—some loose, largely meaningless cap—and pay for this comfortable arrangement in the coin of seventh-freedom rights. As is usually the case with endgames, the strategy didn't emerge

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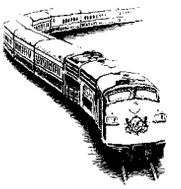

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at once but developed instead over the last days before the next round of talks began.

Around mid-February, the United States side handed the British a so-called non-paper that indicated some give in its position on the issue of limiting the American carriers at Heathrow. Also, underlings on both sides worked hard to promote telephone contacts between Skinner and Rifkind, and, finally, one conversation did lead to the resumption of the talks. By that time, the United States side had been made aware that whatever was done about the C.A.A.'s recommendation concerning Heathrow would be enough to allow United and American to succeed Pan Am and T.W.A. there. (On March 5th, Rifkind actually approved the full C.A.A. recommendation, thereby turning Heathrow into a free market for slots.)

Given Pan Am's imminent rendezvous with some of its creditors, the United States side intended to reach an agreement in one round of talks—extended, if necessary, so as to be completed by Friday, March 8th, Pan Am's deadline. Pan Am's management and at least one board member were exhorting the United States side to finish up by midnight on Thursday, the seventh, fearing that an agreement reached on Friday might not allow Pan Am enough time to deliver the money to Banker's Trust before it closed its doors for the weekend. But the talks broke off again on Friday, March 1st, with the head of the British team, David Moss, returning to London for fresh instructions. Moss was back in Washington on March 6th, and that day he had lunch with some of the key figures on the United States side. It was agreed that talks could resume the following day; thus, March 7th, the day that Pan Am and its adherents had hoped would end with an agreement, became instead the start of the endgame, which, as it turned out, took four more days to play out. As for Pan Am's deadline, Banker's Trust and Airbus Industrie extended it for a few days to see if the talks would produce a deal.

As before, there were just two serious issues—the cap on capacity at Heathrow and the seventh-freedom rights being sought for British Airways. The frequent-flier question stayed on the table until nearly the end, solely in deference to B.A.'s understandable worry that its competitive position vis-à-vis United and American would be damaged, perhaps seriously, if its participation in their frequent-flier programs was cancelled. United and American, after being consulted by the United States side, declared that the frequent-flier issue was outside the province of the negotiation, because it was a strictly commercial matter. The British side thereupon told B.A. that it took the same view, and noted, further, that the item had not been on B.A.'s original wish list. With perhaps equal relief, the two sides then buried the frequent-flier issue.

Moss hadn't returned to Washington with much additional bargaining room, and the Americans didn't have much, either. Each side was being hard pressed by its carriers on the capacity cap. B.A. continued to push for the tightest possible restriction, whereas United and American were by this time ready to concede all the other points to the British in return for agreement on a cap they could live with. As the parties soldiered on through Thursday, Friday, and the weekend, the heads of the two delegations found themselves repeatedly telephoning their leaders—Rifkind and Skinner—for instructions. By then, the British team had convinced itself that obtaining seventh-freedom rights for B.A. in Western Europe was more important than capping the capacity of its American competitors. The calculation of the British experts was that B.A., as a truly global airline, needed to acquire one or more European hubs in addition to Heathrow. The right to fly directly to the United States from cities like Paris, Frankfurt, Amsterdam, and Brussels would be a big step on the true path for B.A., they reckoned. To put it briefly, in the long run seventh-freedom rights into the United States would be more useful to B.A. than a highly restrictive cap on United and American, even if B.A. itself couldn't quite believe that.

A cap at Heathrow hardly concerned the carriers that couldn't fly there. However, the idea of seventh-freedom rights' being granted to B.A. did unsettle them, partly because they saw it as an undesirable precedent and, more important, because it could lead to non-stop B.A. flights into the United

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States from Europe's major airports. Nonetheless, when the negotiators sat down on Thursday seventh-freedom rights were on the table. In an effort to allay American sensitivities to the precedent-setting effect of what they were seeking, the British began referring to seventh-freedom rights as "offshore fifths"; there was plenty of precedent for fifth-freedom rights. The United States side agreed to accept one non-stop British flight per day from Ireland, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg, but continued to resist extending this right to flights from Belgium, France, and Germany. That wasn't good enough for the British not if the cap at Heathrow was to be a loose one—that is, uninhibiting. Friday came and went with no further progress. On Saturday, Skinner was called, and he agreed to extend the seventh-freedom privilege to cover those other, larger European countries. His concession helped, but the British wanted still more. One flight a day to the United States from the smaller countries would be adequate, they said, but not from the larger ones. Meanwhile, the parties argued about the cap—especially about what constituted "temporary," since by then the United States side had agreed to accept a temporary restriction on what American and United could do at Heathrow.

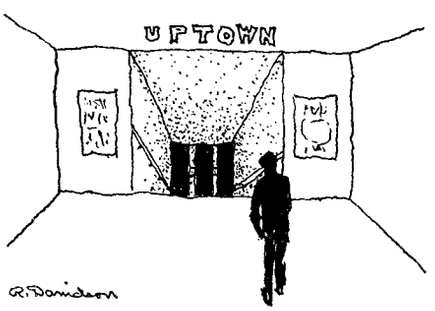
Hard bargaining on Sunday brought agreement within reach, and on Monday morning it was pinned down. Britain would be allowed six flights a day into its American gateways from France, Germany, and Belgium together, as well as the one each from the three smaller countries that had already been agreed to. "They made it easier for us to accept the seventh-freedom rights by calling them offshore fifths," a member of the American team said a bit later. (This comment puzzled me then and still does.)

If the British could not have asked for much more in the way of seventh-freedom rights, the Americans succeeded in getting an all but meaningless cap on capacity. "Temporary" was defined as three years. During that period, United and American would be limited to the same number of flights anually that Pan Am and T.W.A. had been allowed for 1991—a larger number, actually, than the two carriers had flown in the preceding year, and larger than they required. Pan Am and T.W.A. had already filed applications for that number of flights on behalf of their successors, United and American. Moreover, it was agreed that United and American would be allowed as many flights from Heathrow to the United States as British carriers would have.

Each team was pleased with the outcome. "Those seventh-freedom rights are B.A.'s future," one British negotiator exulted. His American colleagues took satisfaction in Pan Am's reprieve and in the absence of serious restrictions on United and American. Also, a member of the American team said, "Skinner seemed to want to make a deal because of the Persian Gulf and to avoid having to make reprisals."

However, most interested parties didn't like the outcome. Lord King told his shareholders on the very day of the agreement that it would reduce B.A.'s profitability. "The capping is not restrictive enough," said one B.A. executive, and he also expressed less enthusiasm for the seventh-freedom rights than the British negotiators did. He observed that these rights cannot be exercised until various European governments—notably France and Germany—join in approving what the United States has granted. "It is like buying a pair of shoes one shoe at a time," said this B.A. executive, who knows that the approval of the other governments will not be without cost. A British diplomat said, "B.A. sounds unhappy. Pay no attention. They got a lot of what they wanted, but no airline is ever satisfied."

Within the United States airline community, the reaction was openly hostile. Only United, which had been on a roll, sounded content. "Skinner placed two strong U.S. carriers in competition with a strong British carrier," Lawrence Nagin, the senior vice-president and general counsel of United, said. "The U.S. had to pay for that. No matter how much we sit and wring our hands, there had to be a price." By contrast, American's Bob Crandall, who might appear to have been the other beneficiary, echoed the prevailing view, and with characteristic bite. "The price ought to have been zero," he said. "These route rights are held by countries, not airlines. Bermuda II—limiting our rights—was a wacky thing to do, and naming the carriers was even wackier. We should never negotiate a limitation on our rights. Under international law, the U.S. has the right to reassign these routes. British Airways is paying nothing for its rights to operate here. Second, Pan Am was going into liquidation. You shouldn't make a deal that will be on the books for many years in order to give a few months of life to a company that has been dissipating for years. They should have been allowed to go into liquidation. We didn't have to make a deal. Skinner could have retaliated, if necessary, by closing down B.A.'s access here. He told me he would have done so."



CRANDALL and Nagin both appear to be partly right. The sensible course was making a deal, not threatening reprisals, and a deal, as Nagin suggested, does exact a price. Skinner's deal, as he said, allows America's two strongest carriers to improve their competitive position internationally. Crandall's argument against negotiating on behalf of terminally sick carriers also has force. Airline deregulation, after all, was supposed to promote competition among the strong, and to cull the weak. "Pan Am's problem was the driving force," a British Airways executive says, with perhaps some exaggeration. "The U.S. gained the minimum and did not win rights in London for its other airlines." And an official of one big American carrier says, "Even in bankruptcy, Pan Am still thinks it knows more than everyone else, and still spends money as if it had it. That is the gossip of airline people and airport general managers."

In observing that route rights belong to countries, not airlines, Crandall made another good point. But I was surprised to hear him make it: airlines are possessive about routes, and American is no exception. A senior British official who was willing to be quoted on most of our conversation talked about route rights on the condition that he not be identified. "United and American are paying a huge price for something that is not a right," he said. "It is a permission, but is treated as a

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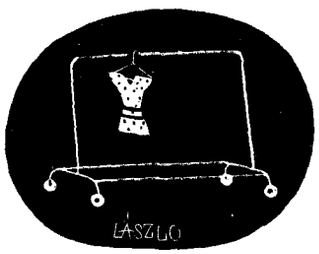
property right. We should be the ones they are paying, not Pan Am and T.W.A."

Airline permissions are, of course, extended through formal, government-to-government agreements that are deplored by the officials who negotiate them. (There are almost fifteen hundred such agreements.) Jeffrey N. Shane, the Assistant Secretary of Transportation for Policy and International Affairs, has said, "The most important trade barriers in the aviation sector are established by formal . . . agreement. I'm talking about agreements, for example, that allow a government to tell an international airline that its fares are too low. . . . Foreign-government regulators have even told our airlines that because their business-class sections were too comfortable—too few seats abreast—they were required to increase their business-class fares." He had many more examples, and his statements were echoed by Rifkind, who describes the airline industry as combining the most modern state of the art with rules straight out of Byzantium.



The issues and pressures that confront people like Rifkind, Skinner, and Shane are complicated and often intensely political. But any air traveller, whether a frequent or an infrequent one, who was made aware of the struggle would issue a cry from the heart for more competition—more airlines competing for his trade. The traveller has seen the putative benefits of airline deregulation being swallowed up by a few mega-carriers—notably American, United, and Delta—which can do with him or her pretty much as they please. A member of the Senate who strongly supported airline deregulation and has many years of experience with airline issues says, "Competition has almost been eliminated. Instead of long flights' subsidizing short flights, as they used to, short flights now subsidize the short flights."

Deregulation lived up to its billing during the first few years, when a cluster of small new carriers did promote competition and drive down the fare structure, some analysts say, but most of the small ones were unable to survive fare wars, and the problem now is that there is both too little deregulation and too little regulation: an environment in which a few big carriers are dominant—an oligopoly. "You can't compete if you don't have access to gates—if the big carriers can deny that access or if there are too few gates and too few runways," one analyst says.

Airport infrastructure is suffering along with the rest of America's infrastructure; the effect limits airline capacity, hence competition. A recent article in the *Wall Street Journal* reported that "at 18 major airports, a single airline controls 60% of the passengers. No airport was so dominated before deregulation." And competition is further limited by the relationship between the carriers that dominate hub airports and the airports themselves. Although these are owned by the public, the carriers have what is known as a "majority in interest." It is supposed to mean that a carrier can veto any step by an airport authority if the step would curtail rights that had been extended to the carrier. Typically, however, the thrust is broader, and can mean, for example, that in return for the carrier's support on a city bond issue the airport authority will not use borrowed capital for expansion or make other moves to create competition unless the moves have the carrier's approval. An airline that holds a majority in interest—examples include Delta in Atlanta, American in Dallas-Fort Worth, U.S. Air in Pittsburgh, and T.W.A. in St. Louis—may insist on setting the fee for leasing or subleasing gates. A hub airport needs numerous gates and extensive facilities, but its dominant airline, if it chose, could veto a new terminal. Much of what a majority in interest allows would be considered a restraint of trade if the parties concerned were two airlines instead of one airline and an airport authority.

The interests of the big airlines and those of air travellers may be less divergent than deregulation has made them appear. Competition is being stifled by deregulation, but agreements like the one that emerged from the skirmish with the British will promote competition. This affair lacked the panache and the center-stage presence of the Skybolt dispute. But it engaged the public interest far more clearly, and that is its significance: it offered large benefits and no downside to the air traveller, who is, in fact, the major beneficiary. In nailing down hard-won seventh-freedom rights, Britain will have to work out deals with France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Germany, and other countries and, in time, all of their national carriers. In time, all of them could be flying non-stop from one another's airports to their American gateways. Indeed, it may be that sooner or later the various airlines that traverse the North Atlantic will be able to fly wherever they like and do as they like about fares and schedules. If so, the passenger will be assured of having a large menu of flights, lower fares, and better service. Similar benefits may develop from talks that the United States is currently having with both Canada and Britain on "liberalization" of air services. The British position is that a condition of further progress will be a relaxation of United States law on foreign ownership of an American airline. And Congress, if it amends that law, might just as well take the collateral step of giving foreign airlines cabotage—the right to fly from one American city to another. Again, the traveller can only applaud Britain's goals. Allowing larger foreign ownership would help the badly strapped American carriers to provide the new equipment and the improved service that are needed to stay competitive. "Everything we do is aimed at liberalizing the market," Jeffrey Shane says. "But we can do that only by selling access to our markets. The U.S. market is the candy store for one and all." The effort to liberalize this market is a recognition that the people who constitute it are being poorly served by the air-transport system.

JUST three days after the battle for the Heathrow succession was settled, it reawakened to a short but epic afterlife. On Thursday, March 14th, the Department of Transportation announced that it was "tentatively" approving the transfer of only three of T.W.A.'s London routes instead of the full six that American expected to buy. American would be awarded routes to Heathrow from New York, Boston, and Los Angeles—the three most profitable—but, the department noted, "if American were to serve the Philadelphia and Baltimore markets, it would have little incentive to develop or promote these gateways, since it would

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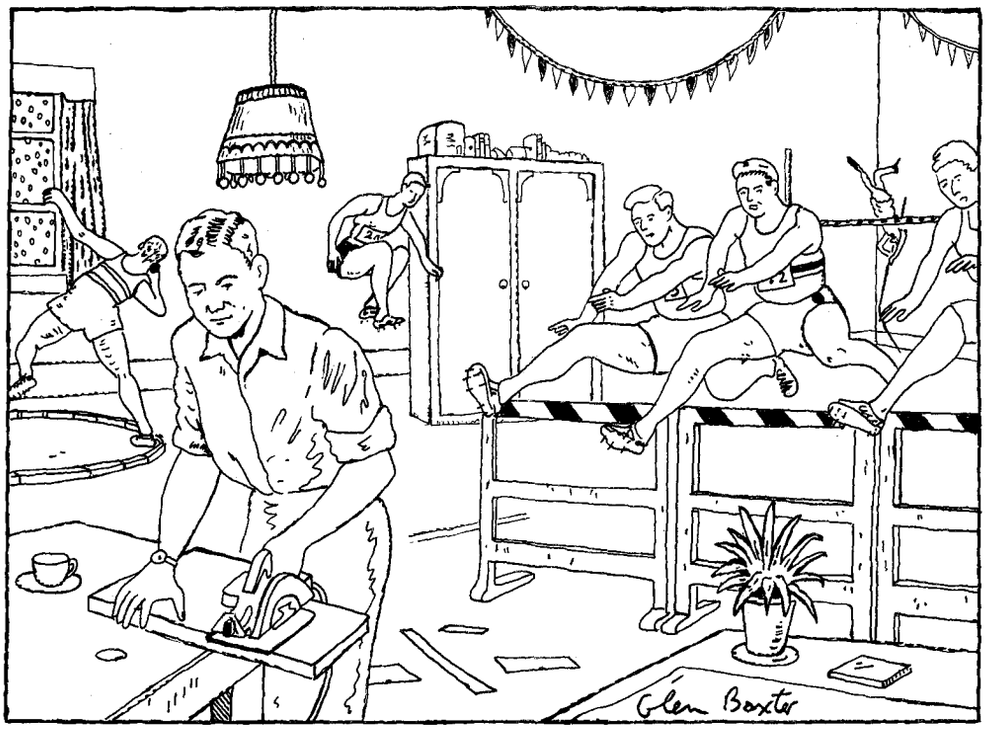

DURING INCLEMENT WEATHER, MRS. GRINDLEY ALLOWED US TO TRAIN UPSTAIRS IN APT. 210-B.

• •

have large East Coast gateways at New York, Boston, and Miami." This tentative ruling left St. Louis-Heathrow with T.W.A. but was silent on which carrier might fly to Heathrow from Baltimore and Philadelphia.

"United's purchase included rights from Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, so why can't we have a lot of East Coast gateways?" Crandall said. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Look at what D.O.T. is saying to T.W.A.: 'We will let you sell three of these routes, and we will take two away from you. You keep the third even if you don't want it.' " St. Louis-Heathrow is less profitable than the five other routes. "We will handicap United's competition by making American pay more for its routes."

Crandall's real problem hadn't yet materialized, however. Senator Danforth, who was determined to scuttle American's purchase of T.W.A.'s London routes, was beating the bushes to find someone to buy the airline from Carl Icahn. When I saw Danforth on March 12th, he sounded as if he hadn't found a buyer. He seemed deeply preoccupied and worried, even distressed. "We are engaged in a frantic effort to find a buyer before D.O.T. rules" on the route transfers, he said. "If there is no alternative, Skinner will approve the deal." By "alternative" he meant somehow maneuvering an immediate change in ownership that would leave T.W.A. in possession of its London routes and its other chief assets. Actually, Danforth had by then identified a potential new owner, although he must have had serious doubts about being able to undo the deal between T.W.A. and American. On March 14th—two days after our meeting, and the very day of the D.O.T.'s tentative ruling—Danforth was urging T.W.A.'s three unions to come to terms with the Tracinda Corporation, which is wholly owned by Kirk Kerkorian, a billionaire investor who lives in Beverly Hills and for many years controlled the M-G-M film studio. Kerkorian has been in and out of the airline business, and he currently operates M-G-M Grand, a luxury airline serving Los Angeles and New York. ("A flying Xanadu" is a D.O.T. official's description of it.) Tracinda controls the M-G-M Grand Company, whose main interests are hotel-casinos in Las Vegas. Kerkorian once owned the city's Flamingo and International Hotels. His company now owns two other hotel-casinos in Las Vegas, including the Desert Inn, and he is building an M-G-M Grand hotel on the Las Vegas Strip. It is to be the world's largest hotel, with more than five thousand rooms, a huge casino, and a theme park.

As officials of Tracinda and the T.W.A. unions met in Danforth's office suite, he mobilized Missouri's political leaders behind Kerkorian's quest for T.W.A. It probably wasn't difficult. Icahn had indicated that he might go into bankruptcy even after receiving the money from the sale to American. T.W.A.'s unions and the state's political leaders reckoned that Icahn's plan was to liquidate the company, divide its assets, and take the money and run. Thirty thousand jobs were at stake; so, perhaps, was the future of St. Louis as host to a hub airport, and hub airports are seen as mighty engines of economic growth. Kerkorian didn't inspire confidence, but he promised the unions that, unlike Icahn, he would not sell any of T.W.A.'s assets. "There would be no problem if American bought the whole airline and kept the hub," Danforth said. "That would keep the airline and Lambert Airport viable." Richard Gephardt, the House majority leader, represents south St. Louis, where he grew up, and he, too, hoped that American would solve the city's problem by merging with T.W.A. But American had no interest in taking on T.W.A.'s numerous liabilities. They included one of the industry's oldest fleets among the major carriers; lawsuits from noteholders and creditors seeking payment of debt and repossession of aircraft; a reputation for poor service, supported by the most consumer complaints of any airline. "They save a dime and lose a dollar," one airline executive said.

Toward the end of March, Skinner was under pressure from Capitol Hill to make no decision about the routes until Tracinda had been given a chance to submit a business plan and try to buy T.W.A. from Icahn. Political leaders in Kansas—notably Robert Dole, the Republican Senate leader, and Senator Nancy Kassebaum, also a Republican—aligned themselves with Danforth; T.W.A.'s major maintenance and overhaul facility is in Kansas City, Missouri, and many of its employees

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live just across the border, in Kansas.

Skinner, of course, was also under pressure from American. United inaugurated its London service on April 3rd, and was gaining a clear advantage. American would lose its summer market in London unless it could begin to assign aircraft, file travel schedules, and notify travel agents. On March 26th, just before the Easter weekend, Skinner told reporters that he would be ruling shortly. On Friday, April 5th, the sizable community within Washington that was tracking this affair was swept by a rumor that Skinner would issue the ruling early the following week. On Monday, April 8th, however, the D.O.T. received a letter from Tracinda asking Skinner to reopen the proceedings. Skinner complied with the request, and Tracinda was instructed to submit appropriate documents, including a business plan, by the close of business on April 12th. Tracinda did so, and at that point American, T.W.A., and other interested parties were instructed to submit their replies to Tracinda's bid by Tuesday, April 16th. (The only other interested party was U.S. Air, which was hoping to acquire the routes to London from Baltimore and Philadelphia.)

The documents were bulky, but their meaning wasn't hard to find. Kerkorian wanted sixty days in which to reach agreement with Icahn and also wanted a requirement that American waive objections to interference with its deal with T.W.A. Icahn was telling the press that Kerkorian was a "spoiler," who wanted to buy T.W.A. for nothing. "I think Kerkorian is trying to maneuver the whole airline where it's in such bad shape we're just going to give it to him," Icahn said. He also noted that T.W.A. wasn't publicly traded; it was his company. Why didn't Kerkorian talk to the owner, Icahn wondered aloud.

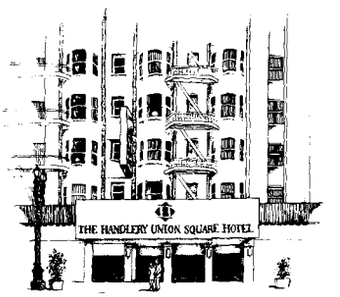
For various reasons, most of them obvious, American was at least as deeply aggrieved as Icahn. Its management couldn't believe that Skinner would cancel its deal with T.W.A.—the only deal on the table—but worried that he might. And the prospect of further delay in Skinner's decision was infuriating. The United-Pan Am application for the route transfers had been dealt with routinely—certainly without delay in the decision process. And now United's London passengers would be accumulating frequent-flier miles and developing customer loyalty. For American, which sees most of life as a struggle against United (and vice versa), the delay being sought by Kerkorian would be a disaster. By mid-April, American was on the verge of giving up on flights to London for the summer. American argued that the six London routes constituted only twelve per cent of the passenger miles being flown by T.W.A. Surely its survival didn't depend on these. Finally, American told the D.O.T. that a final decision by Skinner approving just three of the six routes would be acceptable. But T.W.A. put the D.O.T. on notice that a ruling of that kind—one resembling the interim decision of March 14th—would be considered arbitrary and capricious, and would be appealed.

The cast for the multiparty clash was striking: Icahn, the raider; Kerkorian, the high roller; Danforth, a lawyer who was also the Senate's only ordained minister; and Crandall, as extraordinary as any of them and as conspicuous as such industry pioneers as Juan Trippe and Eddie Rickenbacker.

In early April, Skinner's lawyers were telling him, in effect, "We have only one transaction before us. We can't go about looking for another transaction to rule on." One of American's people said, "This is Sam Skinner's fault. He should have ruled decisively at first. He has painted himself into a corner." That was clear, although not much else was.

"There is no precedent for the kind of pressure we are under to kill the deal between American and T.W.A.," one D.O.T. official said around this time, and another official said, "There is a huge list of senators and representatives trying to turn off one deal, because of another deal that no one knows anything about except what can be read in the press."

The political weight of Missouri and Kansas was set against a potent Texas delegation rallying behind American, which has its base in Fort Worth. Lloyd Bentsen is the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee; Phil Gramm, the other senator from Texas, is the chairman of the Senate Republican Campaign Com-



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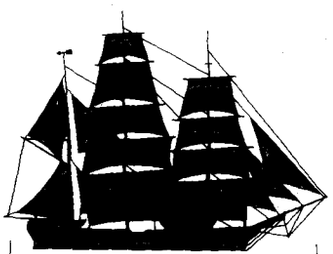

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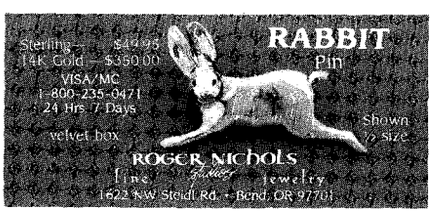

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mittee; and the list goes on. Skinner was between the upper and the nether millstones. Should he help a weak sister survive and thereby save thirty thousand jobs—that is, provided Kerkorian and Icahn actually could make a deal? Or should he keep faith with his own strategy—to put the two strongest American carriers in a position to compete in Europe (and beyond) against all comers? It was strictly Skinner's decision. The White House told him as much.

In mid-April, I asked Bob Strauss what kind of advice he was giving his client, American. Being patient, he said, was the only way. "Skinner must let the process work," he explained. "His concern is the public interest. It is a choice between Kerkorian, who has been in and out of the airline, hotel, and movie businesses and gambling; who speculates in leverage and doesn't like to capitalize; who is trying to exploit a political situation. On the other side is our biggest airline, run by the world's best airline manager. They are trying to compete and expand in a global market."

At this point, American was citing three outcomes that it could live with: a ruling that awarded American all six routes was still the hope; second best would be an award of the six routes accompanied by a mandate to sell the three least attractive—St. Louis, Baltimore, and Philadelphia—within a specified period; the third preference would be an award of the top three routes, with T.W.A. and/or another carrier getting the others.

On April 24th, the sorely pressed Skinner, who had also been obliged to cope with a rail strike, issued his ruling. It was Outcome No. 3. American would be allowed to service Heathrow from New York, Boston, and Los Angeles. T.W.A. would keep the other three routes. "We were telling Kerkorian, in effect, 'We are not putting a bullet through your heart,'" said a D.O.T. official. "'T.W.A. will still be an airline worth having.'"

What remained to be seen was whether Crandall would pay Icahn's full price for just three of the routes. The word coming out of American was that he wouldn't. He was in the driver's seat. T.W.A. needed a lot of cash in a hurry, and had no place else to turn. The deal would be closed in, at most, forty-eight hours. T.W.A. took the opposite line. Crandall needed those three routes, if only to keep up American's end in the competition with United. They accounted for eighty-five per cent of T.W.A.'s London traffic, and with Skinner having approved the transfer Crandall would now pay the price to acquire them. Quite clearly, he didn't want to lose the summer season. On May 2nd—one week, not forty-eight hours, after Skinner's decision—American announced that it would pay the full price, of four hundred and forty-five million dollars, and would begin flying the three London routes in early July.

The domestic political fallout from the affair was heavy, and will take time to measure. Danforth was described to me as "very distressed" by Skinner's decision; one was admonished to "stay tuned." A few days before the decision, rumors began to circulate that Delta planned to merge with Pan Am. And, on July 12th, major newspapers reported that Pan Am was selling all of its European routes, along with the East Coast shuttle, to Delta for two hundred and sixty million dollars—a remarkably small price. The deal, if approved by Pan Am's creditors and the bankruptcy judge, would, according to news stories, establish Delta as the largest transatlantic carrier. But ten days later the newspapers were reporting that American and T.W.A. were, between them, seeking to outbid Delta for Pan Am's remaining choice assets. Delta's knocked-down purchase offer had invited a bidding war for the renowned but bankrupt airline. The first question was how T.W.A.—which, although it was armed with American's cash, seemed to be headed toward bankruptcy itself—could join the fray. Some people in the industry speculate that Icahn is helping to drive up the bids for Pan Am so that T.W.A. will, in turn, fetch a higher price when he decides to sell it. United is also taking part in the feeding frenzy, and the struggle will be played out over the summer before the Pan Am creditors' committee and the bankruptcy judge. The airline community and those who watch it now had another, even more beguiling high-stakes game to ponder and talk about.

—JOHN NEWHOUSE

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On the Edge

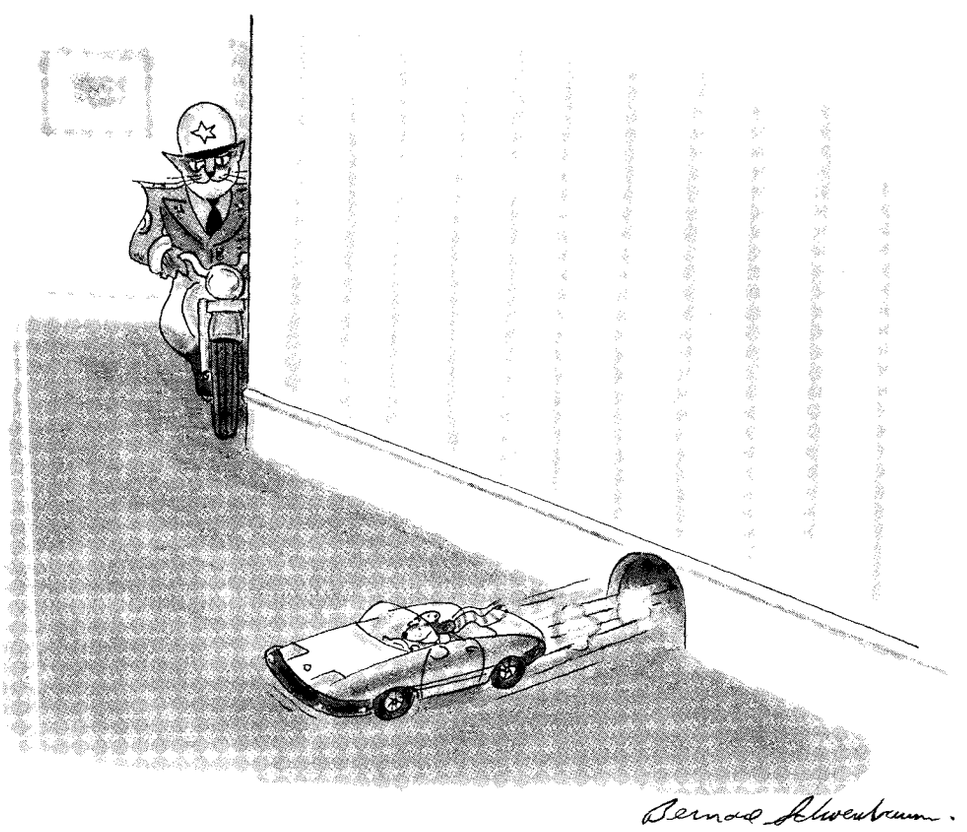
"RED SCARE ON SUNSET," the Charles Busch play that premièred this spring at the W.P.A., has recently reopened at the Lucille Lortel. This is good news indeed—both for fans of Mr. Busch (including those of us who missed the play the first time around) and for anyone who might happen to blunder into the little theatre on Christopher Street. (It's the old Theatre de Lys.) At his best, Mr. Busch is a first-class satirist and farceur, and "Red Scare" is definitely Busch at his best. A send-up of Red-menace Hollywood (on- and offscreen), it's his funniest play so far, and also his most cohesive and most deeply felt. After the writing, the two best things about it are probably Kenneth Elliott's direction of the Theatre-in-Limbo company and Julie Halston's performance as Pat Pilford, an acid-tongued radio personality who suffers from the delusion that everyone she knows is part of a Communist plot to take over the film industry.

Ordinarily, the two best things about a Charles Busch play (after the writing) are Mr. Elliott's direction and Mr. Busch's own performance. That Miss Halston manages to eclipse him here is purely a function of the role he's created for her. Mr. Busch's performance as Mary Dale, the wholesome best friend who gradually discovers that everyone Miss Halston knows *is* part of a Communist plot, is characteristically restrained, intelligent, and beautifully timed—like all the performances in the ensemble. But, according to the terms of drag theatre, the kind of passive acting required of Mr. Busch (in a Norma Shearer-type role) and the kind of flamboyant acting required of Miss Halston (in a Bette Davis-type role) leave her very much the show's star.

For a drag artist to write a play to showcase the talents of someone not in drag is, if you think about it, a mark of extraordinary integrity. But then, in this country, where drag tends to be about celebrating excess, Mr. Busch is an anomaly in a number of ways. He pretty much introduced downtown drag and subtlety to each other. He resists playing to an audience. Nor does he overpopulate his work with drag characters. For the most part, the men of the Theatre-in-Limbo company play men and the women play women—a device (if you can call it that) that keeps Busch's audience thinking about why, as a playwright, he uses drag when he does, and marvelling that, as an actor, he can hold his own among real women. Where most downtown drag aims at parodying this or that genre in a manner that will please a coterie audience, Mr. Busch typically uses genre parody as a stepping-off place for something more interesting, and he resists crude sexual jokes. What humor there is about drag in "Red Scare"—a man almost striking a woman played by a man, a man playing an actress who's starring in a movie musical about the life of Lady Godiva—is gentle, and acts as a kind of signature or flourish, almost like the couplets in Shakespeare.

You get nowhere trying to explain what's funny about a man playing an actress playing a woman famed for nudity, just as you get nowhere trying to explain why "Red Scare on Sunset" is ultimately moving. The play is serious without being pretentious, because, again like Shakespeare, Busch uses transvestism as a metaphor for the experience of being trapped between two worlds. There are different ways of being on the verge: you can be on the edge of madness, like the Julie Halston character; on the edge of virtue, like the Charles Busch character; or caught in a twilight land between male and female, art and self-indulgence, acting and playacting, like the drag artist himself. You can also dwell on the line between evil and right-thinkingness, like almost everyone in Busch's play: in "Red Scare on Sunset," there aren't any villains—or, rather, everyone is a villain in spite of being sympathetic, or is sympathetic in spite of being a villain. To come up with a take on nineteen-fifties Hollywood as objective as this one, I think, you would have to be so accustomed to ambivalence and moral dilemma as to experience them as a natural state. I can't help feeling that the play is at least partly about the phenomenon of "outing." What else can the closing image—a slow fade on the heroine (Busch himself) mouthing a list of names which begins with that of her husband—be referring to?

—MIMI KRAMER



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DANCING

The Royal Family

FREDERICK ASHTON (1904-88) was not only the greatest of English choreographers but the only English choreographer of the classical school. All the others—Ninette de Valois, Antony Tudor, Robert Helpmann, Andrée Howard, Walter Gore—devoted themselves to dance expressionism of one kind or another. The subsequent generation produced a neo-expressionist, Kenneth MacMillan, and a neoclassicist manqué, John Cranko. Neoclassicism involves an element of parody, but Cranko's work lacked objectivity and often slipped into mockery or self-parody. MacMillan's place—he has been head choreographer of the Royal Ballet since 1970—seems to have been foreordained. Were he an American, he would most likely be directing his own company, having put in the requisite years with Martha Graham or José Limón. But Britain has lacked a strong modern-dance tradition, and expressionistic currents there are turned to mainstream ballet.

English ballet is well into its third generation, as illustrated by the triple bill offered by the Royal Ballet during its recent Met season: Ashton's "Scènes de Ballet," followed by MacMillan's "Winter Dreams," followed by David Bintley's " 'Still Life' at the Penguin Café." I've seen a few Bintley ballets besides this one, but I still don't know where he stands in the line of descent: postclassical? crypto-neo-expressionistic? He's a nineties choreographer with a nineties slant—the Penguin Café is frequented by animals and birds, members of endangered species—that doesn't spell out any particular dance commitment.

Bintley seems to match his style to his subject, whereas in Ashton's day the style *was* the subject. For MacMillan, who has always represented the extreme of English expressionism, dance is a medium into which literary subjects are translated, even those literary subjects which are literary works or which already exist as plays or films. "Winter Dreams" takes its title from a Tchaikovsky symphony, but it is not set to that symphony. The ballet "Winter Dreams" is a translation into dance terms of a Chekhov play, "The Three Sisters," and it is set to a miscellany of Tchaikovsky pieces. Of those plays and screenplays which have attracted MacMillan—he's done works by Strindberg and Lorca, as well as an "Anastasia," a "Mayerling," a "Wozzeck," and a "Garden of the Finzi-Continis"—none would seem more resistant than "The Three Sisters"; in all the ballet's forty minutes there isn't one that really crystallizes a relation between Chekhov's play and dance. There are scenes that could be performed just as easily by actors: a comic sequence in which an elderly man (supposedly Chebutykin, the doctor) becomes drunkenly encumbered with a chair, and one in which an officious woman (supposedly Natasha) parades a pram across the stage. There are costumes that could be worn just as easily by actors, except for toe shoes. Actors could perform MacMillan's duel scene; actors could do the mime exchange between Masha and Kulygin in which he tries to cheer her up by clapping on a false nose. Actors can even waltz. A better title for the ballet might be "Actors at a Gathering." But these "actors" don't succeed even in reducing Chekhov's characters to mime. How in the world could they? The officious woman with the pram is the lower-class sister-in-law who gets on everyone's nerves. You can do "officious" in mime; you can do "pram"; you can probably do "gets on everyone's nerves." But, as Balanchine once said, there are no lower-class sisters-in-law in ballet.

MacMillan has devoted his career to proving Balanchine wrong, and occasionally he comes up with a success: the duets in "Mayerling," the party scene in "Manon," parts of "Anastasia." But if one can cite only isolated scenes and passages, then the job of translation from one medium to another hasn't really been done. The only play that MacMillan dominates from beginning to end is "Romeo and Juliet," which was pre-adapted for him by Prokofiev. The best that one can say for this version of "The Three Sisters" is that it provides the choreographer with another excuse for doing what he seems to love doing most—the wildly sensual or wildly agonized pas de deux or the pas de trois in which a woman's body is twisted between two men. Sex is MacMillan's real subject. The highlights of "Winter Dreams" are the two pas de deux that deal with the repressed love of Masha, the second sister (Darcey Bussell), and Colonel Vershinin (Irek Mukhamedov). Irina (Viviana Durante) is a little woman sexually harassed by two male rivals, and Olga (Nicola Tranah) is a tall woman in dangle earrings who rubs her hands down her body. Characters whose sex lives aren't put before us count for little. An exception is made for Kulygin, Masha's husband—an overextended mime role fashioned for Anthony Dowell, who is now the director of the Royal Ballet. Derek Rencher does the bit with the chair, and yet another Royal veteran, Gerd Larsen, appears as the family nurse.

He was once young and foolish.

Accepting MacMillan's choreography usually means accepting his

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premise. This time, he seems aware of trespassing on a great work of art. The vulgar presumption of the dances, the technical confidence of the choreographer and his cast make an unshakable impression, yet so does the tentativeness with which he has offered us all this as a ballet. "Winter Dreams" does not try too hard to impose itself. A small string band plays the songs far upstage behind a curtain, where a dinner party is taking place. The sound, including the piano solos of Philip Gammon, the arranger of the musical score, is purposely muffled. Since there is no other scenery, and since the dances have no apparent narrative connection, the audience treats them like concert numbers and applauds after each one. Perhaps MacMillan has invented a new form: the ballet concert based on material derived from another source.

MacMillan did, in fact, invent the present-day Royal Ballet dance style, substituting his expressionistic body language for a classical image. Though the company was dancing well this season, on a high energy level, its style was not appropriate to a "Swan Lake" that claimed to be an authentic transcription of the original production of Petipa and Ivanov. Classical Russian style and classical British no longer go together like Nureyev and Fonteyn. The clash is over methods of turnout. The classical Russian way of turning out the body is to divide it vertically in half and to rotate the legs outward from a spinal shaft. This method uses the body's bilateral symmetry to occupy space. The Royal method divides the upper body from the lower. The lower body turns out, while the upper occupies space through torsion and port de bras. When Ashton was in charge of the company, he combined parts of each method to create a grand yet genteel impression. Royal movement was moderately bilateral; it didn't smear as it does now, and the pliés didn't look squatty. (Royal placement, which sets the body's weight over the heels, was always a problem.)

The beauty of Ashton's system was the constant tension it implied between imported classical and local classical attitudes toward dance. He exploited this tension consciously in his own ballets; he was a naturally gifted neoclassicist. "Scènes de Ballet" as currently performed is undermined by the same totalistic anti-bilateralism that has destroyed Royal authority in the Petipa classics, but in spite of that you can still see the wit of Ashton's intentions. The legs and the arms are not parts of separate universes; the shoulders and the feet exchange jokes. If only we could understand them! The ballet, which comes to us from 1948, is set to a score that Stravinsky wrote for Billy Rose's "Seven Lively Arts." It was a crossover era, but not at all like our own. Elegance was a crucial concern of fashion and entertainment, and ballet, which merged fashion and entertainment with art, expressed that concern with an almost Diaghilevian intensity.

The natural bent of British dance toward expressionism finally triumphed after MacMillan took over the Royal. Ashton had held in check the tendency to deny the full radial force of the legs, and English dancers hadn't yet developed the midriff gap that makes their classical dancing incoherent. Midbody strength is what gives force to the legs and grandeur to the classical style. Only when Darcey Bussell danced "Swan Lake" did I see anything like it; around her the company looked like puppets. Character dancing was better: here, at least, the prevailing disparity between performing energy and dance content wasn't so damaging.

THE company was at its best, as one might expect, in the MacMillan works—"Winter Dreams" and "Manon." And Bussell, who is a MacMillan discovery, gave her smoothest performance as Masha. But it wasn't a major performance or a revealing one. Bussell, at twenty-two the youngest principal dancer in the company, is also its most interesting dancer, and the most interesting thing about her is that she interests MacMillan. A tall woman with extraordinarily long legs, fine feet, an undeveloped upper body, and no visible dramatic gift, she is in every way an exception to the Royal norm. Just now, it's her physical length and strength that enable her to achieve scale in her dancing; as her "Swan Lake" showed, her technique is spotty. She's still too absorbed in the difficulties of a classical role to respond to its opportunities. In "Winter Dreams," MacMillan seizes on her forthright power, which reads as unsparing honesty; her arabesque flows like a banner. The fact that she can't act doesn't seem to bother him, and to her credit Bussell

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doesn't try to act in "Swan Lake," either. Her Odette-Odile is emotionally numb, but it isn't fraudulent; she tries to present a dance interpretation without covering up its deficiencies.

The ballerinas MacMillan has sponsored in the past, Lynn Seymour and Alessandra Ferri, have been actress-dancers. But there is a more strictly classical, Ashtonian side to his talent (just as there was an expressionistic side to Ashton's talent). Earlier this year, Washington saw the Royal in "The Prince of the Pagodas," Benjamin Britten's long-lost fairy-tale ballet. MacMillan revived it, determined to choreograph for Bussell the long and showy role of Belle Rose. The results are inconclusive. For two acts, MacMillan struggles to come to grips with the nature of the intriguing deep-sea creature he has landed. Then, in the third act, he turns her loose in some straight classical variations, and she suddenly comes clear. The choreography has echoes of Petipa, Ashton, and—dare I say it?—Balanchine. Bussell's turning leaps in the finale are worthy of Merrill Ashley.

Bussell's appearances all through the New York season had many New Yorkers wondering what Balanchine would have done with this "American" dancer who had somehow wandered into the Royal Ballet. American classicism, with its emphasis on bilateral turnout and high extensions, has long been anathema at Covent Garden, yet, speaking about Bussell on British television, MacMillan said, "She has an attack which is very refreshing, unlike English dancers, and it reminds me of American dancers." MacMillan, who recently concluded a term as an artistic associate of American Ballet Theatre, went on to identify other non-English Bussell attributes, some of which are obvious, such as her height and her jump. But her "complete innocence and radiance on the stage" and her "tremendous self-confidence" are qualities that belong to an idealized Bussell who as yet hasn't made her appearance. She does have innocence, and she has the kind of confidence that enables her, as MacMillan admiringly and so Britishly says, to look an audience in the eye. Genuine radiance and confidence come to a dancer when her technique is allowed to develop in harmony with her natural physical instinct. To me, Bussell is innately a classical dancer, and it isn't so much her attack (by which I take it MacMillan means her lack of inhibition) that makes her look like an American as her enormous pelvic strength and the pliability of her instep. The extent to which she can, even without sufficient turnout, control those long legs in their radial sweep is amazing. In "Winter Dreams," MacMillan has her take relevée arabesque, rolling up to point through the foot in the Balanchine manner. For this effect alone, the Royal should revive its production of "Liebeslieder Walzer." Dancing Balanchine may help Bussell resolve her inequalities; it can't possibly do her any harm. At Covent Garden, she has already danced the Soloist in "Rubies" and the first Aria in "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." This fall, the Royal Ballet will produce "Symphony in C." Bussell will most likely dance the second movement. It will be interesting to see what becomes of her, especially in view of Sylvie Guillem's continuing presence as Principal Guest Artist.

Famed for *her* long legs and sky-high extensions, Guillem this season had her first prolonged encounter with the New York public. She appeared in advance of the Royal engagement, dancing in the A.B.T. productions of "La Bayadère," "Giselle," "Don Quixote," and "Fall River Legend." She was, in fact, A.B.T.'s big drawing card. Then, with the Royal, she danced "Swan Lake" and "Manon." So many classical roles were not a wise idea. Guillem is a sensational but shallow classical dancer. Her legs are deployed with no support from the center. Her dancing is an airy writhing, prettily composed from the waist up; below the waist it doesn't project. The leg flies up, weightless, tireless, as facile as you please. Some people who come away unmoved by a Guillem performance say that she is all technique. But the truth is that she has nowhere near enough technique for the standard Russian repertory. As for "Manon," the British do it better; it's written in company style. Compared with a genuine phenomenon like Bussell, Guillem is a product: she's a stylization of the vacuous classicism of the Paris Opera Ballet. The Royal dancers are lucky to have MacMillan; when *they* lost their faith in classicism, he gave them something they could believe in. Guillem is adored at Covent Garden. She fits in well enough, her "foreign accent" is charming, and she always brings such lovely costumes from Paris.

THIS season, there was much talk of the Royal's rejuvenation. But the company was dancing on Frederick Ashton's grave. It has discarded his contributions to "Swan Lake," keeping only the tarantella. The fourth-act choreography is St. Petersburg 1895, revived from Stepanov notation. Compared with Ashton's fourth act, it is puerile, but the steps are just about all this corps can handle. The lakeside décors are designed by Yolanda Sonnabend in Art Nouveau terms, all swirls and gaping ovals, peacock feathers and mother-of-pearl. The swans, looking more like ostriches, seem to rise out of a lake of perfume. Sonnabend's ballroom is a smoldering red-and-black vice den overhung with tilted oval mirrors. The whole production, with its eighteen-nineties setting, its czarist uniforms, ladies in bustles, and children in sailor hats, evokes MacMillan's "Anastasia" and "Mayerling." In the third act, Rencher plays Von Rothbart as Nosferatu, entering with an army of similarly bald midgets that is never seen again.

Bintley's " 'Still Life' at the Penguin Café" was evidently brought along as a lightener. It is a series of animal dances and set pieces performed in masks to a New Wave score by Simon Jeffes. The first two or three minutes bear a resemblance to Paul Taylor's "Cloven Kingdom," but even this hint of a style peters out, leaving an aimless, overlong, and unimaginative sequence of vaudeville turns to be got through by dancers whose faces can't be seen. At the end, when they all congregate solemnly on the Ark, you finally get the point of the title: there's still life at the Penguin Café, but for how long? Well, there's a way to do this sort of thing, and, yes, Ashton would have known how. His film "Tales of Beatrix Potter" wasn't an ecological fable-for-our-time; it was pure entertainment, filled with affection for animals and joy in nature. But then he was a choreographer, and Bintley is a wildlife preservationist.

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When a classical company dies, one of the things that happen is that the men become more interesting than the women. The men in charge of the world's great ballet institutions are, most of them, former premiers danseurs who never directed a company in their lives and whose vision of classical style tends to be based on the male image. Dowell's Royal Ballet is now a bastion of male strength. The same is true of the Paris Opera (where Patrick Dupond has succeeded Nureyev), however much publicity its women get. Guillem's partner in "Manon" was a guest from the Opéra, Laurent Hilaire, who outdanced her despite choreography that was uncongenial to his technique. The role of des Grieux was created for the legs and feet of Dowell, which were almost feminine in their strength and beauty. Of all the Royal's talented young men, Bruce Sansom is the closest in style to Dowell, and he's the company's most polished male dancer. Following the New York season, Sansom was scheduled to go on a year's leave with the San Francisco Ballet. Fortunately, the Royal has just acquired the Hungarian dancer Zoltan Solymosi. He has power rather than polish, but also presence, good looks, and good humor. Like the English, he knows how to enjoy himself onstage. And (a big "and") he is tall enough to partner Darcey Bussell. Together, they made a fine impression in "Swan Lake."

Another eagerly awaited début was Irek Mukhamedov's as Lescaut, Manon's scoundrel brother. Mukhamedov comes from a company, the Bolshoi, where men have long dominated, and where the choreography is a simple matter of jumping high and landing with the music. MacMillan's choreography asks something more. The big scene of high life and debauchery which is the ballet's heart is keyed to Lescaut. Mukhamedov revelled in it. I think he was off balance the entire time, except when he sat down or fell down. He was the happiest, dirtiest, most innocent of debauchees, and he gave the performance of the season.

—Arlene Croce

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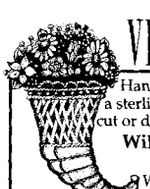

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

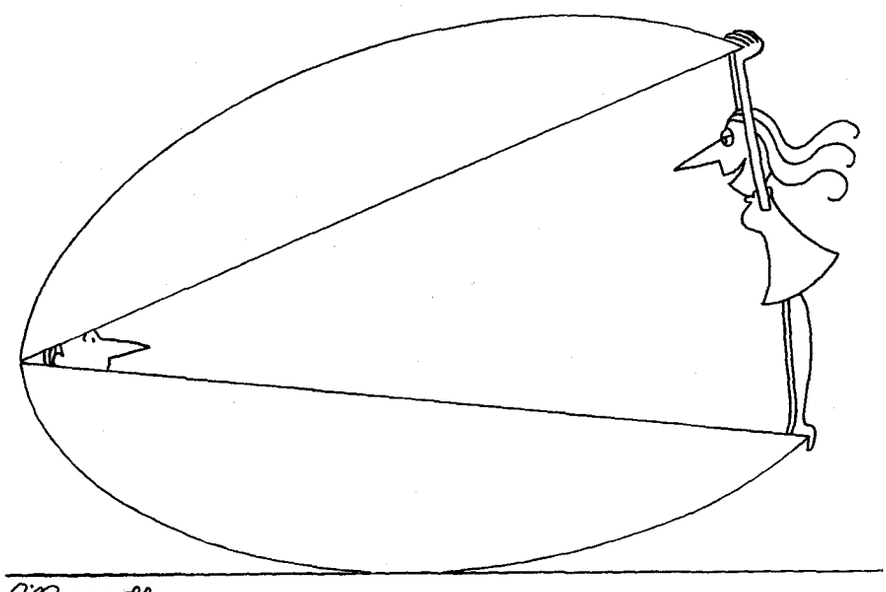
JULY 25

AS is often the case in Washington, just when we think things have calmed down—that Congress will continue uneventfully to grind out legislation having little to do with the nation's real problems, and that we can all slow down and do our best to escape the oppressive heat and think about August vacations—something comes along that rivets our attention and restarts the rumor mills and the speculation machinery. In this case, three rather dramatic things came along: the sudden new trouble surrounding the nomination of Robert Gates to head the Central Intelligence Agency, new developments in the mysterious and ominous story of the Bank of Credit & Commerce International, and the President's controversial nomination of Clarence Thomas to succeed Thurgood Marshall on the Supreme Court. The London economic summit had been expected to go just about as it did. We had come to expect that at any moment there might be more bombs dropped on Iraq. But we hadn't expected Gates's nomination to take on the ramifications that it did—ramifications that went well beyond Gates himself and, along with the B.C.C.I. scandal, suggested whole new alarming dimensions to the Iran-Contra affair, and the conduct of the C.I.A. in general.

Bush seems to have a fatal attraction to Iran-Contra. It's a subject he obviously hates, knowing that its shadow has dogged him for years, but when he tries to put an end to speculation about the scandal, and his possible role in it, his efforts boomerang. In 1987, questions about Gates's role in or knowledge of the affair as deputy director of the C.I.A. had forced him to withdraw his name from consideration as Reagan's new C.I.A. director following the resignation of William Casey, who was dying of cancer. Nevertheless, in May Bush persisted in nominating Gates to succeed William Webster. Gates had been serving as Bush's deputy national security adviser. He's a smart and, by all accounts, able bureaucrat who smiles pleasantly and has sharp teeth. Having served in the government for almost all his adult years—all of them at the C.I.A. or on the staff of the National Security Council—he has no independent identity. Like a lot of people who serve in the government—especially the C.I.A.—for a long time, Gates is a company man, no boat rocker. These people get ahead by keeping their heads down, being loyal, and pleasing their superiors. Webster had held big jobs outside the C.I.A., and—perhaps as important—was a smoothie who played tennis with the right people and attended a great many parties. All this gave him the protection that Washington bestows upon the socially embraced (unless they become too much of an embarrassment). One thing that has set Gates apart, and caused him trouble, is that he was more ideological than many people thought a senior C.I.A. official ought to be, and his openly negative view of the Soviet Union's intentions brought down on him the wrath of two Secretaries of State—George Shultz and James Baker.

The C.I.A., inevitably, is a place that breeds suspicions and rivalries, and even paranoia: the "operations" people (those who conduct covert operations) and the analysts are often at each other's throats. There is bitter competition over the best way to gather intelligence. Gates, who was an analyst, acquired his share of enemies over the years, some of whom have made their way to members of the Senate Intelligence Committee, knives in hand. He is charged with having politicized the intelligence product—making the intelligence fit the policy rather than impartially describing the information. This gets beyond whatever role Gates did or didn't play in the Iran-Contra affair; and, in turn, the latest disclosures regarding the Iran-Contra affair get beyond whatever role Gates did or didn't play in it. They also tell us that the story may have been a great deal larger than we knew—or even suspected—at the end of the congressional investigation in 1987.

The Iran-Contra committees did unearth a lot of information, but they were hampered by their self-imposed deadline and their circumscription of the subjects to be explored. Not wishing to face the grim question of whether to impeach a popular President, they shied away from following certain trails; they also eschewed serious investigations of, among other things, the roles of then Vice-President Bush and of Israel. It's clear now that the story had layers and layers that weren't gone into—at least, not publicly. The recent disclosure that Alan Fiers, the former head of the C.I.A.'s Central American task force, had told the independent counsel that he had been aware of the still secret diversion to the Contras of funds from the sale of arms to Iran and had informed the agency's third-highest official, Clair George, and had been ordered by George not to reveal the diversion to Congress during an investigation in 1986, raised the question of how Gates, who stood between Casey and George in the hierarchy, didn't know—as he has claimed—about the diversion. It also made clear that the C.I.A. was far more involved in the operation than had been thought. (Fiers is said not to have named Gates as someone he told.)



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At the close of the investigation by the Iran-Contra committees, in 1987, it served the purpose of the Administration as well as members of Congress who had been duped or lazy, or both, in the course of the Iran-Contra affair to conclude that it was a "rogue operation" run by Casey and Oliver North and a few international bandits. North had testified that he and Casey had foreseen an "off-the-shelf, self-sustaining, stand-alone entity" that would carry out various covert projects, and many people had found this prospect quite alarming. Now we know that the C.I.A. was the shelf. The shock expressed by many that a given official may have known about the diversion, or had suspicions he didn't act upon, is a bit ingenuous—or perhaps disingenuous. My own sense is that quite a number of people here had reason to suspect—or more—what was going on. What was already known for certain about Gates's knowledge is troubling enough: in the 1987 hearing on his nomination, he said that though an official had told him of suspicions about a diversion he considered them too "flimsy" to check out, and that he had forgotten that another C.I.A. official had told him about rumors of a diversion. Even if Gates's statements are taken at face value, questions remain about why he was so incurious and what sort of signal his being made director of the C.I.A. would send to the agency.

When the Iran-Contra committees finished their work, the money trail had vanished into the netherworld of Swiss accounts. Now it turns out that the real bankers for Iran-Contra activities—as well as other C.I.A. goings on—might have been B.C.C.I., the international-banking outfit that has recently been accused of laundering drug money, providing cover for racketeering, bribing officials, and financing illegal arms deals and terrorism, among other things, and been shut down by banking authorities in numerous countries on grounds of fraud. So we might have had not simply a rogue operation but a rogue intelligence agency with its own rogue bank, carrying out who knows what activities. The B.C.C.I. scandal is taking on larger and larger proportions, and may be the biggest scandal yet. A well-placed senator says, "Once you pull the rocks up and look at the subterranean activity, there's no end to

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it." One important question has to do with allegations that the Justice Department had impeded an investigation of it; the Justice Department stoutly denies any such thing.

The revelation of Fiers' testimony, which came shortly before the Senate Intelligence Committee was to take up Gates's nomination, put the committee on the spot. Having been gulled by the C.I.A. during the Iran-Contra affair, the committee was most reluctant to go ahead with a nomination that might embarrass it later. But some of the people it now needed to interview to further clarify the issue of what Gates might have known—including Clair George—were still to be investigated by the independent counsel, and, since the Iran-Contra committees had come under criticism for giving grants of immunity that hindered later prosecutions, the Intelligence Committee had no interest in putting itself in such a controversial position. So the Gates hearings were postponed until September. The Fiers testimony may also have opened up leads to some other former officials, including Donald Gregg, the national security adviser to Vice-President Bush. One mystery is why Bush persisted in choosing as the next C.I.A. director someone whose very name would open up the Iran-Contra subject again. The simplest explanation is that he thought that Gates's earlier nonchalance about the reports of a diversion could be adequately explained away, and that there would be no further discoveries, and that once Gates was confirmed that would be the end of the matter.

If that was Bush's assessment, it wasn't a very intelligent one. For months, this town had been awash with rumors that Lawrence Walsh, the independent counsel, was probably coming down with more indictments. Bush was hopping mad when the Intelligence Committee first announced that it might postpone its hearings; when he was asked about it by the press in Kennebunkport he gave a ten-minute diatribe—attacking not only the committee but also the independent counsel. This was a very odd performance and Bush's second public fit of the week; the first had occurred when he was asked at a press conference about his record on race. (The immediate cause of the earlier fit was a tough speech on Bush's record on race by Senator Bill Bradley, Democrat of New Jersey. Bradley has interpreted his squeakily narrow reëlection last year as a mandate to say more interesting things than he had in the past, and is acting like a liberated man. He gave a second speech on race last week.) Bush takes very badly to criticism, and treats it as unfair victimization. In his rambling comments in Kennebunkport on the Gates nomination, he showed that he sees similarities between Gates's fix and his own over the fact that questions remain about what role he may have played in whatever plot there may have been on the part of the Reagan campaign in 1980 to see to it that the hostages held in Iran weren't released before the election. He also expressed frustration that the subject of Iran-Contra won't go away.

The Intelligence Committee was already nervous about reports that had surfaced since Gates's naming which suggested that he had been involved in transfers of arms to Iraq via third countries (South Africa and Chile). Such sales weren't necessarily illegal, and we had tilted toward Iraq in the course of the Iran-Iraq War, but there is a question of why the circuitous route was necessary, and why Congress wasn't informed. Given the fact that we just fought a war against Iraq, and that there remain some questions about our coziness toward that country until it was too late, none of these stories—if true—help Gates. Given the nature of the Iran-Contra affair, and the sensitivity of the subject of our prewar dealings with Iraq, and the questions about what sorts of activities the C.I.A. conducted through B.C.C.I., Gates may be caught in a web. The longer his nomination hangs out there, the more allegations, circumstantial evidence, and rumors will surface. Whatever the validity of these reports, committee members—looking after their own reputations—remain fearful of what might turn up next. And, given the subject matter, something is likely to.

THOUGH the White House expresses confidence that Clarence Thomas will be confirmed as the next Supreme Court justice, it's taking nothing for granted. The very cleverness of the nomination brought its own complications. Like Gates's, Thomas's was an in-your-face nomination by Bush: he dared liberals and civil-right groups to oppose a black nominee who wasn't completely implausible. If Thomas was a conservative and opposed many of the things that the civil-rights groups supported, the joke was on them. Bush may be having trouble establishing his own bona fides on civil rights, but liberals aren't keen to frame the debate on the Thomas nomination on the issue of affirmative action. Thomas's views on affirmative action—and a number of other matters—are very hard to pin down. He has been both for it and against it—but mainly against it. Though as a college and law student he benefitted from affirmative-action programs, he opposes any group remedies. (He did enforce them on occasion when he headed the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, during the Reagan Administration.) He misinterprets his own life story as showing that one can rise by one's own efforts, or "bootstraps"; it takes nothing away from his own achievement—even if it undermines his argument—that he had the kind of help along the way that many others who started out in his position (even his own sister) didn't.

The task of divining Thomas's views is made all the more difficult by the fact that he himself has been changeable, even erratic. He comes across as a man who is still sorting things out and also trying to please his conservative audience. Unlike Robert Bork, Thomas holds no clear set of thoughts, and some of his thoughts are, well, peculiar. In adhering to the view that natural law provides the basis for judicial decisions, Thomas appears to be way out on the fringes. Natural law—the view that the Constitution can be interpreted to include rights derived from sources wholly outside the Constitutional text, such as the Declaration of Independence (which speaks of "unalienable rights" such as "life" and "liberty"), or even one's own view of morality—is a vessel that can be filled

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from the right or the left. Thomas has said he disagrees with the reasoning in the Brown v. Board of Education school-desegregation decision, sometimes saying that it was an "insult" to all-black schools to say they were inherently inferior to white schools because of the effects on the students, sometimes saying that he agrees with the conclusion of the Court but would have derived it from that part of the Declaration of Independence which says that "all men are created equal." In an earlier era (before Franklin D. Roosevelt got a Supreme Court more to his liking), the theory of natural law was drawn upon by the Court to strike down all manner of social legislation, and even to uphold a state's refusal to license a woman to practice law.

Thomas did the things that an ambitious lawyer does who wants to be Court material: he wrote articles and made speeches—and connections. There is little reason to doubt the sincerity of his conservatism, but he seems to be making some of it up as he goes along. Bork was rejected because he was seen as too narrowly textual; what worries many people about Thomas is that he seems to be nontextual. Bork went down because his views were far from the mainstream of American political thought—and also because his wintry personality unfitted him on television. In going through the confirmation process, Bork wasn't malleable; Thomas appears more flexible. Supreme Court justices don't necessarily have to be charming, and they don't have to be great thinkers—surely, several of them haven't been, or aren't—but we'd prefer that they be settled people. The worrisome thing about Thomas is that he doesn't seem to be a settled person.

To avoid the fate of the Bork nomination, the White House has prepared as if going to war. It has constructed a formidable confirmation machine composed of White House aides and Justice Department officials, a high-powered Washington lobbyist and former Reagan chief of staff brought in to mastermind the effort (Kenneth Duberstein, who also shepherded David Souter's nomination), and outriders ready to help the cause. Op-ed pieces are served up to answer op-ed pieces, blacks who support Thomas are showcased. Criticisms of Thomas are answered quickly—almost always by others: Thomas won't be talking much until his confirmation hearings, in September. (But in the course of one of his courtesy calls on senators he did say to the press that the civil-rights movement, which he had disparaged in the past, had helped him overcome his humble start in life.) Discoveries of controversial things he has said or done are countered quickly. The whole thing has the air of a political campaign, in which there is a high premium on answering charges before they take hold. One of Thomas's backers says, "We couldn't let others define Clarence."

Probably Thomas's most valuable asset at this point is his principal Senate sponsor, and mentor, John Danforth, Republican of Missouri, for whom he had worked in the past. The highly estimable Danforth, a moderate who had recently clashed with the Administration over its tactics on the civil-rights bill, has gone all out for Thomas—urging liberal senators to hold their fire until they know more about him, escorting him as he makes the rounds of courtesy calls on Capitol Hill, deliberately schmoozing with senators on the Senate floor to see what intelligence he can pick up, plotting strategy with Duberstein and with the Administration. Last week, Danforth gave a speech in the Senate arguing that Thomas's views about natural law and a comment he had made praising a speech by Lewis Lehrman about the inalienable right to life of a fetus didn't mean that Thomas intended to vote to overturn Roe v. Wade. The comment, Danforth said, was "a throwaway line." Thomas has expressed misgivings about interpreting the Ninth Amendment to grant certain privacy rights, and about the Court's 1965 ruling in Griswold v. Connecticut, which struck down a state law prohibiting the use of contraceptives. The Roe decision stemmed from Griswold. Bork's stated disagreement with Griswold contributed much to his undoing.

Whatever Danforth says, Thomas is expected to oppose Roe v. Wade if he succeeds to the Supreme Court. Anyone Bush appointed probably would. Actually, the strong possibility exists that there are already enough votes on the Court to overturn Roe, and though some abortion-rights groups are op-

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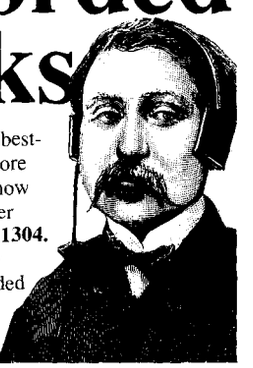

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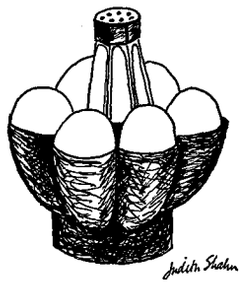
posing Thomas's nomination, they know that the game is probably already lost. (Souter's votes indicate that he would vote to overturn Roe.) Some abortion-rights backers privately believe that since they have no illusion that Bush would appoint someone who is pro-choice, it would be just as well to get Thomas onto the Court and hope that a negative decision on Roe v. Wade occurs before the 1992 elections—setting off a political explosion that could be damaging to the Republican Party. In effect, Bush's Supreme Court victories might be pyrrhic: picking up where Reagan left off, Bush is establishing a radical Court, one that is in several respects out of step with mainstream American thinking. A great many Americans may not care about the rights of criminals, but they do care about the right to privacy. Bush got himself dug in on the subject of abortion some years ago in order to keep the right from undermining his efforts to become President—but in doing so he ran a risk. There is a broad swath of independents who don't want the government regulating their conduct and believe that individuals should make their own decisions about whether to have an abortion. Conservative libertarians share this view. And the same swath of independents, which makes up a considerable portion of the Republican Party, also isn't keen on turning back the clock on civil rights or seeing its President running around yelling about "quotas."



Danforth himself was sufficiently troubled about Bush's "quota" talk to take him on publicly and—along with eight other Senate Republicans—try to negotiate a compromise. There are still other Senate Republicans who share Danforth's view that Bush went too far in exploiting racial tensions—and who think that such behavior isn't good politics for the Republican Party. (The White House tried in the negotiations to pull a fast one on Danforth, by slipping by him a change in the civil-rights bill that would undermine existing law—and then, when Danforth balked, accused him, of all people, of welshing on a deal. The other moderate Republican senators, enraged, came to Danforth's defense, and the White House backed off.) Danforth met with the President today (without the President's troublemaking advisers in the room), and tried to convince him that the controversy has come down to one clear issue: whether (as some of the President's advisers urge) employers can set a job qualification that is unrelated to the person's ability to do the job and can be used to screen out certain classes of workers. A lot of negotiating is going on, and if the White House doesn't come around—and the indications are that some of the President's top advisers would still prefer to have the quota issue rather than a civil-rights bill—the Senate Republican moderates might join up with Senate Democrats and try to pass a bill that could survive a Presidential veto.

Right now, there are small clouds over the Thomas nomination, but no great storm has built. A lot of investigative work is going on, but thus far there have been no earthshaking disclosures. As the White House expected, blacks have mixed feelings about opposing Thomas. While the Congressional Black Caucus has come out against him, outside civil-rights groups have been reluctant to do so thus far. The National Urban League said last Sunday that it wouldn't oppose Thomas, and earlier the N.A.A.C.P. deferred a decision, though it may still come out against him. If it does, other civil-rights groups may follow suit. Several blacks who are bothered by Thomas's views think that there is a prayer that he will on occasion rule with some sensitivity to blacks' problems while any white named in his stead might be consistently opposed to their interests. No one expects Bush to choose a moderate. Supreme Court politics have swung so far to the right that the Court's two remaining "liberals"—Harry Blackmun and John Paul Stevens—were appointed by Nixon and Ford, respectively. Bush as well as others may be surprised at how Thomas will rule—but if he rules the way Bush appears to want him to, the political cost to Bush could be considerable. His place in history might also be affected.

THE Bush Administration has concluded that it would be a great deal happier without Saddam Hussein in charge of Iraq, and it has decided, once again, to try to do something about that. Though it has long preferred a Saddamless Iraq, it had been more prepared to live with him at the end of the war, in the interest of keeping Iraq intact. Once Hussein quelled the rebellions by the Shiites and the Kurds, the Administration kept the pressure on, through sanctions, and hoped that the discontent of the Iraqi people would lead to his removal. When it didn't, the Administration upped the ante, and a few weeks ago it embarked on a covert program to try more energetically to get him removed. Not entirely unrelated to this is the fact that it has made it clear that it is quite open to the idea of dropping some more bombs on his country if there are further indications that he is hiding nuclear materials. Hussein may be as much an embarrassment as a menace, but the evidence that he was trying harder than we knew to build his own nuclear device provides convenient grounds for going after his nuclear material—and perhaps him. It's not easy for outsiders to distinguish between a rationale and a pretext, or between a threat and a bluff, but we know now—and, presumably, Saddam Hussein does, too—that Bush doesn't tend to bluff. When, in late June, Iraq tried to prevent United Nations inspectors from looking at recently discovered equipment—and Iraqi soldiers fired over the inspectors' heads—the Administration gave serious consideration to bombing Iraq. One reason it hesitated was that it felt it lacked sufficient allied support; since then, Bush has worked to line up such support, culminating in a statement at the recent London summit by the Group of Seven that Iraq would face "severe measures" if it continued to resist the dismantling of its nuclear and nonconventional wherewithal as required by the U.N. ceasefire resolution and that sanctions would be maintained on Iraq until the Iraqi people and neighboring states could live "without fear of intimidation, repression, or attack."

Another reason the Administration hesitated was that Saddam Hussein appeared to have taken the hint, and provided access to nuclear installations and turned over a list of nuclear material; he doesn't seem to want to invite too much trouble. Officials said that this cat-and-mouse game could go on for some time—but they indicate

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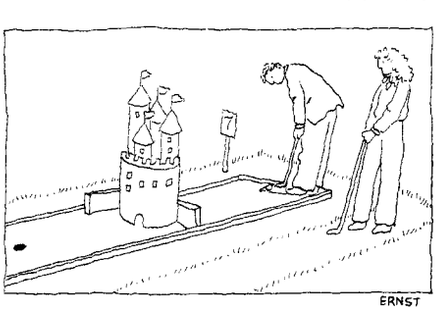
their patience is limited. (Officials also say that in early July our military was once again—as at the outset of the Gulf War, and just after it ended—reluctant to get further involved. This is a source of impatience on the part of some top officials.) Officials say that they can't be sure that all the nuclear equipment could be found from the air, but they could find and destroy a good percentage of it—and they will keep on searching for it by satellite. There is some disagreement between the Bush Administration and the U.N. inspectors over how coöperative Iraq has been in surrendering its nuclear stockpile. Of course, we were told shortly after the beginning of the air war that Iraq's nuclear wherewithal had been essentially destroyed, but this turns out to be one of several intelligence failures on our part. Hussein was given until today to reveal all his potential weapons of mass destruction, but there was no action by Iraq. The Administration had already tried to dampen speculation that today constituted a deadline after which bombing would immediately follow. One official indicated privately that more time was needed to draw up a "coördinated" program; also, the Administration wants to build a strong record of Iraqi noncompliance. On Tuesday, the President hinted that the United States might allow Iraq to sell some oil to purchase food and medicine. (There is already an exception in the U.N. embargo for food and medicine, and the Administration isn't yet convinced that Iraq is out of food.) Bush said, "The United States is not going to see suffering of innocent women and children there."

Administration officials are careful to not publicly set Saddam Hussein's removal as the sine qua non of American policy—for fear of being embarrassed once again—but the Administration has taken several steps, including the covert action, to make it clear to the people of Iraq that they can have no normal commerce with the rest of the world as long as he is in power. Bush, sounding once again as he used to, has recently taken to openly calling for Hussein's removal, but officials say they have no more indication now that this is likely than they have had all along.

THE Administration managed to hold down both the expectations and the actuality of what it was willing to do at the London summit by way of aiding the Soviet Union. It had tried to fend off Mikhail Gorbachev's attending the summit at all, but ultimately had to give in, lest it look churlish. The prevailing view within the Administration was that there was no point in helping the Soviet Union economically until it had taken radical steps to reform its economy. Officials essentially brushed aside the argument that aid should be given in order to induce the Soviet Union to reform—saying that such money would likely be wasted and that it could be a very long way between a Soviet pledge and its fulfillment. They also argue that the Soviet Union has substantial gold reserves that make it a wealthy country, if abysmally managed. As for the "Grand Bargain" idea developed by some Harvard professors and Soviet economists—the idea that steps toward reform be rewarded financially—the Administration argued that the proposal was too big and too difficult to carry out. Administration officials argued that it would be impossible to divine exactly when a step had been sufficiently implemented to merit a reward—but that wasn't the real problem. The reality was that the Administration thought it would be economically difficult and politically impossible to try to give American resources, directly or indirectly, to the Soviet Union when it had taken only a few steps toward political reform and still maintained a huge military and subsidized Cuba—and when we have a deficit of over three hundred billion dollars. Some officials had wanted to be more forthcoming, figuring that an investment in the stability of the Soviet Union was a better one than investing in more military equipment—but they lost out.

Gorbachev made matters easier in London for the Administration by arriving with a weak, vague reform package—thus relieving the pressure on us to do more. Our G-7 allies were of mixed views on whether more should be done. So in London the Soviet Union won status as an "associate member" of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund—the term was made up out of whole cloth in order to confer something that lets the Soviet Union in the door and enables it to receive technical assistance but not direct aid. Still, it was a start, and the possibility was raised that direct aid by these institutions might follow, but the United States successfully discouraged any explicit pledge as to what the next step might be. This week, the Soviet Union went ahead anyway and applied for full membership in these institutions, but the United States said this was "premature." Many United States officials are privately pessimistic that Gorbachev could pull off significant reform—politically, technically, or temperamentally. Some concluded that he had waited too long, past the high point of his political strength—if such reform of the Soviet Union's economy was possible at all. Bush leaves on Monday morning for the Moscow summit. Secretary of State James Baker's prodigious efforts to get some movement toward a Middle East peace conference may lead to a dramatic announcement, but, even so, there's a long way between an announcement of a conference and peace. Still, Baker's persistence, in the face of increasing criticism of his spending so much time in an apparently fruitless pursuit, merits a certain respect; he's got a lot further than smart money here thought he would.



MEANWHILE, the natives are restless. Polls indicate rising feeling on the part of the American people that the President is paying too much attention to foreign matters and too little to domestic ones. But he's never been very interested in domestic matters, and doesn't seem to know what he wants to do—other than just enough to ward off charges that he isn't doing anything. His much ballyhooed education program, announced in April, got a good reception because it was any program at all and because his new Education Secretary, Lamar Alexander, commands a lot of respect in both parties and among the press. Alexander is believed even by critics of the Administration's program to be doing the best he can with the limited resources he's been given. Yet the program seemed to evanesce before one's

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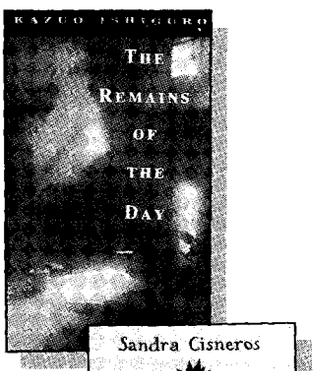

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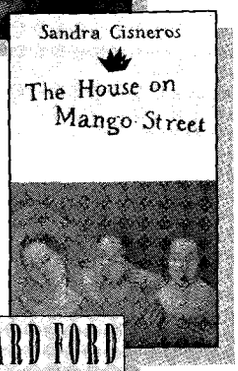

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very eyes—prey to oversell, anecdotalism, and pork-barrelling. (There are to be five hundred and thirty-five new model schools—just enough, as it happens, to provide one for each congressman and senator.) Its "choice" proposal—an experimental program of providing vouchers for students to attend public or private schools of their choice—is fraught with problems. The White House chief of staff, John Sununu—he's still there, and lying low, but a lot of people think it's only a matter of time before his next blunder—is said to favor the choice program as a good way to divide the Democrats' black and Catholic constituencies. Sununu goes in for that sort of thing in a big way.

Several officials say privately that the Administration is courting trouble by not offering a comprehensive health-care program; Sununu is said to be the roadblock. Senate Democrats have put forward a plan that is probably more expensive than they let on (they say there is no way to determine its cost after the first year) and has weak measures for enforcing cost controls; House Democrats, Balkanized on this as on so many issues by competing committee and subcommittee jurisdictions, are still trying to come up with their own plan. It's hard to imagine that the Administration will go into the 1992 elections without at least the appearance of wanting to do something about health insurance.

WHEN Washington regathers in September, there will be added an element that has been missing for an unusual period of time: a Presidential campaign. The period of the phony war will come to a close. More Democrats are nearing a decision on whether to run—time for raising the money and fielding the delegate slates and figuring out what they want to say is running out. There is still some speculation here that Bush may not run: his health isn't great, second terms are often bummers (scandals erupt) and it's hard to see what he'd want to do with one, and there are some family considerations. Though the widespread assumption is that he will run, a lot of people aren't so sure. Still, his political advisers are ready to roll, and, actually, there has been no real hiatus since the last campaign—campaigning and governing having become virtually indistinguishable.

—ELIZABETH DREW

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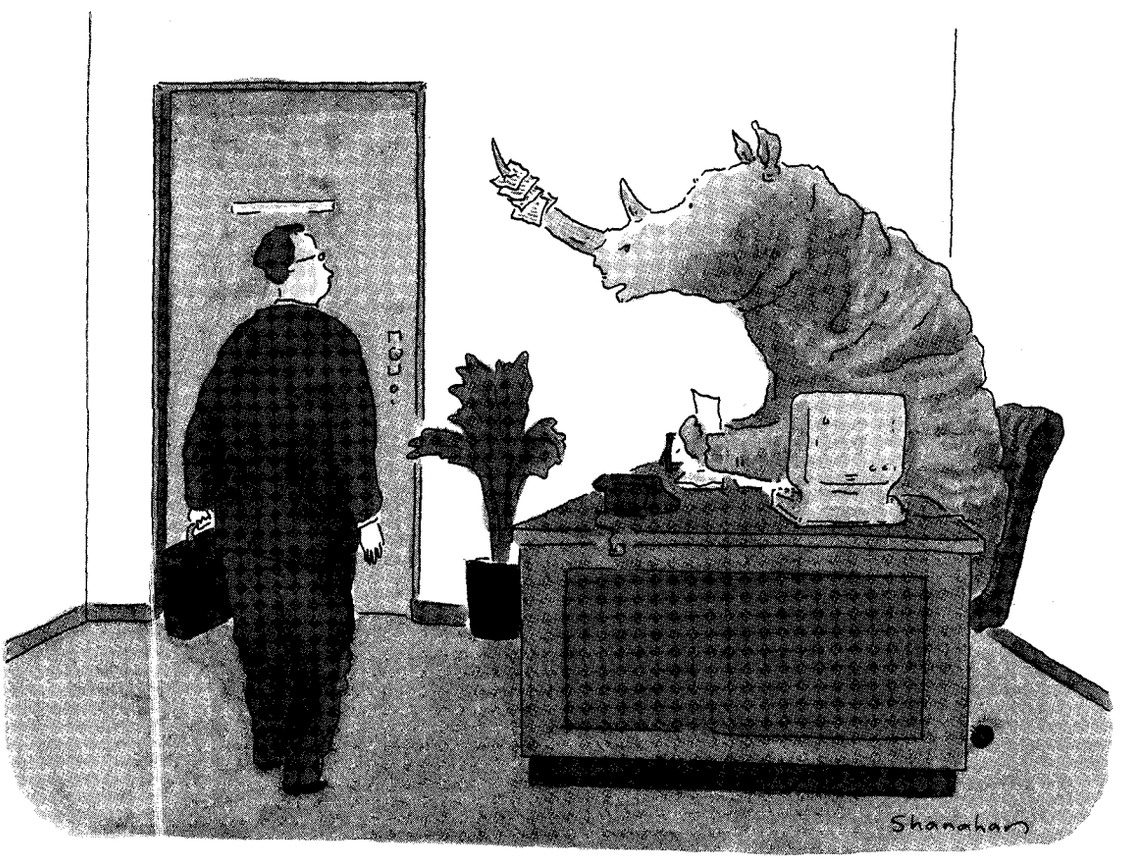
BOOKS

Father and Son

WITH one conspicuous exception, twentieth-century Britain has not been a promising place for self-appointed men of destiny. In the nineteen-hundreds, Joseph Chamberlain sought to change the course of history by resigning from the Conservative Government and mounting a grass-roots campaign in favor of imperial preference and tariff reform, which he believed essential for national survival and regeneration. He divided his party, and ruined his health, but accomplished little else. Toward the end of the nineteen-sixties, Enoch Powell trod a more lonely and self-destructive path, speaking out in lurid language against colored immigration into Britain. Instead of receiving the gratitude of a country he thought he had alerted to a dire peril, he was disowned by the Conservative Party leadership, and the remainder of what had been a promising political career was spent in embittered impotence on the margins of public life. And more recently there has been Dr. David Owen, one of the founders of the Social Democratic Party, which sought to "break the mould" of the traditional two-party system. But he was defeated in his efforts to prevent the merger of the S.D.P. with the Liberal Party and is now almost totally isolated at Westminster, and it seems highly unlikely that he will ever play the prominent part in British politics which was once confidently prophesied for him.

Yet none of these disappointed messiahs held out so much hope, or betrayed it so completely, as did Sir Oswald Mosley. During the early years of his political career, it seemed as though he were truly destiny's child. Born in 1896, the son of a broadacred baronet, Mosley grew up rich, privileged, and well connected. He was educated at Winchester and Sandhurst, and served in the Royal Flying Corps and in the trenches during the First World War. In 1918, he became the youngest Member of Parliament, having been returned as a Conservative, and soon established a reputation as a brilliant orator. Two years later, he married Lady Cynthia Curzon, the daughter of a former Viceroy of India and Foreign Secretary, and during the nineteen-twenties they led a glittering social life. Meanwhile, Mosley abandoned the Conservatives, joined the Labour Party, and produced some strikingly original proposals for dealing with unemployment, which demanded a more interventionist role on the part of the government and anticipated the later writings of John Maynard Keynes. In 1929, he became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in the second Labour administration, and it seemed to many people only a matter of time before he would become Prime Minister.

Then everything went abruptly and irredeemably wrong. In 1930, Mosley resigned from the Government, because of its refusal to do anything about unemployment, and subsequently founded the New Party. It fared disastrously in the general election of 1931, and he thereupon established the British Union of Fascists, and effectively gave up Parliamentary politics for the politics of the streets. In 1933, his wife died, and three years later he married Diana Guinness (née Mitford), who, along with her sister Unity, was a friend and admirer of Hitler. The B.U.F. became notorious for the violence of its meetings and for its political program; Mosley himself gave many vituperative speeches about Jews, and comparisons with Hitler and Mussolini were plausibly and damagingly made. For much of the Second World War, Mosley and his wife were imprisoned—without trial—to widespread public approbation. After their release, in 1943, they lived briefly in England and Ireland but eventually settled in permanent exile in France. Between 1948 and 1966, Mosley tried to make



"While you were out."

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a political comeback in Britain, but to no avail, and by the time of his death, in 1980, he was largely a forgotten figure.

BY the generally staid standards of modern British politics, and modern British politicians, Mosley's was an extraordinary career: more meteoric than Chamberlain's, more glamorous than Powell's, and more disruptive than Owen's. But what sort of man lived this promising, controversial, and ultimately unfulfilled life? And what, if anything, was his historical significance? Until now, there had been only two serious attempts to answer these questions. Appropriately, the first was by Mosley himself, who published his autobiography, "My Life," in 1968. It was engagingly written, and he emerged from its pages as a person of some charm and substance. But, as a whole, the book was a self-deluded apologia, which merely showed how little he had learned, and how much he had forgotten, in the course of his career. He glossed over some of the most disagreeable episodes in the history of the B.U.F., denied that he was or had ever been anti-Semitic, described the Second World War as a terrible mistake, denounced the men in authority who had imprisoned him, and offered some pretentious thoughts about the need for European unity. To the end of his life, he remained ready to answer his country's—and destiny's—call when the supreme crisis came, as he was sure it would.

The second book was a sympathetic and scholarly biography by Robert Skidelsky, published in 1975, which argued that Mosley should be viewed as a significant historical figure. While admitting that Mosley was a man of unsound judgment, colossal vanity, and suicidal impatience, Skidelsky also stressed Mosley's courage, intelligence, originality, eloquence, and compassion. He noted the diversity of Mosley's political appeal: to Lord Robert Cecil, Lloyd George, and Winston Churchill among the older generation, and also, in the late twenties and early thirties, to younger people such as Harold Nicolson, Robert Boothby, John Strachey, Harold Macmillan, and Aneurin Bevan. Skidelsky argued that Mosley's economic ideas were innovative and farsighted; that his Black Shirts were much less violently aggressive than popular mythology suggested; that his critique of British foreign policy during the nineteen-thirties was well founded; that there was no evidence that he was a Nazi fellow-traveller in 1940; and that his postwar ideas about a united Europe deserved more attention than they had received. In short, Skidelsky's Mosley was a sincere and ardent patriot, who vainly tried to halt the economic and political decline of his country—a "lost leader," under whose vigorous and inspired rule British history might well have been different, and might well have been better.

Now Mosley's eldest son, Nicholas, has produced a fascinating account, "Rules of the Game/Beyond the Pale: Memoirs of Sir Oswald Mosley and Family" (Dalkey Archive; $27.50), which was originally published in England, as two separate volumes, in 1982 and 1983. It makes extensive use, for the first time, of Oswald Mosley's private papers, notably his letters to his mother, his wives, and his children, and thus depicts him with an immediacy that was lacking in both previous accounts. The fact that his widow, Diana Mosley, was not associated with this enterprise, strongly disagreed with the interpretation it puts forward, and disapproved of the publication of her husband's private letters is a further recommendation. And it is particularly appropriate that Nicholas Mosley, himself an accomplished writer, brings the novelist's gifts of insight and imagination to bear on a public man who seems to have spent much of his life inhabiting his own private world. Put another way, this book represents a serious and sustained attempt by a talented, sensitive son to understand his strange father, whom he found by turns lovable, companionable, amusing, warmhearted, intriguing, baffling, irritating, disagreeable, infuriating, and intolerable.

THROUGHOUT his life, Mosley was known to family and friends as Tom, and it is as a seducer of women that Tom first clearly emerges in Nicholas's account. By the time the First World War ended, he had established a well-deserved reputation as a philanderer, and soon after his marriage to Cimmie, as Lady Cynthia was known, he returned to the pleasures of the chase, moving from bed to bed with even greater ease than he moved from one political party to another. The only women he pursued were upper class, and they knew the rules of the game as well as he did. By the time he became a Socialist, his priorities were clear: "Vote Labour; sleep Tory" was his motto. Apparently, Tom felt no guilt about his infidelities, continued to protest his undying love for Cimmie, and, by combination of charm and baby talk, invariably obtained her forgiveness on the relatively few occasions when she found out. Cimmie suffered agonies of hurt and humiliation but refused to pay him back, as her friends urged her to do, by having affairs herself. Tom and Cimmie's was a recognizably upper-class interwar marriage, and Nicholas, who was born in 1923, endured a conventional upper-class childhood, largely at the hands of Nanny Hyslop, who had previously worked for the Curzons.

But, while Tom played the game of philandering uncommonly well, Nicholas suggests that his father was less surefooted when it came to the game of politics, even during the nineteen-twenties, when things seemed to be going so much his way. Of course, Mosley showed a great lack of tact in his denunciation of the "Old Gang"—men like Ramsay Macdonald and Stanley Baldwin, whom he despised as middle-aged mediocrities. But Nicholas points to a more insidious shortcoming: his father's matchless verbal fluency, in which rational argument and messianic rhetoric were intermingled in an effortless torrent. It never occurred to Tom to ask himself why people were so often impressed by his speeches but so rarely persuaded by them. Inevitably, the words, instead of being the means by which power was obtained, became all too often an end in themselves: Tom abandoned himself to a fantasy world of rhetorical excitement and impending crisis which rarely intersected with reality. He never understood the dangers of rhetorical inebriation, and that could explain why Nicholas was afflicted with a stammer—an unconscious protest, he himself now believes, against so easy a paternal flow. Perhaps Tom did not really want power at all. He was, Nicholas thinks, more interested in becoming a legend than in getting his hands on the reins of government.

Between 1929 and 1933, Mosley

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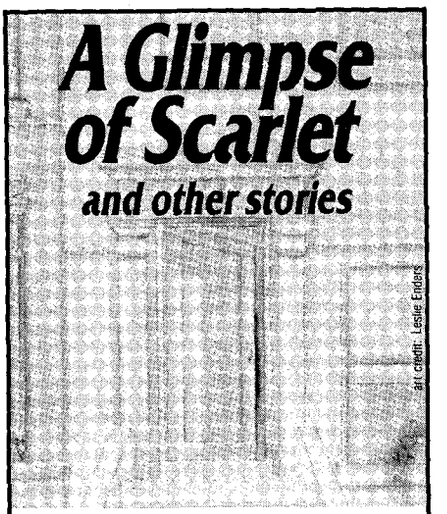
broke the rules of both the games he was playing, and paid a heavy price. After a miscarriage and a cesarean birth, Cimmie grew sadder and older and fatter and frailer, and in 1932 Tom began an intense and very public affair with Diana Guinness. He hoped he could maintain the two relationships simultaneously, but Cimmie found out, and told Tom he was "destroying" her. Mosley thought the best solution would be to put this latest affair in perspective by telling his wife the names of all the women he had gone to bed with since their marriage—except those of Cimmie's stepmother and sister. Then, in May of 1933, Cimmie died, of peritonitis. Nicholas assures us that Tom's grief was genuine. But his affair with Diana continued, and Cimmie's relatives understandably—but vainly—tried to stop him from seeing her. In the same year, Diana obtained a divorce from her husband, and in 1936 she secretly married Tom, at Joseph Goebbels' house in Berlin, in the presence of Adolf Hitler. Whether Tom's philandering then stopped or whether Nicholas refrains from mentioning it in deference to his stepmother, is not clear. Either way, it is hard to make out the relationship that Nicholas established with Diana: cordial but never intimate seems the safest assumption.

Although in personal terms Mosley reconstructed his life with considerable success, he failed to reshape the rules of the political game to his own satisfaction. He was extravagantly applauded when he resigned from the Labour Government, but his New Party attracted minimal support from the politicians or the public. In the summer of 1931, the economic crisis that Mosley had so often foretold finally happened, but he was on holiday in France, and the Old Gang formed a National Government and did quite well without him. From the New Party to Fascism was a step that put Mosley forever beyond the pale of respectable public life. As leader of the B.U.F., he received financial support from Lord Rothermere, the right-wing newspaper millionaire, and between 1933 and 1935 Mussolini was secretly his backer, but he accomplished very little. He predicted another crisis, but it did not come. He attacked the Jews, but doing so made it easier for people to liken him to Hitler. He waged a vigorous propaganda war, but the Communists got the better of him. He put his men in uniform, but this was promptly banned by the authorities. And he advocated peace with Germany, but that had ceased to be practical politics after Britain's guarantee to Poland. Nevertheless, when war did break out, Mosley urged his followers to prepare themselves to defend Britain, and to do nothing that would help the enemy.

Why, then, was he imprisoned in 1940, under Emergency Regulation 18B(1A), which empowered the Home Secretary to detain members of any organization whose leaders were "sympathetic with the system of government of any power with which His Majesty is at war"? The fact that he was held for three and a half years without trial was contrary to all the principles and precedents of British justice. And inexplicably—and, it seems, inexcusably—the relevant Home Office papers are still not available, "on security grounds," after half a century. Part of the answer appears to be that the Labour ministers in Churchill's wartime Coalition were determined to punish Mosley for his desertion in 1930. And in 1940, when there were still demands in certain quarters for a negotiated peace, it seemed only prudent to put Mosley, who advocated that policy, behind bars. But there were other good reasons for suspicion and concern. It was widely—and rightly—believed that Mosley had been in the pay of Mussolini, and it was known that his wife and her sister Unity were friends of Hitler's. Mosley was thought to be violent, militarist, and hostile to democracy, and had said terrible things about Jews. And he was a brilliant self-publicist, who was bound to make trouble if left at large. His detention may have been vindictive and unjust, but it is easily defensible on the ground of national security. In war you cannot be too careful.

IT was during this period that Mosley and his son drew as close as they ever became. While Nicholas was at school, he was too young to have a full appreciation of his father's activities, and seems unthinkingly to have accepted Tom's political agenda. Then, in 1942, Nicholas joined up, and as a frontline officer in Italy (he was awarded the Military Cross) he soon came to regard war as a ridiculous amalgam of boredom, absurdity, futil-



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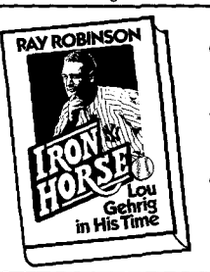

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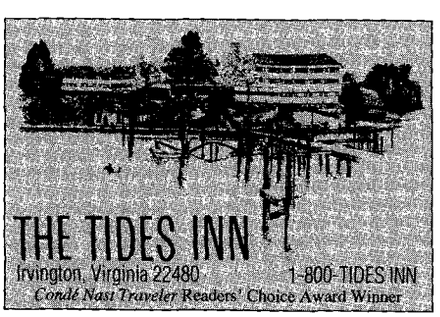

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ity, and terror. Since his father held essentially the same view, and since Tom was now prohibited from making any political statements, this provided unexpected common ground between them. They corresponded extensively, about politics, religion, and philosophy. Nicholas described his war experiences as fully as the censor allowed. Tom replied with arguments derived from Spinoza, Goethe, Schiller, and Nietzsche. And often when Nicholas was on leave he went to visit his father and stepmother in prison. He smuggled in food, drink, and books; they ate in reasonable comfort; and the conversation ranged widely. Mosley cast himself in the role of a good-humored oracle, and his son was prepared to play the willing student. Indeed, this may be why Nicholas decided to study philosophy at university, and he duly did so, at Oxford, in 1946.

After the father was released and the son was demobilized, their contact lessened. Tom and Diana took up residence abroad. Nicholas graduated from Oxford, began writing novels, became convinced of the justness of the Second World War, and embraced Christianity. Inevitably, his father's return to active right-wing politics in 1948, when he established the Union Movement, led first to estrangement and then to a complete breakdown in relations. In the 1959 elections, Mosley, campaigning in North Kensington, spoke out against colored immigration into Britain in a manner so crude that it could only provoke racial hatred and violence. To his great surprise and disappointment, he came bottom of the poll. Nicholas was appalled by the whole episode, and vainly tried to get his father to see that such demagoguery only played into the hands of his enemies, who maintained that Mosley had always been a racist at heart. There was a blazing row, in the course of which Nicholas denounced Tom's politics and added, for good measure, that he had been a lousy father. They did not see each other again for many years, and Tom cut Nicholas out of his will. Eventually, there was a reconciliation, and Tom let Nicholas have his papers, which formed the basis of this memoir.

The man who emerges from these remarkable pages is much more complex and credible than either the two-dimensional hero of his autobiography or the lost leader of Skidelsky's well-disposed public life. By examining both the private man and the political figure, Nicholas Mosley has teased out the contradictions that riddled his father's temperament, corroded his talents, and blighted his career. He was a loving husband and an incorrigible philanderer. He was a benevolent father and a bad-tempered tyrant. He was the best of company and the rudest of friends. He was an orator who inspired and moved multitudes and a demagogue who plumbed the depths of xenophobic abuse. He was a Fascist but no fanatic, the leader of a violent movement who advocated international peace. He thought he could get away with anything, but in fact he achieved almost nothing. He believed he possessed the divine spark, but most of his career was a damp squib. Beatrice Webb once wrote of him, "So much perfection argues rottenness somewhere." And so, indeed, there was: all through.

If Nicholas Mosley is correct, the fundamental flaw in his father's makeup was a complete lack of human insight—into other people no less than into himself. His judgment of men and events was notoriously bad. He never stopped to consider why so few people accepted him at his own self-evaluation, as a man of destiny. He was surprised when the Conservatives labelled him a traitor to his class, and when the Labour Party turned against him, in the nineteen-thirties. He did not seem to understand that to denounce Jews laid him open to charges of anti-Semitism, or that his connections with Mussolini and Hitler caused many to doubt his patriotism. And he could not comprehend why so many people were so glad to see him in prison during the war, or why his ideas on Europe were largely ignored in the years that followed. He was so self-absorbed and so impatient that it was easy for men of lesser gifts to outmaneuver him, with the result that he failed not only as a constitutional politician but as an extra-Parliamentary agitator as well.

SO much for Mosley the individual. But what of his place in history? Was he the lost leader, or just a loser for whose defeat we should be thankful? One of the ideas put forward early in Skidelsky's biography but insufficiently developed in his pages was that Mosley should be understood as a displaced and disenchanted aristocrat. He greatly regretted the sale of the family estate, just after the First World War, and was left feeling rootless and disoriented, and through many changing political allegiances he was consistent in his hostility to capitalism and democracy, twin forces that he believed had overturned the old landed order. There is much to be said for this interpretation, not least because during the interwar years many disappointed and déclassé aristocrats held opinions that were remarkably similar to Mosley's: they resented the decline of their class; they hated capitalists, especially Jews; they despised democracy and parliamentary government; they were attracted by the authoritarian regimes on the Continent; and they wanted peace with Hitler. Viewed against this broader historical background, Mosley may most usefully be seen as the supreme example in his generation of patrician resentment, aristocratic paranoia, and upper-class marginality.

For it cannot be coincidence that the two figures in modern British history with whom Mosley may be most instructively compared came from a similar social stratum, in which privilege was mingled with disillusionment. The first was Mosley's near-contemporary the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VIII, and subsequently the Duke of Windsor. Both were young men of exceptional charm and charisma, for whom great futures were confidently predicted. Both were outraged by the "old men" in power but were effectively outmaneuvered by them. Both believed that "something must be done" to cure their country's ills but did not themselves accomplish very much. Both were favorably impressed by Hitler and the Nazis, and regarded the prospect of another war between Britain and Germany with scarcely concealed horror. Both enjoyed a very brief period of power and influence, which they voluntarily and almost self-destructively threw away. Both were pushed to one side during the Second World War—Edward to the Bahamas, Mosley to prison—and were thereafter treated as pariahs by the British establishment. Both settled down as exiles in France, and regularly dined at each other's houses, where they deplored the state of the world and reminisced about old times. And both died leaving behind a widespread

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sense of relief, at damage limitation successfully accomplished, mingled with a twinge of regret, at gifts wasted and promise unrealized.

The second comparison is even more revealing, for it is with Winston Churchill, Mosley's relative by marriage. It may seem almost heretical to compare a man who was acclaimed as the savior of his country with a man who was generally regarded as a national embarrassment. But in fact they had much in common. Like Churchill, Mosley was of aristocratic descent, and did not go to university. Like Churchill, Mosley rose meteorically in politics, and he believed himself marked out by Providence to save his country when crisis and disaster threatened. Like Churchill, Mosley was a spellbinding orator, who was mesmerized by his own words and envied by men of lesser gifts. Like Churchill, Mosley was rude, arrogant, unstable in judgment, and utterly uninterested in the lives, feelings, and aspirations of ordinary people. Like Churchill, Mosley changed political parties more than once, became disenchanted with democracy and flirted with authoritarian alternatives, and admired Mussolini. And, like Churchill, Mosley was dismissed as a man who had once had a brilliant future, which was now behind him.

But there, fortunately, the similarities ended. For, whereas Mosley was another thwarted and disappointed messiah, Churchill's encounter with greatness, which had eluded him for so much of his career, finally took place, in 1940. While Mosley languished in prison, Churchill climbed Olympus, from which heights, incidentally, he showed greater solicitude for Tom's wartime welfare than several other members of his government did. Churchill was the exceptional man of destiny in twentieth-century Britain, who changed the course of history. Mosley was the coming man who never arrived; Churchill was the coming man who got there in the end. Thank God he did. And thank God Mosley didn't. —DAVID CANNADINE

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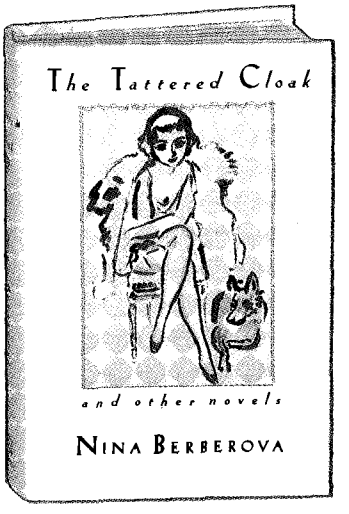

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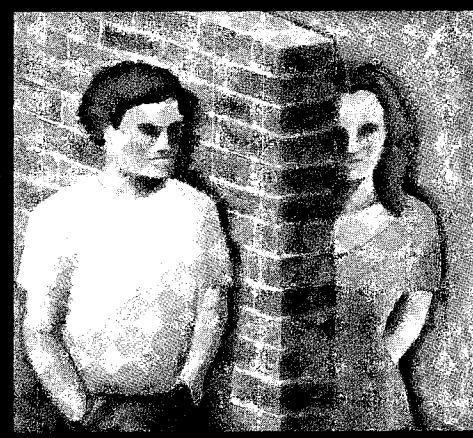

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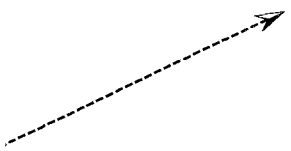

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